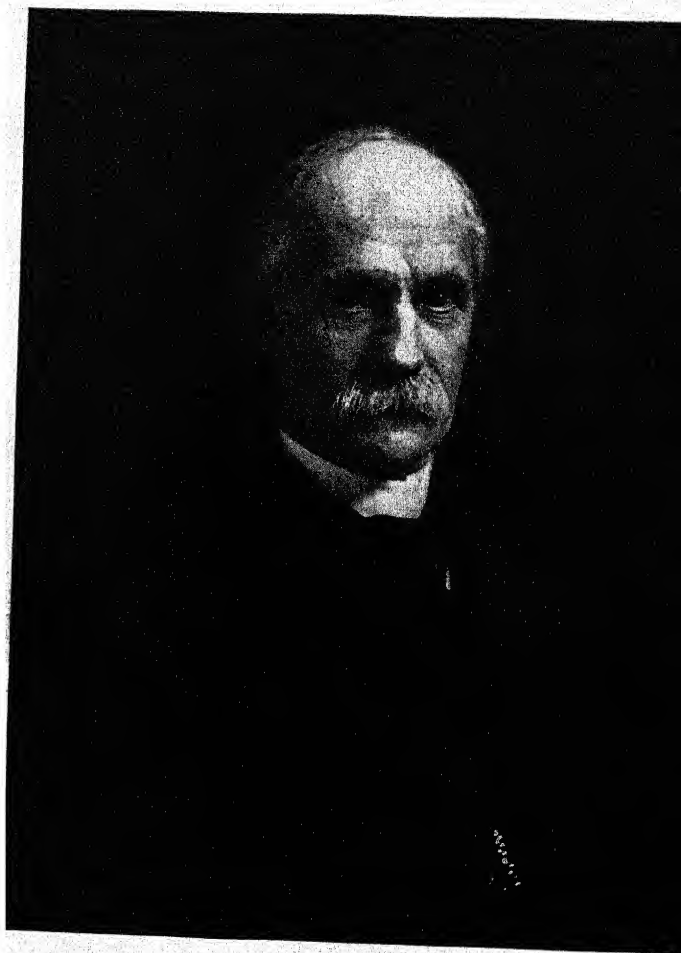


A SUNNY LIFE



SAMUEL JUNE BARROWS

Born in New York, May 26, 1845. Died in New York, April 21, 1909
"The sun is still upon the hills; it has not set"

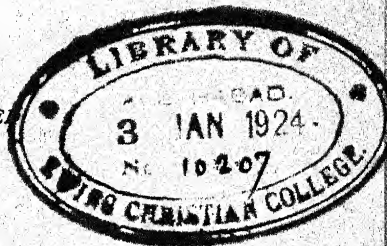
Frontispiece

A SUNNY LIFE

THE BIOGRAPHY
OF
SAMUEL JUNE BARROWS

BY
ISABEL C. BARROWS

ILLUSTRATED BY



BOSTON
LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY
1913

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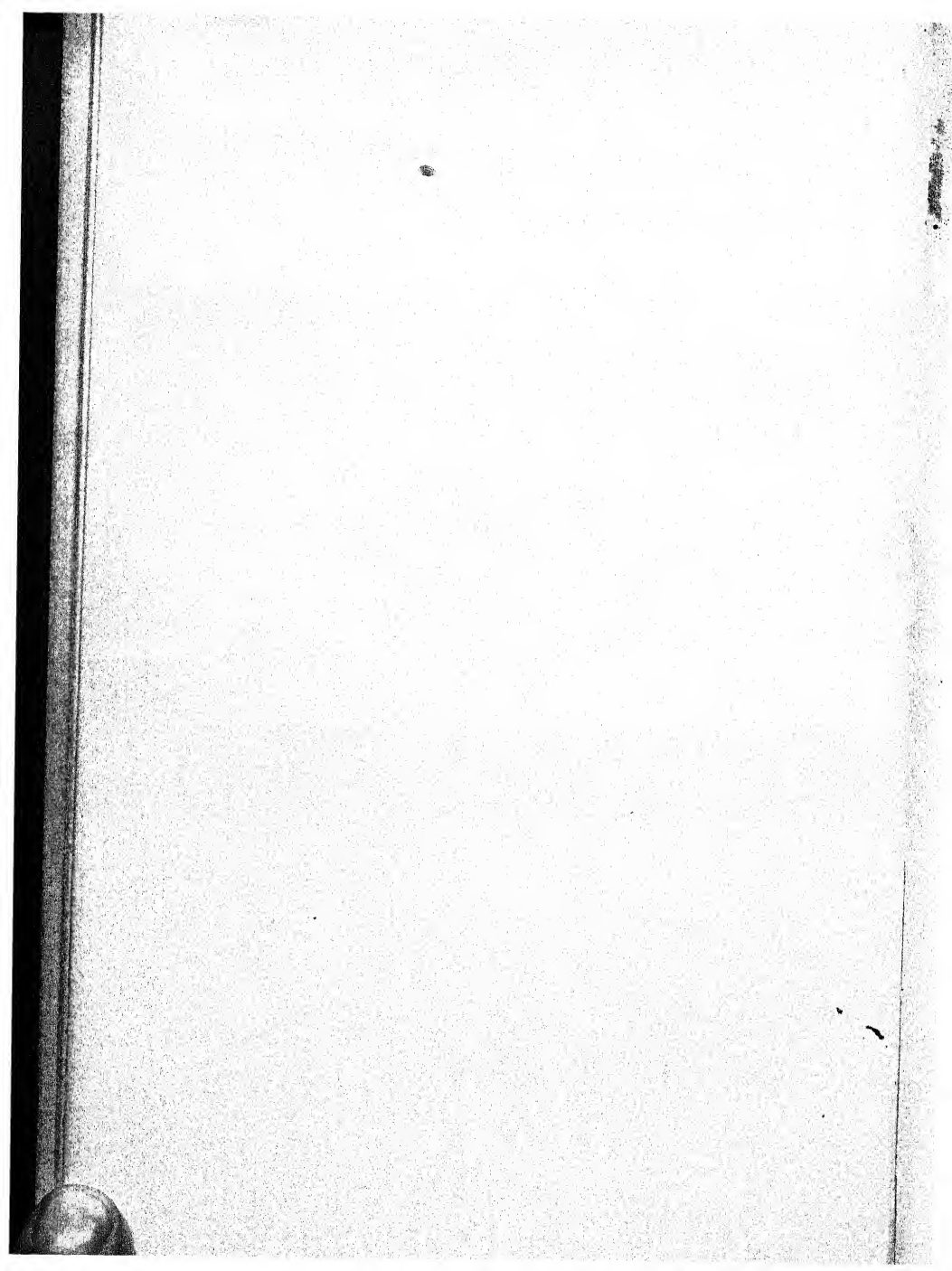
Published, May, 1913

Set up and electrotyped by J. S. Cushing Co., Norwood, Mass., U.S.A.
Presswork by S. J. Parkhill & Co., Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

To

LITTLE JUNE

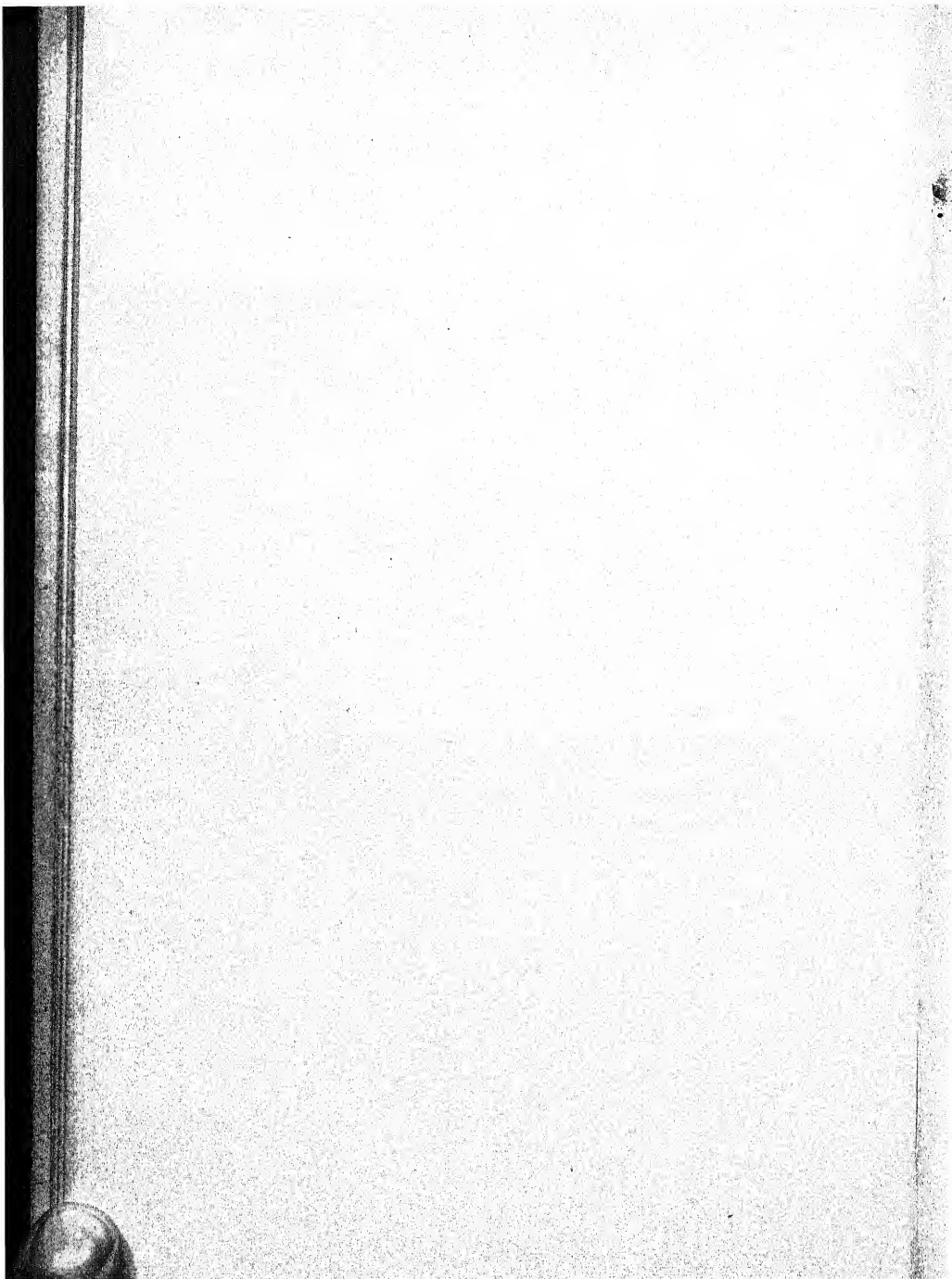
IN MEMORY OF THE DEAR GRANDFATHER WHOSE
ARMS WERE NEVER ABOUT HIM, BUT WHOSE
WARM HEART AND SUNNY SOUL HE HAS
INHERITED. THAT HE MAY SERVE
HIS FELLOW MEN AS FAITH-
FULLY IS THE PRAYER
OF "NONNA"



FOREWORD

THE title of this book is chosen advisedly. To few are given threescore years of happiness, but the life of my husband was unbroken sunshine, scarcely checkered even by shadow. The sorrows he bore were the sorrows of others, and his own brightness lit up their gloom. Long as the story is, it is but an outline. Those who knew Mr. Barrows can fill in details from memory. They also will recognize how impossible it was for the writer to keep herself wholly out of view, as for forty-three years our lives had been merged in one.

I. C. B.



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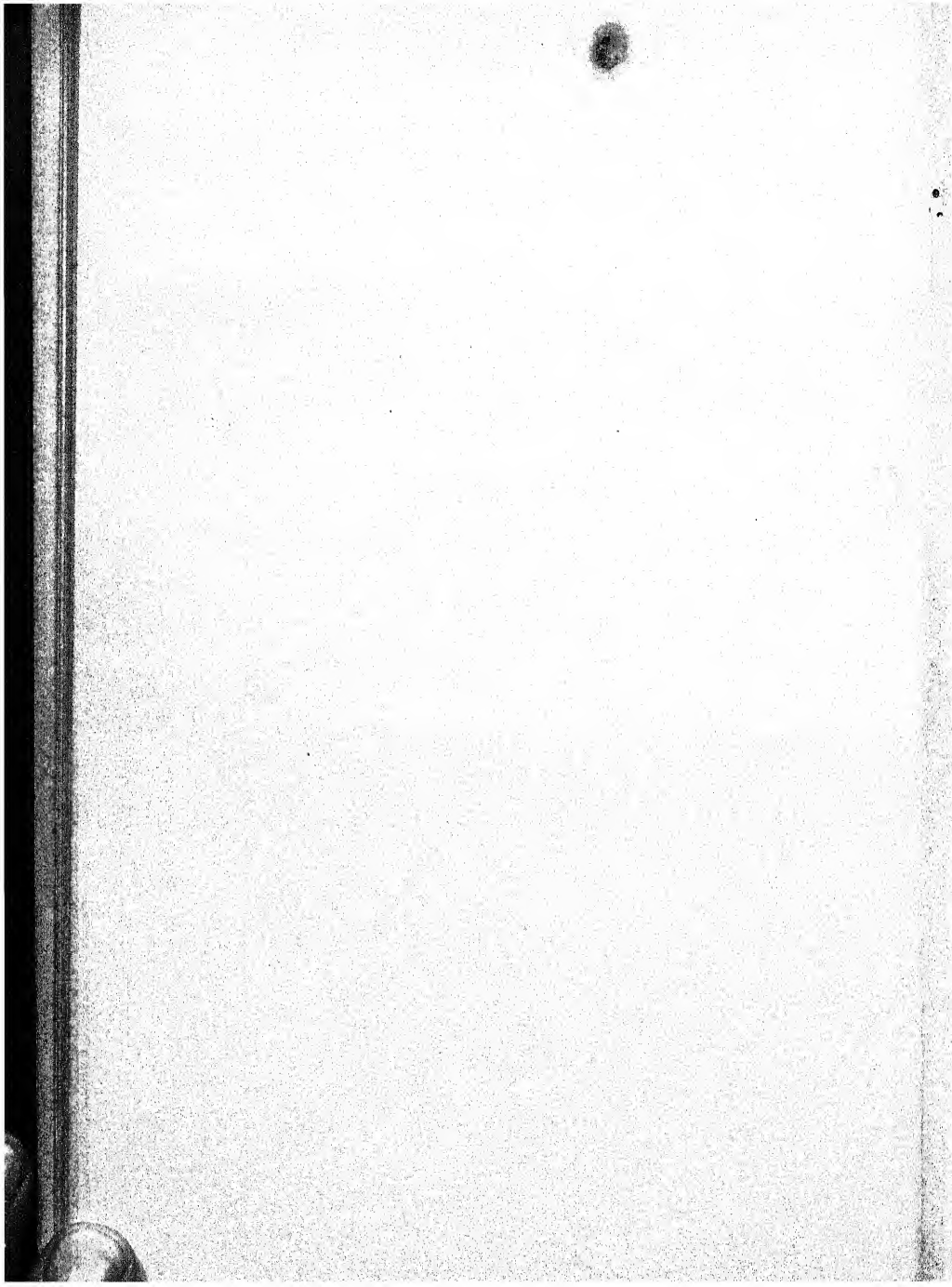
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A SUNNY LIFE

THE BIOGRAPHY OF SAMUEL JUNE BARROWS

CHAPTER I

MOTHER SUNSHINE

IN a little house with a little garden, on Columbia Street, on the lower East Side of New York City, the Sunny Life began, on May 26, 1845. In the little house dwelt the father, Richard Barrows, the mother, Jane Weekes Barrows, two older brothers, William Henry and Richard Hoe, and one sister, Marie Antoinette, a family to be filled out two years later by the coming of Louise Elizabeth.

The devoted mother, with her wonderful courage, sweet spirit, and perennial good cheer, gave the atmosphere of sunshine to the home; for the father, English-born, a cousin of Richard Hoe of printing-press fame, was engaged in the great Hoe works from the crack of dawn till evening shadows began to fall, and even the older children recall little of him, save his beautiful singing of hymns at the leisure hour on Sundays. Work on weekdays and an eternal procession of religious services on Sunday kept the father apart from his little

ones. Stricken with a lingering illness, he passed away when his youngest boy was but three years old, and the only memory of that father was the sunny day when the family made a picnic to High Bridge, a trip requiring hours to accomplish at that time.

Left a widow with so many children to feed, clothe, and school, Mrs. Barrows faced a difficult task, but happily there was in her possession a recipe for making shoe-blackening, which had been brought from England, and for the next seventeen years the manufacture of this blackening, in small quantities, for private sales, was the main support of the household. It was probably the best blackening ever made in this city. Competing at the first World's Fair with all the other manufacturers of that useful, though homely commodity, Mrs. Barrows carried off the highest prize, and had she possessed capital to invest in her tiny business, she would undoubtedly have become as rich as many of her rivals. The making of the paste in the kitchen was a family affair. The mother bought the ingredients, each of the best quality, — the ivory black, the molasses, and the rest of the things — and the weighing, measuring, boiling, and stirring were shared in turn, the stirring requiring strong arms and leaving many an aching muscle, even for the small batches made in this modest way. The smaller children filled the boxes and pasted on the labels; the boys solicited the orders from dealers,

or hotels, and carried the heavy basket of tidy packages to the customers' doors. It was an uncertain way of making a livelihood for so many people, — without money, without influence, or a large acquaintance, — and many a time the larder was low for a while. Then would come an order which would bring comfort again into the home, which in itself was always cozy and bright, well-kept, and with every evidence of refinement. On one occasion the cupboard was absolutely bare, and when the mother called her little group about her for morning prayers, one of the lads objected that there was nothing to give thanks for. Still he knelt while his dear mother poured out her gratitude to her heavenly Father for all of good the past had held and begged for blessings still to come. While she yet prayed, there was a knock at the door. After the amen, the door was opened, and there stood a colored man who gave a large order for blacking, paying for it in advance.

William Henry was a brilliant lad, very musical and gifted in other ways, an excellent draughtsman, who would have found ample opportunity for advancement in his cousin's great establishment, but he proved one of death's shining marks, and while still a boy in his teens the violin slipped from his loving hands, the pencil slid from his facile fingers, and the widow's mainstay was once more wrenched from her, a blow which she bore with uncomplaining courage.

The other children, as the years passed, added to the family income, according to their ability, but the daughter was married at an early age, the brother Richard found employment with the Hoes till the Civil War called him away, and the younger sister began to fit herself for teaching in the public schools, a position she afterward filled admirably for many years. It is, however, with Samuel only that this account has to do, and it will take him from his family, as stern life did, at an early age. But before putting him at "child labor," after the manner of unkind fate, a tribute must be paid to the genial mother who kept the hearthstone so bright, the atmosphere so clean and sweet, that as the children look back, they forget all the hardships, the anxieties, the sorrows even, and remember their own happiness and joy in each other, the devotion of the mother, the simple beauty of the home, and the charm of the garden with its old-fashioned flowers and bit of grass. Neither of the two members of that family group who still live can recall any serious differences among the brothers and sisters. Never in all these years has there been a time when they did not stand by one another, ready to share material goods, warm sympathy, and unchanging love. It is a beautiful record. No wonder, in a home where love and mutual service were the keynote to happiness, this sensitive boy's roots took firm hold and blossomed day by day into a Sunny Life.

In corroboration of this remembered story of my husband's childhood, as gathered from his lips, I quote from a letter received from one of his sisters since these pages were first written: "His home, though humble, was a happy one. There was ever the radiance of the mother's sunshine reflected in the children. Flowers blooming in the little garden in summer continued to bloom through the winter in the living-room, where the pet bird sang and the cherished pussy purred. There were always good books and even good music. After the father's rich voice was stilled, and later the firstborn's violin hushed, children's voices took up the songs until the melodeon came to accompany them. The wolf sometimes howled near the door. There was privation and self-denial, but these engendered unselfishness and fostered the joy of sharing. My! how a stick of candy grew when four children had pieces of it flavored with merriment! . . .

"Aside from home duties we all learned the sunny side of child labor. Our kindergarten and manual training class was the blacking business. When we could cut circular labels and paste the paper bags neatly at six; wrap the half-pound packages at seven; give a polish to a box of blacking as fine as a grown-up could at nine and ten, we were proud children. It was playing while we helped mother. Many the dollar N. earned before she was eleven. How big she was, I thought, when she

went alone in the omnibus to carry packages to customers. What interest we felt if a large order came so that we must all hurry to help, from the mixing of the materials to the standing up, like soldiers, the half-pound packages in their uniform of brown bags with white bands and yellow and black labels. There were hours that tried all our hearts when we knew the slight mother worked too hard, but there was never an hour when we heard her fret or doubt."

CHAPTER II

"LITTLE SAMMY"

LIKE many another working mother, Mrs. Barrows had to be away from her home much of the day, so "little Sammy" was sent to school when he was about four, that he might be in a safe place during her absence, and for nearly three years he pursued the rudiments of education in the primary school near his home, going right by the other babies of his age, and learning to read so young that he had no remembrance of accomplishing the feat. A serious illness when he was seven or eight left him in such a condition that the doctor in charge advised that he be kept out of the schoolroom. But he could not be turned adrift in the street, so Mrs. Barrows took the child to Colonel Hoe and asked if he could find something for him to do in his office. Colonel Hoe looked down at the little mite and asked, "Can you read?" With justifiable pride the bright-eyed lad straightened himself up with a proud "Yes, sir." "Well, open that door." The child did so, and lo, a large closet piled high with daily papers of all kinds thrown promiscuously into a heap, far higher than the small applicant could reach. "You may sort and file

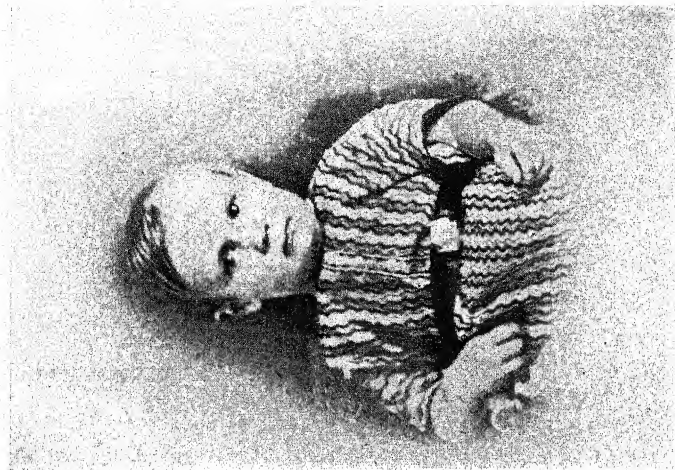
those papers," said the famous man to his small cousin.

So just as he was nearing the age of nine, little Sammy began his connection with newspapers, which closed only when he laid down his pen after writing an editorial on prison reform fifty-four years later.

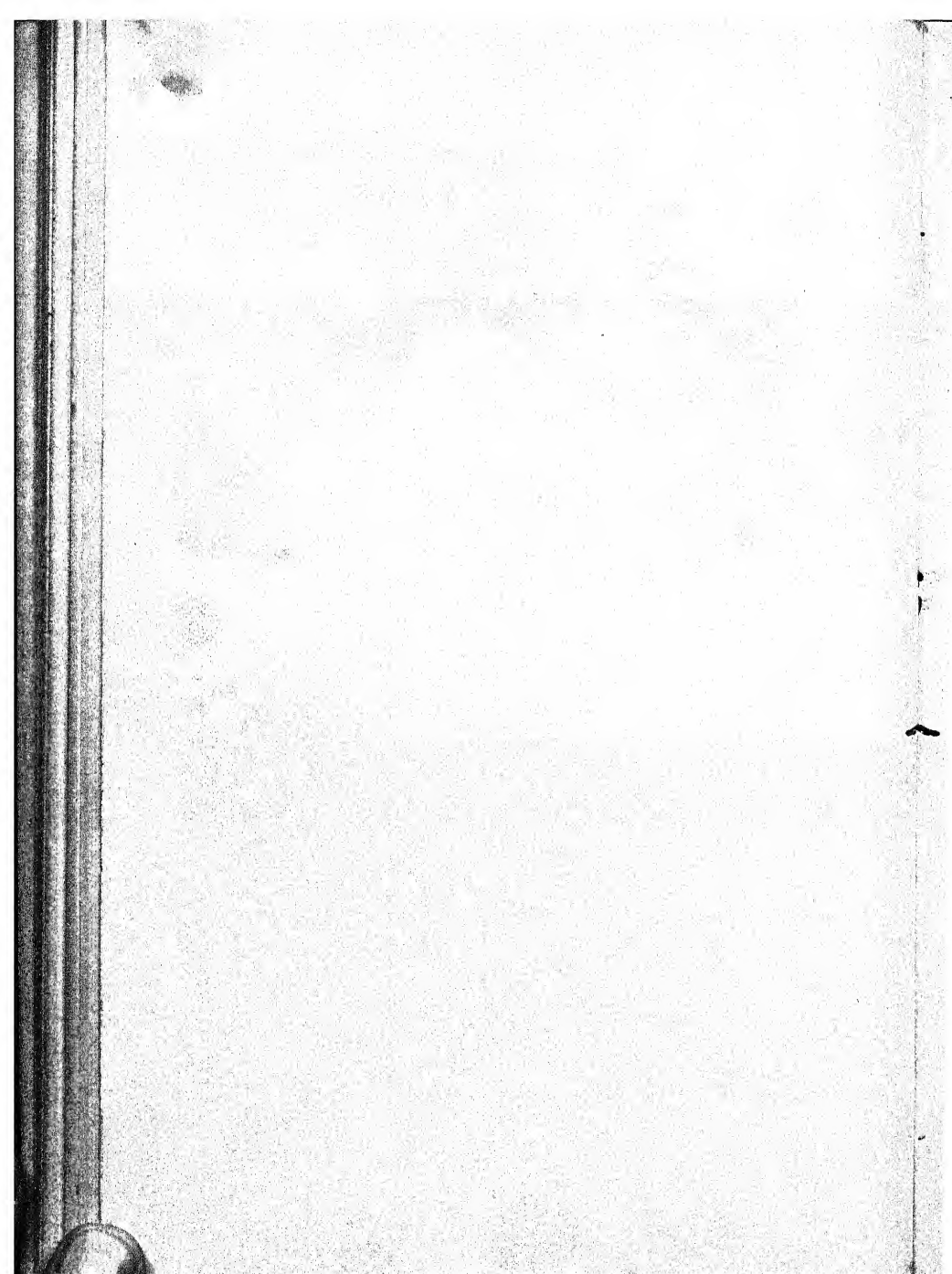
This infant industry, as it might have been called, was rewarded by a weekly wage of one dollar, one cent of which the child was allowed to keep for himself, and, like the pious little boy that he was, he usually dropped it into the Sunday plate at church. In later years, when he was asked to speak against child labor, he used to say that absolutely opposed as he was to children being compelled to earn money, he could never forget that even the pittance he brought home was a help to his mother, for it so completely met the cost of his own simple food that he could truthfully say he had at least earned every mouthful he had eaten since he was nine years old. But oh, at what a sacrifice! As I think of my little girlhood at exactly the same time, on the wind-swept hills of Vermont, without a care or an ungratified wish, learning from books at my mother's knee, and later in a good school, drinking in love of nature, along with health and happiness in the freedom of a country girl's life, I could weep as I think of the little lad shut up in an office from seven in the morning till six at night, from the time he was nine till



JANE WEEKES BARROWS



LITTLE SAMMY



he was nineteen, save when his fleet feet were sent on errands about the city streets. Small wonder that his face was white, his muscles undeveloped, and that only a happy change saved him from following his gifted brother into an early grave.

When little Sammy was ten, Colonel Hoe put in the first private telegraph line in the city, perhaps in the world. He was a warm personal friend of the inventor Morse, and during the years when Morse was urging the confidence of Congress in his inventions, Colonel Hoe stood by him, and among other practical aids installed a line connecting his two offices on Grand and Gold streets and his residence uptown, — not so very far uptown, for it was below Twentieth Street. The little office boy, with his quick mind and clever fingers, soon discovered the working of this magical instrument, and was put in charge of the one in the Grand Street office. He acquired great skill in the use of it, and could take it to pieces, repair it, put it together again, and, in short, made himself its master, as through life he had the facility of doing with any problem he took hold of. Many a time in later years this ability to use the telegraph served him a good turn, as when he could send reports to the newspapers for which he might be working, whether the telegraph operator was in or not, thus securing a “beat” over some rival paper and winning praise from the men higher up.

He used sometimes to amuse guests at dinner if one among them betrayed that he understood telegraphy. A seemingly careless play of silver fork and knife would meet with quick response from the telegrapher, and either the bread would be passed or an apparently irrelevant answer to an unheard question would surprise the other mystified guests. Once, in a little French town, he asked for a telegraph blank. The young girl operator handed it to him and with his pencil and the hotel key that he had in his hand he ticked off m-e-r-c-i, in the Morse alphabet. She understood instantly, and laughed gayly.

Like the Master to whom he early devoted his life, the lad grew in grace. His employer seemed at last to divine that he had an unusual boy in his office, and when the child was twelve, actually offered to let his small wage run on while the boy should have a year of schooling. Then was there jubilation in the young heart! He could go to school and still not defraud his mother of what he might be earning. For ten months he had this inestimable blessing, and during those months he skipped from grade to grade with a celerity and thoroughness that the old Broome Street school — for I think it was that school — had never known. The schoolmaster recognized the child's native ability and gave him every possible chance, that this one precious year might yield its maximum of fruit. And then, poor little lad, the school

portals closed for him for all time, as he believed. To this day I wonder how such a man as Colonel Hoe could have let him go back to the grind of daily toil. His only excuse could have been that about that time he established at his own expense a night school for his employees, which the apprentices and office boys were expected to attend, after their ten or twelve hours of toil. Sammy was one, and he went on with his studies there till the night school at Cooper Union was started by good Peter Cooper, and in that more advanced course his studies were diligently pursued when the boy should have been sleeping.

In spite of the long hours of work, the little lad found some time to play, especially with his younger sister, of whom he was devotedly fond. He himself was a ray of sunshine in the little home. His severe religious discipline, as it would be considered to-day, did not interfere with his love of fun, and from the beloved “tortoise-shell” cat up to the old grandmother everybody loved him. When he had children of his own, they used to ask him what kind of a boy he had been, and he would reply, “Oh, just like other boys,” but they could never learn from him or from his friends that he had ever done anything wickeder than occasionally to ring a front door-bell and then run, or to fasten an invisible shoemaker’s thread across the street in such a way that it would knock off the silk hat of some unsuspecting man. His dearest playmate was a

little Catholic boy who lived next door. He still lives, an engineer on the Pacific coast, and his recollections of little Sammy are that he was a fine comrade, a lover of good times, but always gentle and sweet-tempered.

CHAPTER III

SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND CHURCH

IN writing of a many-sided character, one cannot describe several characteristics abreast, like the horses of a Russian troika. We must rather drive tandem, like the teams in narrow, crooked streets; so having seen the school side of little Sammy, we must take up the religious side, though it is perfectly correct to say that from a mere child the religious spirit penetrated every part of his life and gave strength and character to all that he did.

The boy's mother had been a rarely brilliant girl, full of fun and love of society, and her circumstances at that time gave her an opportunity to gratify her love of pleasure. When she attended the big balls in New York, seventy-five or eighty years ago, few could vie with her in grace and lightness in the dance, or were quicker in repartee. But after the mental and spiritual change known then, perhaps now also, as "experiencing religion," she cast off the enjoyment of these good times as things unsuitable for a Christian, thus following the fashion of those who leave the good times, as they consider them, to the irreligious, instead of taking their religion into the good times. Henceforth she became a devout and consistent member of the

strictest fold of the Baptists, and in this faith her children were brought up. She herself was baptized in the Harlem River by having a hole hewn through the ice for the immersion, but by the time her children were dipped, the more effeminate method of warm water in tanks below the pulpit had been adopted. But a courage was developed in other directions that needed as much backbone as to be immersed in icy water, and that was the courage to "stand up for Jesus," as it was called, in public. The boy Samuel had that courage. It was developed in the natural growth of his religious life.

In a little book he wrote, called "The Baptist Meeting-House: The staircase to the old faith; the open door to the new," and dedicated "To the memory of a faithful and beloved mother," a picture of his life is given with the touch of love that always marked anything that this preacher, boy and man, wrote about his early religious faith.

Three epochs were strongly indented in his memory. One of them revealed a picture of the first time he ever went to church; the second, a picture of the Sunday-school which he attended in childhood; the third a fragrant memory of the church where, when yet a boy, his religious nature was first powerfully awakened.

"I seldom dash uptown on the 'Elevated,'" he says, "without trying to get a seat on the right-hand side of the car; and as we swiftly shoot from

Grand to Bleecker Street, I catch a glimpse of two old wooden houses, joined by a little bridge at the top story. They have lapsed into a settled infirmity, and cannot long abide the ravages of time. In one of these twin houses was a large plain room, used as a place of worship by the Laurens Street Baptist Church. There was an apostolic simplicity in this upper room; and the organization and management of the church were based as nearly as possible upon apostolic models. Poverty was undoubtedly one of its attributes. The services were conducted from week to week by a beloved physician, Dr. Barker, who ministered to the souls of his people on Sundays and to their bodies during the week. He would never take a penny for his preaching, and distributed his medicine to the poor with an equal generosity. He was tenderly loved by his people, and made an impression of gentleness and goodness upon a four-year-old boy that has never been erased."

Sunday was no holiday in that strait-laced Baptist community. There were so many meetings that really there was no time to be wicked, if one had desired to be, for all the family were expected to attend several services, unless prevented by illness.

"Only once do I remember attending that church. The distance was too great for little feet; and on the death of Dr. Barker, the enterprise was soon abandoned. But as I flit by on the railroad and

take an instantaneous view of that decrepit old house, it seems to be sanctified by the sweet aroma of a mother's prayers."

A family church was then chosen nearer home, and little Sammy was sent to the infant school. Of this he says: "The infant class forms one of the brightest pictures in the memories of my youth. If there was anything irksome about it at the time, it is forgotten, together with most of the instruction which it weekly imparted. Baptist schools have never been much burdened with catechisms. The only thing in the shape of a catechism with which we were afflicted was a series of biographical epigrams concerning the most prominent characters of the Old Testament. It was asserted without fear of contradiction that Adam was the first man, the doctrine of evolution not yet having made its way into the Sunday-school. The only suspicion we had of the advent of any such hypothesis was when the Italian organ-grinder came around with his automaton figures and an accomplished monkey dressed in picturesque garments. The remarkable facial resemblance of the monkey to a boy in the school, whose agility and imitativeness helped also to win for him the distinction of this title, awakened childish suspicions that the relationship, though remote, was not without reality. The only other important moral and historical facts which I recall in this biographical catechism are that Cain was the first murderer; that Moses was the meekest

man, and Methuselah the oldest; that Obadiah hid a hundred prophets in a cave, and fed them on a meagre diet of bread and water; that Korah was swallowed by an earthquake, and that Elijah went up in a chariot of fire. So strongly were these facts impressed upon my memory that no prejudices of later education have been wholly able to remove them. Sceptics may argue that it is utterly impossible that Elijah should have done anything of the kind, and scientific men may interpose objections that are perfectly commanding to the reason. But still, for all this, the infant-school Elijah *did* ascend to heaven in a chariot of fire; and, in the mind of the writer, he still *continues* to ascend. And I hope he will never go to heaven in any other way. Imagine Elijah dying a natural death! Nothing could be more prosaic."

It was not little Sammy, but his less credulous brother Richard, who determined to put to test some of these wonder stories of the Old Testament. He selected the one giving the sad fate of the unmannerly children who fell into the hands of the bears. He was therefore always on the watch for a good chance to be rude to some bald-headed person. Fortune favored him one warm summer day when an old man walking along Grand Street took off his hat to cool his brow. As good luck would have it, he had almost no hair. "Go up, thou bald-head!" shouted the little agnostic, and ran for dear life, nor stopped till he was safe under

the bed in his mother's chamber. He had outrun the she-bears, if any had sprung out of an alley to punish him for his naughtiness, but the spirit of doubt would not down. With the brother it was different. The gentle acquiescence which marked him through life had begun its influence in the Sunday-school, and he accepted what was taught him till reason in later years rejected it. He early recognized the best part of what he received there, for he says :

"The strongest and sweetest impression which I brought away from that infant-class was not that made by a remote and mythical world. The ideal of goodness, sweetness, purity, and tenderness was beautifully and winningly embodied in the life and character of a beloved teacher. It was she who made goodness real and virtue lovely. Her character was one which was not only good enough for heaven, but, tried by a higher and more exacting standard, was good enough for this world. By an unconscious and irresistible attraction, she drew us from the old dreamworld into the living present through the charm of her saintly womanhood. Here was a beautiful blending of veneration, spirituality, and affection in an actual, tangible, human being, in a woman who spoke and sung and smiled. Other characters might be mythic, but this was indisputably real. The Hebrew worthies whom we were taught to revere were all masculine. There was not a womanly figure among

them to command our love and admiration. But the child mind and heart had other resources. It needed not to spell out, letter by letter, the old Hebrew Word; it could recognize the Word made flesh and dwelling among us. Here was a living exposition of that doctrine of the incarnation, whose genesis we can never find and whose revelation we can never limit. Here was a human embodiment of those feminine qualities of tenderness and love which were so lacking in the old Hebrew heroes and in the Hebrew God. God at that time dwelt in the sky. He was intensely personal. All considerations of time and space would have forbidden the belief that he dwelt anywhere but on his throne in heaven. It never occurred to the boy to think of him as dwelling in that purified human temple. He only knew that this alluring superexcellence was the superexcellence of goodness, and that it was the goodness of kind, tender, patient, lovable Mrs. Bruce."

In those early days the Sunday-school was held both morning and afternoon, and in the church above there was preaching three times every Sunday. That was the regular diet of the congregation and the regular labor of the minister.

The boy found it necessary for his mental interest to have some other form of intellectual activity than that which a close attention to the sermon afforded. He was not expected to attend church three times a day, but was encouraged to

be present both morning and afternoon; and his place was not in the family pew, but in the gallery with the rest of the Sunday-school children. He never remembered that he disturbed the service in any way by restlessness or frivolity. His sympathies with the ministry were too early enlisted to permit him to offer any affront to the profession. He kept his foot in the house of God, but his mind wandered in a good many places where his feet were not permitted to go. From his position in the gallery, he could look down through the windows under the opposite gallery to the sidewalk below. There were three or four windows in the church commanded by his vision. As the church stood on a corner, one of these windows looked out upon a portion of the street on which the church faced, the others opened on the street at right angles to it. The passers-by were not numerous, but they alone gave life and interest to the street, the passage of a vehicle being extremely rare. By means of these windows, and the passers-by who could be seen from them, the boy mentally constructed a gauge for measuring the sermon and relieving the tedium of the delivery. The windows were mentally marked, respectively, A, B, C.

"As window A was on the corner, more pedestrians passed that point than any other. It was therefore made the basis of computation. Whenever five pedestrians passed A, a figure 1 was mentally carried to the credit of window B; when

window B had five to its credit, one was passed to the credit of window C. It was a simple application of the multiplication table, made about the time the boy was furnishing his mind with that kind of upholstery. It was a form of geometrical progression, in which the progression of a given number of pedestrians was applied to the progression of a sermon. . . .

"Of the sermons of those earliest years, only one made an impression on the memory so deep that it could not be effaced. 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days,' was the text. The child's attention was at once arrested by the picture. Visions of loaves of bread cast into the East River came promptly before his mind. They would float down into the bay and come back again, perhaps on some subsequent flood tide; but what would such water-soaked loaves be good for? Here was a text with a riddle in it. Eager interest awaited its solution. . . .

"The preacher painted a little picture, and it was all plain. We could see the banks of the Nile, and the husbandman going forth to sow his seed in its overflowing waters. We could see the waters subside, and the seed germinating in the soil; and we could see, too, the abundant harvest which followed. The truth involved was inextricably blended with the illustration. There was no need of the sermon gauge that day. Who the preacher

was or where he came from, I do not know. But his shadowy form is still visible, leaning slightly over the pulpit and telling that story. The next day, when the boy hearer went to a hardware store to make a purchase, he heard the porter telling his employer about this sermon, and the great impression it had made on his mind. Two birds at one shot, — a porter and a Sunday-school boy !

“The preacher may or may not be in the land of the living ; but one of his captured hearers has often wished that he might see his face once more, to cheer him with the assurance that he drove a truth into a boy’s heart, and clinched it so firmly that it is there still. . . .

“Of the multitude of sights and sounds that patter on the childish brain, the surest to make a permanent indentation is some voice or aspect, some gracious ministry of love. The children whom Jesus blessed so tenderly probably never forgot the man who took them into his arms and caressed them. So in a dim corner of my mental picture-gallery is a miniature, framed in a golden halo, of a man with a godlike face, tenderly placing his hand upon a little child’s head and smiling with a fatherly blessing.

“The vision of this large-hearted, genial man, who might appropriately have been called the doctor-shepherd, gives place a few years later to the ministerial specter, ‘the ghost in spite of himself.’ Of his preaching, not a shred or atom is re-

called, but his pastoral visitations were youthfully classified with the measles, the whooping-cough, and other visitations of a distressing sort. Nothing harsh or unkind is ever associated with his memory; he was not a boy-hater, a scold, a disciplinarian. He was a minister, not a man. His smile and his words were uniformly pleasant, but they seemed to be the expression of his professional goodness. If his solemn dignity could have kindly suffered an occasional lapse, — if the boy could have seen him riding on an omnibus, or chasing his hat in a gust of wind, or carrying home a fish for dinner, or doing a hundred things which a country minister might do without reproach, — confidence in his sympathetic humanity would have been restored. But the conventionalities of city life perfectly isolated him in the propriety of his profession.

“The memory of his ministerial calls is not abundant, for the reason that the boy generally took care to be away from home when they occurred. The moment the minister was spied on the street in the vicinity of number thirty-two, the location of one young resident was swiftly changed. The home of a little Catholic boy next door was naturally deemed safe from invasion. Catholicism thus furnished an asylum for a self-exiled refugee from the oppression of Protestant priestcraft. On one occasion, however, the vigilance of the oppressed had become unsuspectingly lax. The minister was already at the gate before

his presence was discovered. The fence which divided the besieged home from the Catholic protectory was too high for the refugee to scale. The woodhouse, which would have furnished concealment, must have been locked. The only resource left was to rush upstairs, alarm the house, and accept such concealment as circumstances afforded. A bedroom off the sitting-room furnished a temporary haven. Crawling far under the bed (which seems to have been an asylum for the distressed), the refugee felt safe from detection, albeit his position was not a very comfortable one. The voices in the adjoining room could be plainly heard. The ministerial tone was clearly audible. The hum of the conversation was varied by no light or lively strains, but presently the monotone became more solemn and measured. The youthful prisoner knew what that meant; his mother had asked the pastor to read the Bible. A profound reverence for that book forbade the listener to object to the quality of anything chosen from between its lids; but it cannot be denied that, under certain circumstances, some of its chapters are rather long. Whether from reverence for the pauses of the book, or because a divine intention was presumed in the length of the chapters, the minister of that day seldom began a chapter without feeling a conscientious obligation to finish it. Finally, there was a brief pause and a shifting of the chairs, and then the solemn, dirgelike tone began again.

The practiced ear of the fugitive knew what that meant; the minister had begun to pray. There was little that was cheerful in the situation of the stowaway during the long and dreary minutes that followed. His position was a constrained and humiliating one. He longed more than ever for the Catholic protectory over the fence; and it is reasonably safe to assume that he made a fresh resolution, under the inspiration of the minister's prayer, and that was never to be blockaded in this way again, if he could help it. The minister of that period invariably prayed for each individual member of the household when he knelt at the family altar. The youthful culprit has since wondered what kind of a blessing the minister would have asked upon his guilty head if he had known that the pastoral advent had driven him under a bed in the next room. . . .

"Homely and humble was the third city meeting-house which the lad began to attend just as he was crossing the threshold of his teens. A cold state of spiritual torpor had come over it. There was languor in the pulpit, languor in the pew; the prayer-meetings were held in the latitude of the North Pole; the Sunday-school had gone into a state of hibernation. The church, taken as a whole, was little more than a religious dormitory. Occasionally a meteor flashed in the pulpit for a Sunday or two, or somebody with a gonglike voice bombarded the sealed ears with brazen

warnings. Then the people opened their eyes, looked around, confessed in prayer-meeting their "leanness of spirit," prayed conventionally to be thawed out, and then dropped off for another six months' nap. Two or three short and sterile pastorates, followed by a long interregnum, had scattered the flock and reduced what was left to a state of comparative inanition. . . .

"It was at this critical stage in the life of the church that a young minister suddenly appeared with a load of revival kindling wood and a flaming torch in his hand. His earnestness was intense, his eloquence was magnetic. He was but twenty-eight years of age, had not received the disadvantage — as it seemed to some of the people — of a college education, but had seen a great deal of life, and was possessed of a strong pair of lungs, which served to blow his ardent discourses into roaring, leaping flames of speech like a prairie fire driven by a tornado. . . .

"It was a pleasing experience for the church and congregation to have a live coal on the altar. Enough interest was developed to give the young minister a call. He promptly accepted, and immediately set to work to rouse the church from its lethargy. He began with the deacons, whose religion, if not frozen so hard as that of some of the younger and more worldly members, was yet so thoroughly congealed that they could bear a heavy weight of pulpit appeal without slumping. When

the deacons thawed out, the church began to thaw out, and the prayer-meeting became a freshet of penitential confession. The pastor preached a powerful sermon on the necessity of breaking up the fallow ground of the heart, and another from the text, 'The backslider in heart shall be filled with his own ways.' The church was fairly roused. It began to see the peril of lost souls. It girded itself anew to work for their salvation. . . .

"Was it at all strange that, after hearing a few of these sermons, the mind of the boy became actively 'awakened' concerning his own salvation? He had been taught by his mother that God is love; and for children who have not reached years of responsibility, that is generally the way in which Baptists picture him. They have never harbored the cruel dogma of infant damnation. But now that he reached his teens, God was presented to him in the aspect of unrelenting justice. He was called upon to consider a wholly new set of premises. . . .

"The youth was not unmoved by these appeals. He was forced to hold an inquest on the condition of his own soul. That inquest disclosed the fact that he was a sinner. His memory was hung with pictures of transgression. They were small pictures, and not flagrantly vicious. He had never taken anything that did not belong to him, had never to his knowledge wilfully told a lie, and had only rarely caught himself humming a secular tune on

the Sabbath day. He was not in the habit of swearing. Only once in his young life had he used the word 'damn,' and that was under extenuating circumstances.¹ And yet he knew that the word had been recorded in heaven; for should we not at the judgment day give account of every idle word that we had spoken? Had he not *thought* 'damn' too, a good many times when he had not said it? Had he not been guilty of murdering his brother with angry thoughts? Had he not said, 'Thou fool,' and thus incurred the danger of hell fire? Any one of these sins was enough to condemn him to everlasting punishment, — not because they were so wicked in themselves, but because they were violations of God's holy laws, and because they disclosed the evil heart of wickedness and unbelief that reigned within the youthful bosom.

"The lad had never harbored any hatred of his Maker. His thought of God had always been

¹ Every sympathetic reader will acknowledge his justification in the use of a strong expletive on that occasion. The day that his sister was to be married had been looked forward to with affectionate excitement. The day and hour arrived, but the minister was delayed. While waiting for his coming, Richard wandered down the street to look for him. He came from the opposite direction, and so Sammy was sent to hunt up Richard, who had sauntered back unnoticed. Faithful in all that was ever intrusted to him, Sammy made diligent search, and then returned to find to his bitter disappointment that the service was all over! Whereupon, he threw himself upon the steps, and below his breath cried, "Damn, damn, damn!" Poor little laddie, it was too bad!

sweet, loving, tender. But now he had learned that God was angry with the wicked every day, and that he, as a descendant of Adam, had incurred his wrath. He determined to go to the inquiry meeting. . . .

"The inquiry meeting is a method instituted by a revival preacher to ascertain how much game he has brought down with his fowling-piece. It is a kind of dynamometer by which he tests the power of his preaching. More aptly figured, it is the minister's clinique, a dispensary for sin-sick souls to receive the balm and tonic of the gospel. . . .

"It was one clear, cool, October night that the boy found himself standing at the foot of the narrow staircase that led to the minister's study in the church, where the inquiry meeting was held in the evening, to give an opportunity to those who could not go in the day. To the boy the hour was a grateful one; for, like Nicodemus, it gave him an opportunity to go under cover of the darkness. He had taken this step entirely alone. No pressure had been brought to bear upon him, except that exerted in the pulpit. No one had spoken to him personally in regard to his soul; but the great question which agitated him was, what should it profit him if he gained the whole world and lost his own soul.

"There was a moment of indecision, as he stood at the foot of the stairs. The stars were shining peacefully above; there was no sign without that

the world was at enmity with God; yet he looked up, and thought of the time when these heavens should roll away as a parchéd scroll. A severe struggle followed between timidity and resolution. Finally, he opened the lower door and went softly up the stairs, his heart beating like a little trip-hammer. He paused a moment at the top, then with a final and determined effort, knocked at the door. The door opened. The little room was filled with converts and their friends, and all eyes were turned on the young and bashful Nicodemus. The pastor welcomed him, and gave him a seat. He then proceeded with the examination of several of the candidates. The youthful inquirer had time to collect himself. It seemed to him, then and there, as though a great burden had been rolled off his soul. He had taken the first step, and it was easy to take the rest. It seemed to him now as if he had brought himself into alliance with the people of God. He felt that he could 'accept Jesus'; he knew that Jesus would accept him. He was perfectly familiar with the theoretical plan of salvation. He could answer intellectually any questions likely to be presented, but had not learned to distinguish entirely his emotional from his intellectual state. Some of the converts answered glibly enough. Some had found peace; others were still in doubt and despair. . . .

"I have forgotten just what questions were put; still more have I forgotten the stammering answers

which were made. But there was a statement of the consciousness of sin and the penalty it involved, and the consciousness of pardon and the joy it brought. The transition from the state of condemnation to that of peace and happiness was a simple and easy one for the boy to make. He was not dissolved into tears, like some of the candidates, who cried in the agony of their grief over their lost and undone condition. . . .

"A second ordeal came when he had to stand up with a few others, on the Friday-night meeting, and 'relate his experience.' One of his companions on that occasion was a sailor who had led a hard and intemperate life. On those who knew what he had been, the story of his conversion made a great impression. Most of the converts made their narration of experience as dramatic as possible. There was an endeavor to fix the precise time when they were convicted of sin, and the precise time when they were relieved of it. There was a disposition to discover something almost miraculous in their experience. But he had nothing miraculous, nothing dramatic, to relate. The transition seemed a natural and an easy one. Peace seemed to come to him when he ascended the stairs into the pastor's study, and the door he opened there seemed to admit him into a larger and more joyful life. This was about as exactly as he could fix the chronology of his conversion. For some weeks it was a matter of regret to him that he had not

had some more revolutionary and tempestuous experience. But he afterward found great satisfaction in reading Jacob Abbott's 'Young Christian,' especially in learning that it is not absolutely necessary to hate God before one can love him, and that a conversion which was as silent and undemonstrative as the growth of a plant might be as genuine as one which seemed to be a striking miracle of Divine grace. When, after relating his experience, the candidates retired to another room to await the verdict of the church, the boy's mother was asked if she had seen any great change in him. She was obliged to reply that she had not; he had always been an obedient son. The examination, however, was satisfactory, the candidate was admitted, and the following Sunday night was appointed for the baptism.

"The interval to the young candidate was a period of indescribable religious exaltation. There is no joy so intense as that which comes through the free, unbounded exercise of the religious sentiment, whatever may be the object which is invested with the glow of its emotion.

"The baptismal Sunday was a bright October day. It seemed to the young convert unlike any other Sunday he had ever lived. All nature, or as much of it as gets into such a city as New York, was invested with a preternatural charm. As he looked up to the sky that morning, it seemed as if the heavens must part and the dove descend, —

a vision which may come to those who are baptized in the river, but which is less natural for those who are baptized in the evening in a church tank. The morning services, instead of being irksome to him as before, were listened to with delight. The Sunday-school had a new interest. But the climax of the day was the evening hour. A half-hour before the service he ascended once more, though this time without trepidation, the stairs leading to the pastor's study, which, on baptismal occasions, was used as a dressing-room for the male converts, a room on the opposite side of the church being reserved for the women. Both were immediately behind the pulpit. It is customary for each new convert to be assisted by one or more friends. A change of clothes was taken to the church. A robe of suitable length, and properly weighted at the bottom to keep it from floating on the water, was selected and put on. The candidates then entered the church, and took seats in the front pew reserved for them.

"The church was crowded to excess. Baptism is a dramatic service. It generally draws a good house. The best seats are in the gallery near the baptistery; and for these, people would wait for an hour before the service, and then scamper for the front rows like boys at a circus when the doors were opened.

"At the conclusion of the sermon, the pastor gave out a hymn, which, if I mistake not, was:

“ ‘In all my Lord’s appointed ways,
My journey I’ll pursue.’

The pulpit was removed from the platform, the carpet rolled back, the flooring taken up, and the baptistery disclosed, during which time the pastor had exchanged his preaching suit for a baptismal robe. Returning, he offered a short prayer, standing on the perilously narrow strip of platform which was left. The candidates then ascended the stairs to the platform, and descended one by one into the pool, and were successively baptized. It is customary for some ministers to ask the convert as he stands in the water, ‘Dost thou believe on the Lord Jesus Christ with all thy heart?’ but, more generally, the statement of experience made to the church is deemed sufficient; and the formula then is, ‘Upon public profession of thy faith, I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.’ At the word ‘Amen’ the candidate is theoretically supposed to hold his breath, while the minister gently dips him beneath ‘the liquid wave,’ as the standing water in the tank is sometimes poetically called. On coming up, his face is wiped by the minister with a handkerchief, and he passes as soon as possible to the dressing-room, the choir singing a ‘Hallelujah’ or a verse from some hymn.

“The water had been warmed by means of coils of pipes passing round a stove, so that the temperature was not uncomfortable. But from a failure

to hold his breath at the proper moment, little Samuel drew a small quantity of water into his windpipe, which nearly strangled him. But he would have been perfectly willing to be strangled that night, if the glory of God had required it. He was permitted, however, to make a humbler and a less tragic sacrifice. Retiring to the dressing-room and changing his clothes for a dry suit, he found it impossible to get on his boots. Soap, the only persuasive available, was tried without success. Stamping, jerking, and beating did no good. After fifteen minutes of unavailing effort, he was obliged to abandon the attempt; and, taking his boots under his arm, the young disciple humbly ran home barefooted, far happier than if he had ridden there with a coach and four.

"Without signing any creed or covenant whatever, but simply by public profession and baptism, he now found himself ushered into all the privileges and duties of a church member at the tender age of fourteen. Whether or not he had given his heart to the Lord, he had certainly committed it pretty fully to the church. Apart from the affectionate interest that centered in the home, all his other interests at this time were centered here. It was also the religious life of the church which furnished the chief attraction. With three or four meetings on Sunday, and meetings during the revival season every night in the week, there was no time for other engagements. The church

itself furnished no social life except that which was incidental to its religious meetings. Coming together every night in the week, the members naturally saw a great deal of each other. But it was not principally the social bond which held them together. No amusements, or entertainments, or receptions of any kind were furnished by the church. Private theatricals, operettas, or dances would not have been tolerated for a moment; but, beyond this, there was no 'young people's society' for intellectual and moral improvement, no 'benevolent society,' no social club of any kind. Not even, as I remember, was there that usual and generally indispensable luxury of an American church, a sewing-society. If there were, it was confined to a small circle of ladies, and was not used as a lever for social purposes. The object of the church, under the earnest lead of its pastor, was not to educate, gratify, or amuse, but simply to save souls.

"The only interruption to this unvarying solemnity of meetings and services occurred once a year, when the anniversary of the Sunday-school was held in the church, the children 'speaking pieces,' singing, and conducting dialogues, to the great delight of the mothers and fathers and other interested spectators who thronged the house. A repetition of the anniversary was always necessary to accommodate those who failed to get in the first time. This was the nearest approach to the theater

that the boy ever attended, until he had nearly reached the age of manhood, with the exception of a single visit to Mr. Barnum's pious 'lecture-room' at the old Museum, corner of Broadway and Ann streets.

"Antipathy to dramatic performances of any kind was so strong in the church that when a young convert, whose fervor had cooled a few months after his baptism, was known to have visited the theater, he was promptly admonished, and on the repetition of the offense was expelled. This severity of discipline may have been sharpened by the consciousness that the church had been guilty of graduating a professional actor from one of its Sunday-school exhibitions. A few years previous to this revival season, and under a different pastorate, an anniversary was held which was prepared with great elaboration. A representation of the bondage of the Israelites in Egypt, their deliverance by Moses, the rage and pursuit of Pharaoh, was attempted on a large scale; and, by means of dialogue and costume, an effect quite unusual for such an occasion was produced. To the son of the pastor, a talented young man on the verge of manhood, was assigned the rôle of Pharaoh. He appeared on the stage, which occupied the place of the pulpit, arrayed in royal garments of scarlet and gold of the most brilliant description, and with a crown and scepter of equal magnificence. Moses, represented by a meek and lovable young man, was

wrapped in flowing white robes; and the Israelites and Egyptians were provided with Oriental costumes furnished by a well-known panorama company. It would of course have been 'wicked' to use costumes which had been defiled by unholy representatives on the stage. The pastor's son was possessed of considerable dramatic ability for one without training; and his representation of the rage of Pharaoh at the departure of the Israelites, when, 'amazed, ashamed, and confounded to the dust,' he tore a passion to tatters, was very effective in contrast to the meek and placid demeanor of the white-robed Moses. The exhibition drew an immense house, and was profitable from a pecuniary point of view.

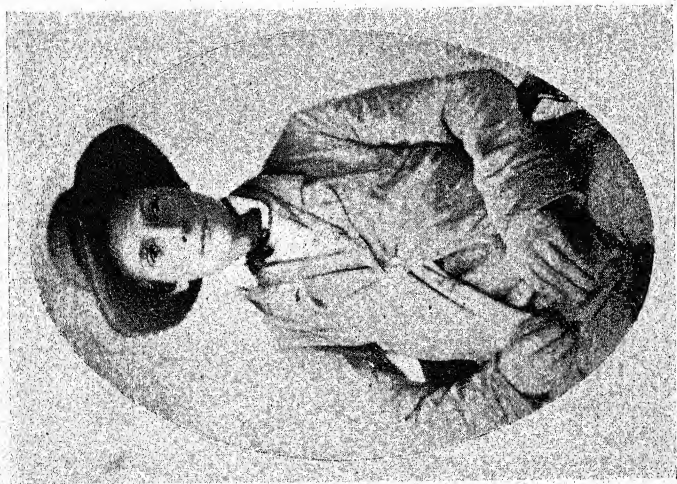
"The use of the costumes, however, and the spirited acting which accompanied them, called forth much comment from the older and more conservative members of the church. The piece was as truly a theatrical representation as if it had been 'Toodles' or 'The Irish Schoolmaster'; and it is due to the pious discrimination of the critics to say that they recognized it. The church had been turned into a theater! On the repetition of the exhibition the following week, it was given without costumes. The effect of seeing Pharaoh and Moses reduced to black coats was somewhat dispiriting both to players and audience. It had the tameness which the dramatic part of an oratorio always has when compared with an opera. The

ideal and moral part of the play had been all the stronger for being more truthful as a representation. Dramatic fire, however, had been kindled in the bosom of the pastor's son. The exchange of the king's robes for a broadcloth suit could not quench it. He was thoroughly stagestruck, and to the horror of the church, and to the pain of his family and friends, soon after went upon the stage, and entered into the hardships and vicissitudes of an actor's life."

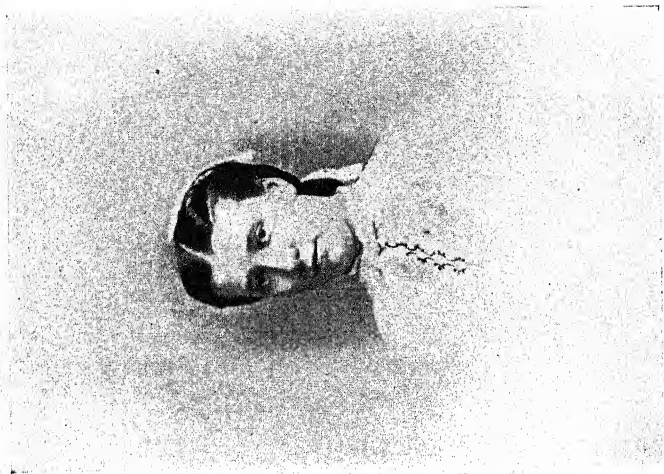
CHAPTER IV

THE BARREL PREACHER

No form of secular amusement offered any temptation to this enthusiastic young convert. The theater and the circus would have suggested only pathways to ruin. He found his entire satisfaction in the duties which devolved on him in connection with his religious life. As all through his life he assumed more work than others expected of him, so he did in his boyhood. Few of the members of that scant Baptist congregation could have spent themselves as seriously and unsparingly as did this dear boy, who saw in every one with whom he came in contact some one to win for the Lord's service. In the revival seasons, when the religious sentiment was superheated, no time was left for anything else but the salvation of sinners. He threw himself into this work with great heartiness. The whole ward in the neighborhood of the church was divided into districts, which were thoroughly canvassed by tract distributors. Armed with bundles of tracts and with printed invitations to the church meetings, the young convert attacked several of the tenement houses in the vicinity. It was at first somewhat embarrassing to knock at the door of a strange family and proffer a tract.



THE BARREL PREACHER



THE YOUNGER SISTER

The embarrassment was increased when some belligerent Romanist slammed the door in the visitor's face, threatened him with a broomstick, or, as happened on one occasion to a companion, threw a cat at the intruder. Such treatment was but evidence of the genuineness of the victim's Christianity.

Another work which interested him, and which he assumed entirely on his own account, was the distribution of tracts and other gospel appeals to the sailors. Every Sunday morning before breakfast an hour or two was spent in this work, and an hour or two in the afternoon. As he lived not far from the docks, he was very familiar with ocean-going craft, for at that time there were plenty of sailing vessels lying along the shores of Manhattan.

The young missionary was provided with tracts in eight or ten different languages. English, French, German, Norwegian, Danish, Dutch, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, were sometimes all used in the course of the Sunday, as the distributor moved from dock to dock and climbed from vessel to vessel, not without occasional risk of a ducking, and not always to the advantage of Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes. The boy's mother, having remarked on one occasion that he brought home an unusual quantity of tar on his new suit, smiled affectionately at his earnestness when he answered, "Go into all the world and preach my gospel, but do not soil your clothes!"

A great desire to teach these men the beauty of the Christian life possessed the boy, and on Sundays he used to haunt the docks and slips and talk quietly with the men. Sometimes a group would assemble, and they would good-naturedly set him on a barrel and tell him to preach. As he was looking forward, even then, to becoming a clergyman, he felt that this was the first part of the work to which he was to devote his life, so he gathered up his courage, and though a very unassuming and shy youth, would talk to these men from the depths of his heart, till he touched their feelings and won them as friends.

When he would appear on Sunday morning, they would say to each other, "Here comes the little barrel preacher," and his sunny smile was probably as good a sermon as his Baptist doctrine. He kept track of many ships by means of the shipping news in the papers which he had to file every day, and when those returned which brought back some of the sailors he knew, he had keen delight in welcoming them and doing his brave best to keep them in the straight and narrow path. One would like to know just what the influence of the clean, pure, ambitious boy was on these wandering seamen, but the waves of oblivion have swept away every trace, save the faint memory of his children, who never tired of asking their father to tell how he used to talk to the sailors from a barrel when he was a boy.

There was no sacrifice that the young convert in his ardor was not willing to make to save sinners from the fearful hell that awaited them, according to his doctrine, and to win them to the joy that comes from belief in Christ. "For this cause," he says, "the worst slums in the vilest portion of the city were visited with a companion, prayer-meetings were held, and earnest but wishy-washy exhortations were offered. Wishy-washy they seem now; they did not seem so then, when addressed to men who were standing on 'slippery places, while fiery billows rolled beneath.'

"Still another field of work was found in the large Hoe establishment, containing several hundred workmen, where he was serving in the humble capacity of errand boy. After his conversion, he deemed it a part of his daily duty to invite the workmen to the revival meetings, and to speak with them in regard to the condition of their souls. It was a source of satisfaction, on going home on Saturday night, to think that he had invited forty or fifty men that day to attend the services on the morrow. Who could tell but the Holy Spirit might send some shaft into their hearts? But the boy could not be wholly and absolutely merged in the young convert, and there is still left a lingering sense of the keen condemnation with which he went home on another Saturday night with the consciousness that he had wasted most of his leisure time in playing with a lively goat in the back

yard of the office, instead of inviting sinners to Christ.

"These varied Christian activities, combined with a superfluity of prayer-meetings, so completely absorbed the youth's time that there was little left for either amusement or study, unless it was the study of the Bible, which was ardently pursued. A schedule of the ordinary and regular church services will account for a large portion of his time, in addition to the fifty-nine hours a week which he spent in earning his daily bread :

"Sunday. From 6 to 8 A.M., Distributing tracts among the seamen. 8 to 9, Breakfast. 9 to 10.30, Sunday-school. 10.30 to 12, Church service. 12 to 1.30 P.M., Dinner. 1.30 to 3.30, Tract-distributing. 3.30 to 5, Prayer-meeting in the large auditorium of the church. 6 o'clock, Supper. 6.30 to 7.30, Prayer-meeting, attended by a few of the faithful to pray for a blessing on the evening service. 7.30 to 9, Preaching, usually followed by baptism.

"Services on the other days of the week were confined to the evening, and were :

"Monday. Inquiry meeting.

"Tuesday. Lecture by the pastor, usually an expository service of about an hour, preceded by singing and prayer.

"Wednesday. Bible Class.

"Thursday. Young people's prayer-meeting.

"Friday. Regular prayer-meeting of the church, which all were expected to attend.

"There was no day in the week to which the boy looked forward with so much delight as the recurrence of the Sabbath day, as it was inappropriately called. No amount of services could dampen his ardor. And if, on some Sunday night, he went with a sense of weariness to his couch, there was the sweet consciousness of duty well done, and the blessed assurance that 'they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.'

"It must not be inferred that he was without dissipation. His dissipations, however, were almost entirely of a religious character. He was intoxicated with religious emotion. While he confessed much joy in the hearing of the Word, the prayer-meeting was the chief source of exhilaration. The regular and most representative prayer and conference meeting was held on Friday evening, in what was known as the lecture-room, in the basement of the church. The room was devoid of all pictures or ornaments, and preserved a sober, Puritanic simplicity. The benches were uncushioned, the floor uncarpeted. Although there was no written law to this effect, yet it was the established custom for the male and female members to separate as soon as they entered the door, the women sitting on the right side of the main aisle facing the pulpit, and the men on the left. In revival times, the room was well filled, and the

meeting went off with lively interest, without any of those long and dreadful pauses which indicated 'leanness of soul' and vacuity of intellect. The pastor invariably led the Friday-night meeting. It was understood that he was simply to guide, direct, inspire, and, on rare occasions, to modify or restrain. The meeting belonged to the people.

"The pastor was a little man, physically considered, but he always made an impression upon the stranger as he walked up the aisle with an air of confidence and self-assertion. He 'magnified his office,' as he took his seat behind the plain wooden desk.

"In revival times energetic and joyful hymns set the tone of the meeting. The hymn being sung, the pastor announced that Deacon C. would lead them in prayer, followed by Brother John Smith. The pastor believed in training the young converts, and he had a habit of hitching up a young colt with an old wheel-horse in the prayer-meeting exercises. The writer has not forgotten the terror that seized him when, a few weeks after his conversion, the pastor announced in prayer meeting that Deacon B. would lead them in prayer, followed by Brother Sammy. The pastor did not do this in cold blood; it was his kindly theory that an introductory prayer by Brother B. would give the young fledgling a chance to flap his little wings and prepare for a spiritual flight on his own account. Had he asked the young convert to pray first, the

task he assigned him would have been far easier, as it is always easier to plunge at once into the stream than to stand shivering on the bank. It was not reassuring to the convert to be asked to follow such a practiced and self-reliant devotee as Deacon B. He pictured in his mind the contrast between the regular measured cadence of the deacon's solemn supplications and his own broken, stammering, incoherent utterances. The period occupied by Deacon B.'s prayer was one of actual torture to the youth who was to follow. Instead of putting him in a state of spiritual fervor, it bathed him in a cold sweat. He was in no condition to formulate expressions and arrange thoughts during the deacon's prayer. His mind seemed suddenly emptied of everything that it had previously contained. The fire of emotion was extinguished. Feeling very much like a young culprit, he sat in the pew and waited tremblingly for the deacon to finish, praying inwardly that the consummation of his petition might be postponed as long as possible. The deacon seldom soared very high in his prayers ; but he circled round and round like a bird with heavy wing, and one could not always tell when and where he would alight. Sometimes it would seem as if he had told the Lord everything that he knew, and asked him for everything that was desirable, and that the prayer must come to an end at the next period ; but the boy would take a new breath when he found that the deacon, like

a practiced seaman, meant to make another tack before he lowered sail and dropped anchor. When, finally, the young convert found that his fate could no longer be postponed, he yielded to the necessity. The deacon had already exhausted the whole subject; and there was nothing left for him but to utter a few platitudes of supplication in the conventional prayer-meeting dialect.

"He was early singled out as one whom God might be pleased to call to the ministry. Sooner or later he believed that he had passed through this experience. The call, as it came to him, was but a ratification of early aspirations. Two distinct and positive peaks of ambition loomed up in his childish desires: one was an ambition to be a stage-driver; the other the ambition to be a minister. These somewhat conflicting desires struggled for preëminence. The boy did not find it difficult to combine them. One Sunday, for instance, on which he and his little sister were allowed to stay at home from church on account of the rain, the mother was surprised, on her return, to find two chairs harnessed up to an imaginary coach, the boy acting as driver, and the little sister as passenger. The explanation of this secular exercise of the imagination on the Sabbath day was that the children had been 'playing church,' but on account of the wet state of the weather had deemed it best to drive the congregation to and from the house of worship. Church-playing was a familiar pastime,

and the writer remembers an occasion when it was conducted with such seriousness that the boy and girl made a resolve in consequence 'to be good' the rest of the week. The reality of religion and its relation to practical life were felt at that early day. It may seem paradoxical that a boy who could take refuge under a bed in order to escape from the affliction of a visit from a minister should aspire to be a minister himself; but such was the case, and I conclude that his aversion to the members of the profession was more particular than general. . . .

"The call that now came to him after his conversion was an utterance of the still small voice, bringing him what seemed a commission to preach the gospel to a lost world. With what palpitating self-distrust and misgiving it came! Yet it came, too, with a 'woe unto me if I preach not.' The desire, confessed to a few, was tenderly encouraged; and he soon began to shape his studies with reference to this purpose in life, to exchange the barrel for the real pulpit."

CHAPTER V

THE YOUNG STENOGRAPHER

WHEN old Mother Costigan, on a bright autumn day, wrapped up a bundle of polyglot tracts in a newspaper, for distribution among the sailors, she was entirely unaware that it contained a paragraph which, though little heeded in itself, was influential on the whole after life of this ambitious boy. As he glanced at his package, his eye fell on an advertisement saying that shorthand could be learned in fifteen minutes! After that, all that was necessary was practice! He thought it would be fine to be able to report his pastor's sermons, so he went to consult Farrell O'Dowd, a stenographer whom he knew, to see if it were true that the art could be learned so quickly.

Mr. O'Dowd assured him that it was impossible, but generously said that he would help him to learn it if he could buy a book. Two dollars for a book on stenography! A week's wages, — for he had been advanced with the years, — impossible! He went home and pondered over it, prayed over it, and then made a terrible plunge, for a penniless little boy. He asked one of the Hoe firm to lend him two dollars to buy Graham's Standard Phonography! At first he met not only refusal, but

rebuff, for this member did not know anything about the qualities of the little office lad, save that he had swift legs and swifter fingers. Afterward he relented, and lent him the money, which I wish to record was not only conscientiously repaid by the boy, but actually accepted by the rich man. The depreciatory thoughts are mine. The juvenile debtor never expressed anything but gratitude that he had been allowed both to incur and cancel the debt. But the creditor must have lived to wish that he had been more generous to one who had to struggle so hard for an education.

Every word between the covers of that book was learned by the eager lad.¹ The family took turns

¹ In an autobiographical sketch of himself, prepared, along with a facsimile of his stenographic sermon notes, at the request of Andrew J. Graham, and published in *The Student's Journal*, June, 1891, he says of this study:

"I studied the Hand-Book thoroughly from beginning to end. I also went through the First and Second Readers. . . . The first reporting I ever did in shorthand was done a mile away from the speaker. You will think that I am long-eared. Let me explain that I took it from the telegraph. Working ten hours a day for my bread I did not learn shorthand as rapidly as if I had had more time; but I studied it with enthusiasm. I remember worming through some of the exercises in the Second Reader, all of which I wrote repeatedly, on a bale of hay at half-past four in the morning, at the foot of Broome Street, New York. If I could find the horse that ate that bale of hay, I would put a silver plate on his harness."

After other facts in his life, he continues:

"I went out on the Plains in '73 and '74, during my vacation, as correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, with Gen. Custer, in his expeditions in the Yellowstone and Black Hills. I found

in reading to him, and in a surprisingly short time he could take a fairly rapid dictation. Again he was carrying a bundle, and again it was done up in a

that no good report of an Indian rifle could be made in shorthand, and came back with my scalp. I wonder if anybody else has ever reported a theological lecture with a bullet. I found one day, on entering the lecture-room, that I had left my pencil downstairs. I sharpened a Henry rifle bullet which I found in my vest pocket, and took the whole lecture. If the spear is to be turned into the pruning hook, why not a bullet into a pencil? What better use for an implement of war than to report a message of the gospel of peace? . . . From the very beginning I have written all my sermons and every manuscript used for public address in shorthand. I have never delivered an address of my own from anything else. I prefer it to longhand for two reasons: first the immense ease of writing it; second the ease in reading it. I can take up a bundle of words in my eye and fling them at my audience. I am considered rather free in my delivery. For three-quarters of the time I am speaking I can keep my eye on the audience, see every person in the house, and can tell which man is going to fall asleep first. . . . I reported my friend Phillips Brooks once for three-quarters of an hour, and his address filled seven columns of the *Christian Register* in small type. I once made a verbatim report of a sermon by that beloved saint, Dr. Bartol, and wrote at the same time a letter of six pages in shorthand to a friend. I have never been able to do that while reporting Dr. Brooks. I should prefer to choose some other time for my private correspondence. . . .

"Shorthand has been the greatest value to me through life. I used it as I intended — as a ladder to the ministry. It secured me an inestimable wife, and the whole course of my history since I was sixteen years of age has turned on the shorthand pivot."

It is small wonder that Mr. Graham, commenting on this sketch, — of which these extracts are but a small part, — said, "Highly instructive and encouraging to many a poor struggling pupil will be Mr. Barrows' experience, so cheerily presented by him."

New York *Tribune*. It was not then considered a matter of bad taste to carry a parcel with a printed wrapper. Curiously enough, he saw in it an advertisement for a stenographer. The phrenologists, Fowler and Wells, wanted a good amanuensis. Sammy went to them and applied, and they tested his ability, taking his name and address.

A few days later he received the appointment, and jumped to six dollars a week to begin with, running soon up to eighteen, a leap from poverty to affluence, so far as he was concerned. For nine years, beginning at the tender age of nine, he had earned his bread and a thin coating of butter with his cousin's firm; and he might have been there still, if nothing had diverted the course of his life. One of the most difficult steps he ever had to take occurred at the age of eighteen, when he forced himself to break away from this great manufacturing establishment, under the shelter of kind kinsmen and with an assured prospect of a permanent position, to enter upon a new and untried field of life. Once taken, the resolution was adhered to with unwavering determination.

The place to which he went "might have been called Golgotha," as he once said, for "it was literally a place of skulls. Who that has walked up Broadway has not seen them in the window-case, accompanied with plaster busts, carefully mapped out on the surface to show the topography within? It was not only a place of skulls, but a place of

brains and kind hearts. Without discussing here the merits of phrenology, I simply wish to record my gratitude to the New York firm which has been for so many years its champion in this country. A large number of capable stenographers found there, under Dr. Nelson Sizer's patient and considerate tuition, an early school for practice and progress in the art; and no one ever went there without feeling sensible of the high moral tone of this house and its interest in social and philanthropic reforms. Many a young man has confessed with gratitude the intellectual and moral awakening which he there experienced."

It was, however, a hard place, physically considered. The one thing that had saved him from utter breakdown before, a chance to run errands, was wanting. The office was down on Broadway, in a dark house, and every stroke of his work during the day was done by gaslight. Add to that, a stone carelessly thrown some years before by the hands of a comrade had practically deprived him of the use of one eye for life, though, as it was an internal injury, it did not betray itself as one looked into his beautiful eyes. One does not wonder that the end of the first year saw him almost a physical wreck. It was during the Civil War, and it was thought that if he could get into the navy he might recover in the fresh-air life. So he went to the recruiting officer and enlisted, only to be dismissed by the examining surgeon as unfit for duty on

account of his eyes and his enfeebled health. The sunshine of his life seemed clouded over, and there was little hope of a brighter day. But Dr. Sizer took a human interest in the life of this bright boy who seemed fading away, and helped him to make other plans, suggesting that if he could go to the water-cure in Dansville and take treatment under Dr. Jackson, he might possibly pay for it by his shorthand and at the same time earn enough to help his mother. This plan was carried out, and for the next two years little Sammy, now known as "Tall Sammy," was the private amanuensis of that remarkable man, Dr. James C. Jackson, who exerted a wonderful influence on this thoughtful boy. He recovered his health under the genial influences at "Our Home on the Hillside," as the cure was called, and his mind and soul expanded like a flower in sunlight. Ever after he ascribed to the two years on the hillsides of western New York the greatest blessings that ever came into his life.

He himself described it as "a delightful haven of rest overlooking a peaceful valley." The results of his life there were not only of physical value, but were still more powerful in his mind and heart. He says:

"Here was a little community from all parts of the country, representing all shades of religious belief. Though most of them were unsound in body, few of them were unsound in theology.

A large percentage were members of Christian churches.

"I went loyally at first to the Baptist church in town, and found that the zealous young pastor just hatched from a theological seminary was very fond of displaying his theological plumage. But by and by, as I made the acquaintance of the family on the hillside, I found myself irresistibly drawn toward the religious meetings which were held there. They were union services, communion meetings in the spiritual sense of the word. They were technically 'evangelical,' but sectarian differences were not obtruded. Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Orthodox Congregationalists, and Quakers, all joined in the service of song and prayer. The chief physician's sermons on Sunday afternoons were marked by original eloquence and unusual power. The practical duties of life were brought into the foreground. The body received a degree of attention worthy of its dignity as the temple of the Holy Spirit. A beautiful atmosphere of sympathy and love pervaded these meetings. They were baptist meetings in a larger sense than any that I had ever attended; they were baptisms of the Spirit and of power."

The effect of this intercourse was to lift him out of the sectarian rut. He discovered the difference between things essential and things non-essential in Christian fellowship and in Christian life. To

quote again from the *Baptist Meeting House*: "Here were one hundred and fifty people, living together as one family, eating at the same table, sleeping under the same roof, mingling freely in their daily recreations, and joining their songs and praises in the sacred hour of worship. They were drawn together by mutual sympathies and mutual needs. A spirit of tolerance and courtesy took the place of sectarian aggressiveness. Denominational labels were not paraded. It was quite possible to associate for weeks with a Christian without knowing to what sect he belonged. The emphasis was laid more upon character and less upon belief."

"There are few things fresher or sweeter in my memory than the hallowed association formed with this Church of Christ, and the rich and fruitful affections which sanctified it. Among these pictures of memory there looms up one of a beautiful summer afternoon. A sweet peace was at the heart of Nature. It was easy to commune with the Eternal; the veil of the temple seemed transparent to a loving, God-seeking heart. As the shadows lengthened in the afternoon, and the glory of the departing day was softened into a more mysterious light, the little band of Christians gathered in the hall, which to them was a sanctuary consecrated by their vows and prayers, and partook together of the eucharistic feast, — a feast of gratitude, aspiration, and love. It was the first time I had ever sat at the table of the Lord outside of

a Baptist church. Once I would have deemed it disloyal to Christ to eat at that table with an unbaptized Christian, the only valid baptism in my mind being baptism by immersion. Now it seemed disloyal not to do so. I had studied my Bible, and failed to find any evidence that baptism was to be the doorway to the Lord's table. Still more, however, I had learned to believe in the baptism of the Holy Ghost and in the communion of saints."

This act of drinking from the same cup and eating from the same loaf in a religious service with a band of Christians of all sects and beliefs would have been enough upon which to base an action for his expulsion from the old Baptist church at home. But before that action was taken, the conscientious brethren who began it were to have still other grounds for the painful step.

CHAPTER VI

"OUR HOME ON THE HILLSIDE"

THE tall city lad, with the pale cheeks and sunny smile, had been a year and a half in this water-cure establishment at Dansville. His health had improved remarkably, and he was impatient to return to a wider field of work. Dr. Jackson gave him permission to go back for a vacation, with the understanding that he should spend at least one more summer in the country before settling down to the stress of newspaper grind. What a difference to two lives had he been disobedient to the good physician!

It was a sunny April day. Tender greens were creeping over the landscape and the air was balmy even in the early morning. I was alone on the upper piazza of the Cure, for I too had been a day or two under its roof, when I saw a straight, slender, boyish figure springing up the hill with long steps, his arms swinging, and every movement full of life and grace.

"Oh, there's Barrows, there's Barrows!" cried some one from the piazza below, with gladness in the tone. "Who is Barrows?" I wondered.

The gong for breakfast called us all to the long dining-room, where my brother, the acting superin-

tendent, was seating newcomers. It was the custom once a week to draw numbers for seats, the ladies having even and the men odd numbers, and newcomers were interspersed among the old members of the family that they might sooner feel at home. We were all seated when the door opened and the same tall young man came in, tossing his black hair from his forehead. He stepped up to my brother, who rose and gave him a hearty greeting.

"Have you a seat for me, Hayes?" he asked, in a voice that struck one at once by its musical richness.

"Yes, there is just one empty seat in the room, — this one, opposite my sister, Mrs. Chapin."

They sat down. My brother introduced us, and as I glanced up from my plate and looked into the beautiful, earnest eyes across the narrow table, I thought I had never seen such eyes since my missionary husband's had closed in India, leaving me a widow at nineteen.

Whether I wrote anything in my journal about that first meeting I do not recall, but in the exquisite shorthand in which Dr. Jackson's stenographer kept his diary, one may still read, on the faded page of cheap blue paper, in old-fashioned dignity of style: "I met Mrs. Chapin this morning, a very estimable young lady."

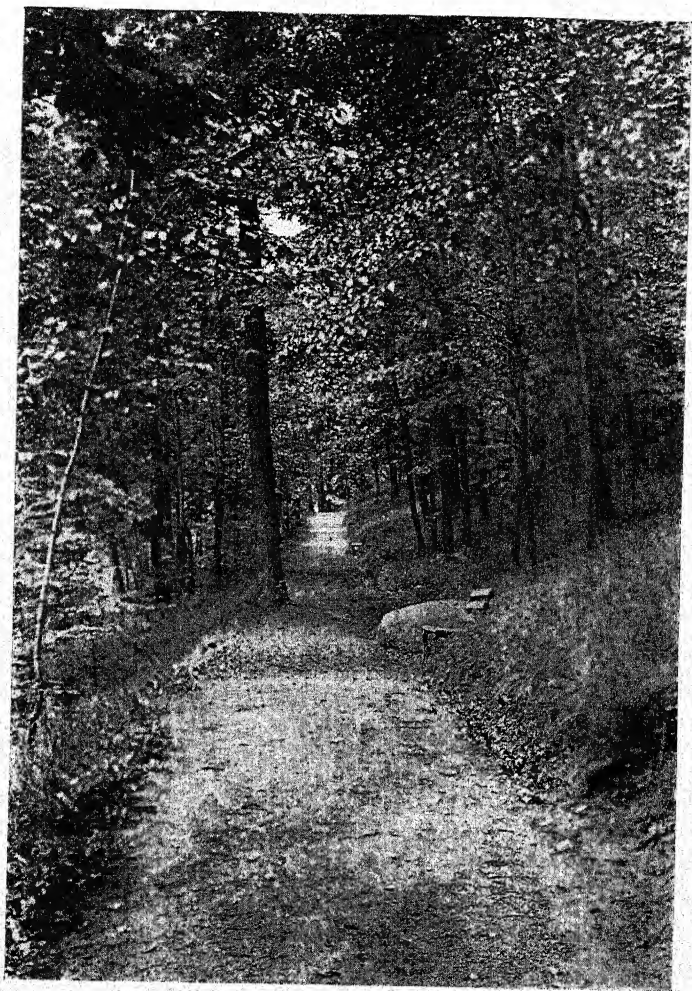
We were not invalids. He had recovered his health. I was there to study water-cure treatment

preparatory to taking a medical course which I planned as part of my preparation for returning to the foreign missionary field. Our acquaintance ripened fast. I found that as a city boy he had absolutely no knowledge of flowers and trees and things that grow. Before coming to Dansville, he had been outside of New York but two or three times, poor fellow! I had hardly been *in* a city more times, save the city of Ahmednagar. Eager to learn, he begged me to teach him about the flowers that were beginning to bloom, and of which he had learned little in spite of his year and a half at the Cure. So every morning at five we were up and away. With a good botany box we would gather a specimen of every plant that sprang into life those heavenly summer months. After he had attended to the doctor's mail, and we were both free for an hour or two, we would sit and study our treasures, and great was his joy and excitement as the season advanced, and from the exquisite beauty of arbutus, spring beauties and violets we advanced to snowy mandrakes and yellow lady's-slippers, the fragrance of azaleas, and the glory of the laurel among its shining leaves. And the trees! He had not realized how great was the variety, and as he learned to make each kind a familiar friend it was as though a new world had been revealed to him. A happy life he had always had, but it became joyous at Dansville. With his renewed health and strength, his many new friends, his wider intellec-

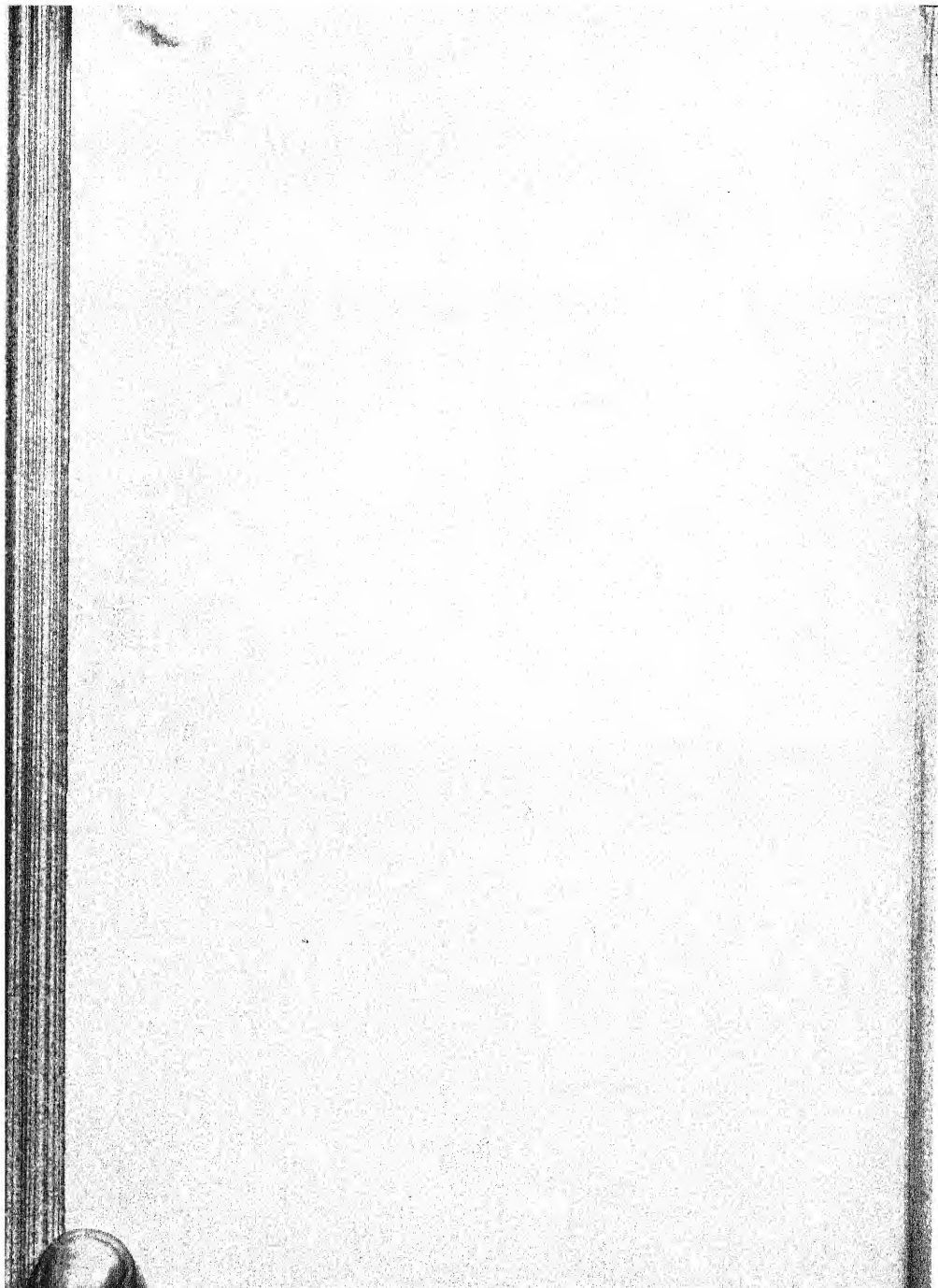
tual sympathies, his consciousness of power, he became the embodiment of happiness. He had been trained to believe that dancing was a sin, but his was the lightest foot in the weekly dance. A theater was to his early days a snare and temptation of the devil, but in the private theatricals at the Cure he was soon the bright particular star, a very good-looking one too, as the faded photographs still reveal. In the "sings" his voice had the finest tone, and in the walks to the all-healing spring his was the quickest hand outstretched to help the weak patients who were essaying the steep height. Loved by everybody, from the bath-boy to the doctor, from the "helper" in the dining-room, who was waiter at meals and assistant at baths that she might earn money for a medical education, — a ladder which many climbed, — to the patients who rejoiced in his cheery disposition, he was the life of the place, and his memory is still hallowed on those sunny hills.

It was at Dansville, before he attained his majority, that the name June was inserted after the scriptural Samuel. No one knows the day and hour when the summer name, so adapted to his sunny soul, slipped in beside the solemn prophet's, but from that time he was known in the press as S. J. Barrows; even his family adopted the milder June, and "Little Sammy" was forgotten, save by half a dozen of the older stock.

When we both left Dansville in October, we were



THE PATH TO PARADISE GATE



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pledged to one another. Dr. Jackson had solemnly betrothed us in his study at Clovernook Cottage, and we walked under the stars through Boulderwood to “Paradise Gate,” I putting behind me the sorrows of my past life, going forward with him into a future already lighted by the radiance of his life.

CHAPTER VII

"THE CONSERVATORY"

ON our return to New York, the accomplished reporter easily found work on the *Tribune*, the *World*, which was then a religious journal, and other papers. I had a little room at 129 Waverly Place, where my sister lived with me. I was busy with my medical studies, still I had time to help the reporter with his duties. It was before the days of associated press reports. Each paper got its news as best it could, and items from morning papers were rewritten for afternoon journals and afternoon information was rewritten for morning papers. It was my delight to take a handful of items from afternoon editions, and rewrite them for the morning paper for which the reporter Barrows was working, in such a way that not a word would betray where the information came from. That was considered legitimate journalism then. As I look back, it seems to me it was more trustworthy than what we read to-day.

There were certain reports I could make when only longhand was needed. That doubled his capacity for work. Thus I could go to the Farmers' Club and really make a better report for the *Tribune* than he could. I was a country girl, and under-

stood all that they were discussing. He, poor city boy, had to guess at a good deal of it. The papers had begun to print abstracts of sermons, and a reporter was often assigned to two pulpits on a single Sunday. I suppose he got the text in one and the summing up in the next. Mr. Barrows could get more credit because I could take one of his assignments. I remember my first was a Thanksgiving sermon by Dr. E. H. Chapin, which I took myself to the editorial rooms in the *Tribune*. They recognized my effort by a crisp five-dollar bill, the first direct payment I had for our joint newspaper writing, which, beginning then, lasted for forty-three years.

My room had a big sunny window where flowers flourished so abundantly that my friends called it “The Conservatory,” and the days passed swiftly and happily for us all. There were few when we did not have at least a glimpse of the busy newspaper reporter. It was amazing how many of his assignments took him past Waverly Place! He had no money and no time to spare for theaters, but at Christmas his gift to me was a ticket to the “Messiah,” and we heard together for the first time that glorious music which often and often in later years he sang with the Oratorio Society, his rich voice adding its strain of sweetness to the great chorus.

We were married the next June (the 28th, 1867), in Brooklyn, by Henry Ward Beecher. Our little

honeymoon trip was from Friday afternoon after the ceremony till Monday. We went to New Haven. Only two days away from his duties, but we had such glories of sea and sky, hill and valley, such wealth of mountain laurel in royal bloom, that its happiness has lasted all the way through life.

The manager of the great daily was a little startled when he found his best reporter had become a married man. "Why, how will you support a wife?" he asked. "With his clever right hand," quickly replied Mr. Israel, the city editor, who best knew the skill of that hand. Indeed, during the city editor's absence the previous summer, this fledgling of twenty-one took his place on this city daily, though every one under his command was older than himself.

"The Conservatory" was our first married home. I never go through Waverly Place without looking up to the big sunny window at "129." I can again see the flowers blooming in the genial light; I can feel the pleasant warmth of the open grate, but above all I can see the tall, straight form of my husband dashing up the stairs, the embodiment of happiness, kindness, and sunshine.

One day he came with an even quicker step than usual, an open telegram in his hand. It was an invitation from William H. Seward, Secretary of State, to come to Washington as his private secretary at a salary of sixteen hundred dollars.

The advantage of living in one room is that you can pack up and leave without much loss of time, especially if it is a wee room like "The Conservatory." Within twenty-four hours we were as cozily settled in Washington as we had been in New York, with another big window of plants and, happily, an extra room for sleeping. Happy months we spent there together till I went back to New York to continue my medical work, for we had married with the mutual understanding that I should complete my studies first and then he should be set free to carry out his plan of becoming a minister.

After I had finished in New York, he was very insistent that I should have a year in the University of Vienna with Mary Safford, for she had obtained permission for us to attend the medical lectures there. The authorities were so dumbfounded at the suggestion, no women ever before having applied, that they did not know how to say no. "You must go," said my young husband, "if I have to live on pea-soup and sleep in a coal box." Though I wanted the advantages, I was not so eager for them as he seemed to be, but I was ashamed not to go when he was so anxious to have me. So for a long, long year I tore myself away, with bitterness of tears and aching of heart. No better opportunities ever came to two women, and we worked hard and lived simply, as was eminently proper. My friend had means of her own, but

to give me these advantages my husband was "boarding himself" at small cost and sending every penny that he could save (after the definite sum sent every week to his mother) to meet my tuition and board in beautiful Vienna.

During this year he went for the *Tribune* to Salt Lake City, to report a debate between Brigham Young, the Mormon leader, and Dr. Newman of Washington. From Utah he went to California, and we seemed a long way apart, but wonderfully interesting letters bridged the distance, and we were both so busy that there was no time to bemoan the separation.

At last the good ship *Ethiopia* brought me safely back to port, and my eyes were gladdened by the sight of the beloved man on the dock, with outstretched arms.

A kind fortune followed us then, as always. Dr. Robert Reyburn, of Washington, offered me his office when he was not using it, and the care of the eyes in the Freedman's Hospital was given to me. Several lads were intrusted to me for a home that they might go to school, and in one way and another my income was soon so assured that the next step in our life program could be taken. After a happy year together in Washington, where we had made many friends, I sent my dear husband forth in turn for his higher education. He had been fitting for it during my absence by taking evening courses in the Columbian University,

in Latin, Greek, and philosophy. He was quite ready for advanced work at Harvard, and decided to enter the Divinity School there, since his religious development now turned him in that direction rather than to the Baptist Seminary at Rochester, where he had originally planned to go.

CHAPTER VIII

ENTERING THE UNITARIAN FOLD

WHEN Samuel Barrows went from the sanitarium in western New York, leaving the union church behind him, he felt that his mental and sympathetic life had been perceptibly broadened. The world had a different aspect. He saw things in new relations. He had broken the "close-communion" fetters which previously bound him. He recalled how his mother writhed under those manacles.

"To think," she once said to the boy, when visiting her brother, who was a Presbyterian, "that I cannot eat the Lord's Supper with my own beloved brother, when we sit together in the same pew!"

Her conscience compelled her to refuse the elements when the good Presbyterian deacon offered them, but her heart bled under the strain. Her loyalty to the established usages of her church, and the assumption that immersion was a necessary preparation for the Lord's Supper were the only reasons she could offer against the larger claims of love and fellowship.

Mr. Barrows' views of Sabbath observance had also suffered a great change. They had been distinguished by remarkable rigor when he was a

boy. So strict had he been, a few years before, that he would not ride in a street-car, nor cross the river in a ferry-boat, nor buy a newspaper, nor conduct any commercial transaction on Sunday. The line of his reading on that day was narrowly religious. But when he accepted a position as reporter on a New York daily, he found that work on Sunday was expected, and his change of views led him to accept this without any feeling of wrongdoing. His Sunday duties required him to attend, from week to week, a great variety of churches. Sometimes he reported Mr. Beecher in the morning and Archbishop McCloskey in the evening. The next Sunday perhaps he found himself worshiping in a Methodist church in the morning and in an Episcopal church in the evening. Sometimes he was assigned to a meeting of the Spiritualists and took purported revelations from the other world. There was hardly a sect or denomination which did not secure his services in the course of the year. This roving life was quite in contrast to his previous habit of close adhesion to a single church. He did not altogether enjoy being a religious tramp.¹ He missed the kindly associations which church life develops. He longed to unite his efforts with other earnest workers in the cause of religion and morality. The opportunity finally

¹ Many years later, in an article published in *The Independent*, called "The Church I am looking for," he expressed his broad sympathies with all these religious denominations.

came after we went to Washington, when he was relieved from the necessity of attending different churches to satisfy the vague spiritual wants of a daily paper.

We determined, first of all, to find some practical religious work in which we could engage from Sunday to Sunday. The war had just closed. There were thousands of Negroes in the District under the care of the Freedmen's Bureau. We resolved to do what we could together for this neglected race. On the first Sunday after our arrival in the national capital, we set out to find some mission school in which our services would be welcome. We visited two, only to find that no teachers were needed. The third application was more successful. We were gladly received and began our work of instruction in the old barracks on Seventh Street, near "the Boundary." The association thus formed proved to be one of great value. It opened not only a welcome opportunity to help a needy people, but it brought us into association with warm and earnest Christian hearts. Nearly all the members of that little band have since been scattered the country over, but some of the ties thus formed have remained unbroken to the present day.

This mission school was under the guidance of the Congregational church, and most of the teachers were members of that society. We attended services there frequently, but were never members.

By the time we offered ourselves for membership, we had become so dissatisfied with the old accepted doctrines that the pastor would not open the door wide enough to let us in. This change in our religious ideas is thus described in the "Baptist Meeting-house":

"The library of the State Department of Washington was exceptionally good for its size. The private secretary counted it a bit of good fortune that his desk was situated in one of its alcoves. A short flight of stairs communicated with Mr. Seward's room below. From time to time his phonographic pencil was summoned by the Secretary's famous "little bell" to take down utterances which have been carefully preserved in our diplomatic history. Sometimes it was page after page of a dispatch to some foreign minister, growing out of the recent and complicated issues of the war. The thought which trickled from his pencil found its way to the court of England or the court of France, or perhaps was exiled to the Russian capital. Sometimes it was advice or direction to a remote consul, then a communication for Congress, or a message to go to that body with the signature of the President. There was nothing provincial or narrow in this work. It dealt with large political and human relations. It gave new breadth and scope to the mind, and awakened interest in broad and independent historical study. The library, too, afforded much delight. There was one alcove

in which at least one reader loved to browse. It was devoted mainly to the old English preachers. Here for the first time he made the acquaintance of South, Jeremy Taylor, and Tillotson. South allured by his wit, Taylor charmed by the poetry of his style. With from six to sixteen Greek and Latin quotations on a page, however, his sermons were like a sword, the hilt of which was richly set with borrowed jewels. It was the simplicity, clearness, and moral power of Tillotson that gave special delight. There was little that was controversial in his sermons. They furnished rich food for the moral and religious life.

"One day, however, the reader was attracted by another series of books in the same alcove. They were more modern in their aspect. One of them was entitled "Ten Sermons on Religion." The author was Theodore Parker. The discovery at first awakened no special interest. The reader was conscious of a strong prejudice against the author, whom he regarded as an out-and-out infidel. To be sure, he had never read a line of his works; but the most bitter prejudices are often founded upon ignorance or misrepresentation. He ventured, however, to read a page or two in this volume. His interest was quickly kindled. Theodore Parker was surely not the man he had taken him to be. With great delight, he read through the sermon on "Conscious Religion as a Source of Joy"; another on "Conscious Religion

as a Source of Strength"; a third on "The Culture of the Religious Powers." These sermons seemed to contain in themselves the qualities of joy, strength, and culture of their titles. It was not the literary style which charmed; it was the richness, beauty, and strength of the religious sentiment they contained. It is not too much to say that he had always been led to suppose that Theodore Parker was a bad and dangerous man. But there was a quality in his "infidelity" of which the reader had never dreamed. It was marked by a rational tone, animated by an earnest and practical aim, and pervaded by a deep and strong spirit of religious trust. The reader still preserved the Puritanic habit of keeping a diary. When he had finished these discourses, he wrote in it a humble confession of the wrong he had done Mr. Parker, and registered a vow never to hear him accused of irreligion without coming to his defense.

"In Parker's prayers, he found a new and nourishing aspect of the spirit of devotion. He took them home, and drank freely from this fountain of sweet and manly piety.

"For one who was just emerging from the darkness of the old theology into the twilight of liberal Christianity, Theodore Parker's works may seem to have been rather strong meat. But he had no guide in this period of mental transition. He read Parker's works first, simply because they came in his way. Channing was the natural correlative to

the works of Parker. He was soon found in the same library, and read with equal delight. Here were luminous and rational expositions of moral and spiritual relations, and like Parker's, pervaded with a deep human interest and uttered without cant.

"He counted it as good fortune that he made the acquaintance of these authors so nearly at the same time. The positions they represented seemed widely different in many respects; but the ethical and practical earnestness of their tone and the deep religious spirit which they both exhibited were indications of a unity beneath diversity.

"One afternoon, while walking on Pennsylvania Avenue, he entered a familiar second-hand bookstore. Here on its dusty shelves, amid a luxurious growth of weeds and thorns, might be found occasionally some of the sweetest flowers of literature. What lover of books has not gathered honey for his hive from such a field! It was not history, politics, or art, but a volume of sermons which most attracted the explorer's attention. It was entitled "The Christian Body and Form," by C. A. Bartol, pastor of the West Church, Boston. He knew nothing of the West Church, Boston, or its pastor, — whether the church was Baptist, Methodist, Episcopalian, or what was least suspected at the time, Unitarian. He took it up absolutely without prejudice. After reading a few pages, he bought the book, took it home, and

read it aloud. Without controversy, great was the mystery of its godliness. It was original in style, beautifully poetic, and handled spiritual themes with reverence and delicacy. From the symbol it unfolded the reality. It was not until after the volume had been read that it was learned that the writer of this charming book was an "Independent Congregational" minister in Boston, settled over a Unitarian church!

"By sheer good fortune, with that measure of credit only which belongs to the hungry mind, he had stumbled on three Unitarian books. No one had placed them in his hands. He had found them and made them his own."

As a result of this reading, — for we read everything together, — we gradually lost hold of the strands that held us in the orthodox paths, and with his usual candid method, my husband reported his change of views to his own Baptist church. I had so long been a straying sheep that I was owned by no special fold. He thus describes the result of his confession:

"One of the most agreeable ways of conducting an ecclesiastical trial is to conduct it through the mail. Undoubtedly, many of the ancient heretics would have preferred to be arraigned at a distance of two hundred and fifty miles from their persecutors. This was about the distance that separated this avid student from the old Baptist meeting-house. I would not undertake to measure in

miles the extent of his theological deviation. No odometer has yet been invented to record the distance which heretics may wander from the fold. Though obliged by this distance from the old church to communicate his views entirely by mail, he would gladly have exchanged his pen for an opportunity to plead his own cause before his brethren face to face. But the opportunity did not come. He received, however, an anonymous letter, from an earnest and anxious member, laboring, by Scripture arguments and strong personal appeal, to reconvert him. It would have been as easy for the brother to take a vigorous sapling and put it back into the seed again, or to put a chicken back into the egg, as to put the young convert back into the limitations of his old faith. In due time he learned that the church had dropped him from its roll of membership: he was excommunicated."

"He did not view it with indifference. It was a turning-point in his life. It brought back vividly the history of his past. Tender and sacred associations crowded into his memory. Once more there came up before his mind the picture of the infant class, in which the saintly teacher had tried to teach him the way to God. There was the image of the faithful man who, later on, had succeeded to her office. Loved and familiar faces clustered around them both. It was hard to feel that there must be any gulf between them and him. Then came up the picture of the memorable night when

he timidly made his way up the staircase into the inquiry-room, and then the still more vivid picture of the evening when he descended into the baptismal waters. How intense had been the joy of his heart when he had joined that band of disciples and started with them on the journey to heaven; for that was the goal that was constantly kept before the mind! These loved pictures still hung in the gallery of his memory; he could not turn their faces to the wall. The thought of mental and spiritual exile from this early habitation of his mind and heart was extremely painful.

"There was another aspect in which this change was still more painful. He knew that it would bring deep sorrow to those united to him by ties of blood and by still more enduring ties of affection. Gladly would he have done anything which his convictions permitted to avert the deep pain which came to the mother who bore him. There are no conflicts so painful as those when the conscience and the intellect come into collision with the affections; and yet how can they be averted? When the parent bird has taught its little ones to fly for themselves, it has taken the first step toward finally separating them from the nest in which they were reared. The only way to have kept him in the old Baptist nest would have been to pinion his wings.

"It would have mitigated the pain of his separation, if his friends could have regarded it as one of

those separations which come from growth. To many of them, however, it seemed the result of spiritual declension and obduracy of heart. They could entertain no hope that the heaven to which they looked forward was to be his eternal home. His brethren of the old meeting-house knew nothing of that gentle ministry of sunshine, dew, and shower under which his soul had expanded into new growth. They saw not the process; they saw only the result. He had been a Baptist; he had now become theologically and spiritually an outcast.

“But if his excommunication from the old church brought with it unavoidable sadness, it also awakened feelings of indescribable gladness. That the old tie was severed was painful, but the manacles to faith and freedom had gone with it. Once before in his life, he had felt like Christian when his burden rolled off. Now he felt in some such way again. He had rolled off the burden of the old theology. A heavy burden it had been to bear. He had put aside a narrow traditional view of the universe; he had abandoned views which were dishonoring to God, which impugned his justice, mercy, and love. He had got rid of traditional views of humanity equally unsatisfactory; but there had come in their place a broad and expansive view of the universe, a lofty conception of God’s government, a new hope for the destiny of humanity. If, like Paul, he felt pained to give up the Hebraism in which he had been

reared, if his heart went out to his brethren and kinsmen according to the flesh, he rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory in the light that had flooded his way and the voice that had spoken to his heart.

"The staircase to the inquiry-room, by which twelve years before he had entered the Baptist meeting-house, was steep and narrow. It was for him the staircase of the old faith. But now that he left the much-loved church, it was through the broad aisle and open door. It led to a new faith and a larger fellowship. His excommunication revealed the Apocalyptic message: 'I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it.'"

This decision occasioned an important change in the fellowship he sustained with other Christian workers. He had been an active member of the Young Men's Christian Association, and was its recording secretary. The members of that organization are divided into active and associate members. Active members are required to be members of some evangelical church. Associate members become such simply by the payment of the regular annual fee. The active members have the whole control of the organization. Associate members are allowed no voice in its affairs. No Unitarian is eligible to active membership in this organization. When, therefore, he determined to join the Unitarian church, he found himself in a

peculiar position. He was inside the Young Men's Christian Association, and would have been glad on many accounts to continue his work with that body. But he could not reconcile it with his conscience to conceal the fact that he had forfeited his membership in the Baptist church, and that he intended to join the Unitarian body. Accordingly, at a regular business meeting of the Association, he rose at the secretary's desk, and stated that he was about to take an important step which would seriously affect his relations to the Association. He gave a brief outline of the change of views he had experienced and announced his intention of joining the Unitarian church. He did not seek exclusion or withdrawal from the Association. The ties he had there formed were dear to him. Though he could no longer agree with his brethren in regard to doctrine, he believed most thoroughly in the practical moral and religious influence which the Association was exerting. But its rules admitted no Unitarian to membership; he could not therefore ask them to extend to him any indulgence which could not be extended to others who shared his convictions. He did not wish to embarrass his brethren by compelling them to take a step which he knew would be painful to them, — that of excluding him from membership. He would therefore relieve them of any such difficulty by offering his resignation as secretary and also as an active member.

"No sooner had he taken his seat than the president of the Association, the late General O. O. Howard, a Major-general in the United States Army, jumped to his feet and moved that he be allowed to resign his position as secretary on the ground that he was already overworked, but that his resignation as an active member of the Association be not accepted. Then one of the venerable pillars of the Association, a strong Calvinistic Presbyterian, arose, and said that the case was perfectly clear. Though regretting the necessity of their secretary's departure, the duty of the Association was evident in the matter. It had taken its doctrinal stand, and could not do otherwise than accept his resignation as an active member.

"The heretic had many warm friends in the Association; and it is just possible that, had a vote been taken immediately, the rules might have been relaxed in his favor. As it was, no action was taken that night, but later his name was quietly dropped from the rolls."

Soon after we applied for admission to the Unitarian church, and this fact he recorded in the following paragraphs:

"It was one element of joy in the experience of the jailer who was converted through the instrumentality of Paul and Silas, that 'all his house believed in God' with him. So it was one joyous element in the experience of this young man that she who had joined her life with his had also come

to share the new faith and the new hope. An experience of two years as an orthodox missionary in India only helped to confirm her in the importance of practical Christianity over creeds and dogmas. Her sister, who by independent thought and investigation had reached the same conclusion, constituted the third and only other member of the new convert's 'house.'

"Never forgotten will be the bright Sunday morning when the three stood together at the altar of the Unitarian church, and were received into its fellowship. No statement of experience was required, no subscription to a theological creed. The simple constitution of the society was accepted. The welcome of the pastor was earnest and kindly. No less so was the welcome of the people. It had been said that Unitarians were cold, but there was no evidence of it in the cordial hand-grasp and warm words of the members of the church who gathered around the newcomers at the close of the service. If the joy of the early conversion was more ecstatic, that of the second was serene and peaceful, and not less earnest in its purpose."

CHAPTER IX

THE NEXT STEP: THE DIVINITY SCHOOL

WHEN a boy, "little Sammy" had "played church" on Sunday, and preached extemporized sermons from an extemporized pulpit. He had felt the call to preach when he joined the Baptist church. Nothing but family responsibilities which, as has been said, he assumed at the somewhat immature age of nine years, had prevented him from carrying out his cherished plan of preparing himself for the Baptist ministry. This desire to become a minister of religion had never been suppressed. It burst forth into new flames when he joined the Unitarian church. A few months thereafter, he had resigned his position in the State Department, and with satchel in hand and phonographic pencils in his pocket, was speeding on his way to the Harvard Divinity School.

Of untold value was the opportunity which opened to him here. How he rejoiced in the new friendships he formed, in the inviting and stimulating course of study he pursued, in the companionship and counsel of its learned, generous, and helpful professors, in the rich stores of the library, and all the advantages which life at Cambridge affords, cannot be told.

"Ah," said a much-loved orthodox aunt, with a tone of sorrow, "he has gone to that nest of Unitarians!" But it was a delightful nest in which to hatch a young minister.

He entered the Harvard Divinity School in the fall of 1871. No mother ever had more joy in sending her boy off to college than I had in helping him go, but in these days no mother takes so many stitches for her boy. Ready-made clothes were not the fashion. With my sewing machine I made for him every garment he wore except his outer one. A tailor cut and basted the suit of clothes, but my busy hands did all the rest. An overcoat he could not afford, but a heavy cloth "circular," such as men wore then, was made by a Washington tailor. After more than forty years it still sees service every summer in our Canadian camp. It was a modest little trunk that carried his outfit, and a modest little room which he found at Divinity Hall. There he spent three busy years, earning his own way at the point of his pen, as private secretary for the beloved Agassiz, as correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, as passport agent, and in other ways. With two friends who, like himself, were not meat-eaters, he prepared his own food, with the permission of the authorities, so that his living was very cheap. There was at that time no gymnasium at his disposal, and feeling the need of exercise, he made arrangements with a riding-school teacher to write his reading

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advertisements in return for the use of horses. In that way he became an accomplished rider and maintained his health all through the course. The general public must have thought the riding master a witty classic scholar, for these notices were capital reading. For the Christmas holiday he came back to Washington. The first summer we spent together, going to Quebec and Montreal. The next two summers he went as correspondent for the *New York Tribune*¹ on distant expeditions, the first an exploring trip for the survey of the Northern Pacific, under General Stanley, when he became a very intimate friend of General Custer, and the next summer to the Black Hills, writing the first description of the finding of gold there.

He was in several Indian battles and had a very narrow escape once or twice. His experience in horseback riding was valuable to him on these trips, when they went over entirely wild country without a sign of a road. Apart from his months of separation from home ties, these two summers were delightful to him. He made warm friendships with some of the noblest army officers, friendships which were as fresh when he left us as in those early days. He became sturdy and rugged from the long, open-air exercise, and his mind was enriched by various experiences. His letters to the *Tribune* those two summers were fascinating and brought him reputation as well as a goodly stock

¹ See *New York Tribune* for summers of 1872 and 1873.

of money toward a year's study abroad, to which we looked forward.

To us at this end of the line they were long and anxious months, for a wee daughter had come to us just a month before he started on the first of these western trips, and he did not see her again till she was seven months old. The next year she was still a baby when he tore himself away, and four months later she had to begin her acquaintance with her father all over again.

In September, 1875, we sailed for Germany, my husband, my sister, and little Mabel, now a delightful child running about and chattering like a magpie. Her father was her devoted slave and when we were in public places in Europe he constantly attracted attention because, at a time when men usually allowed their wives to carry the baby, our baby rode aloft in his arms, the observed of all observers. He said laughingly in the zoölogical garden at Antwerp that the people seemed to look at him more than they did at the animals! Love of children was almost a passion with him. He always made friends with babies as we traveled and many a time relieved some weary mother by taking her little one for an hour. His joy in his own little daughter was unbroken from the day when she came to us out of the Great Unknown till she closed his eyes as he himself went into that strange land.

We settled down in Leipsic for a year, Mr.

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Barrows taking various subjects in the university to further enrich his life, philosophy, economics, Greek history, and art, and keeping up a vigorous study of the German language. Then there were flute lessons, swimming lessons, good plays at the theater once a week, operas often, walks in the Rosenthal in winter, and rowing on the little rivers in summer. No millionaires ever had a better time with their abundance than we had with the little fund which we had earned and saved after we were married. There was even a visit to Prague and Vienna, to visit the old haunts where I had studied five years before, and where my old professors greeted me with unaffected friendliness. No anxiety for the future troubled us. If aught should happen to one of us, the other could keep the pot boiling. We determined to use up all we had and then go home and begin over again.

Our last check, for three hundred dollars, arrived from New York in due time, but alas, ill news flies faster than post, and the day he received it came the telegram announcing the failure of our bank. The check was worth less than the paper on which it was printed. I had that morning set out for my relatives in Scotland, with my sister and child. Mr. Barrows was to follow by the next boat. He did so, but he had only money enough to buy a steerage ticket. The three days' trip to Leith in the slow boat he found quite endurable, however, as a Jewish rabbi was also a steerage

passenger, and they read Hebrew together during the daylight hours. He rather enjoyed the funny experience of eating out of a tin pannikin in his lap. Once safe in Leith, my Scotch friends gladly tided us over our temporary embarrassment, but the sequel to the tale of this useless check should be told, for the sake of the unknown friend and because it was so characteristic an experience. On our return to New York, which was easily arranged as we had return tickets, Mr. Barrows called at the bank to see if the three hundred dollars was a dead loss. They were firm in their decision that he could not have a dollar on it. Instead of scolding, Mr. Barrows smiled and said: "And the worst of it is that we poor theologues can't even swear about it." He said good morning and went out. A moment later a boy was sent to call him back. The cashier, who was talking to a stranger, said: "May I trouble you to come in again to-morrow morning?" He went, though with little hope of any favorable outcome. The cashier met him, saying: "This is from a stranger who heard you yesterday," and put in his hand three hundred dollars! Where it came from we never knew, but our unexpressed gratitude must have found the kind man's heart.

On our homeward voyage we broke our shaft and were twenty-three days in crossing. Our splendid engineer Murray spliced it while we were still at sea, working relays of men night and day for ten

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days in a tunnel where they could not stand upright. It was a remarkable bit of work and deserved the poem written upon it and the account of it in the *Scientific American* which my journalist husband, with newspaper instinct, prepared, with drawings, while yet on the ocean. When the men were at work in the bowels of the ship, the passengers whiled away the time with music and dancing and "Mrs. Jarley's Waxworks" which we directed. One Sunday he preached and his diary adds: "Belle lectured on 'Eastern Life and Homes.' The lecture was very well received." Thus the time of waiting was filled up for us, but the friends at home were grievously disturbed, for there was no wireless telegraphy then to relieve anxious fears.

So we were once more in our own land. The *Tribune* again wanted him to go out with Custer, and he left me to decide the question. Should he go out among the Indians and earn a goodly sum of money, or should he begin to "candidate" at once? The question came to me by letter. I telegraphed: "Please do not go." How often have I been grateful in life that mere money has never been much temptation to me, but never was I so glad as on that sad May morning when I picked up the paper and saw that General Custer, his brothers, friends, and soldiers had been pitilessly slain by the Indians! Had my husband been there he too would have shared

that fate, for he always rode at Custer's side. Life had been spared for further service, and now that college and university work were over, it was time to apply the knowledge acquired. Not long was he in finding the opportunity.

CHAPTER X

PREACHING

THE time had come for the fledgling to try his wings. Fifteen years before, a few months after the lad had joined the Baptist church, he stood by the mantelpiece as his mother was busy with her needlework. What safer and more sacred place for the dearest and holiest aspirations of a boy's soul than his mother's heart? To this hallowed sacristy he had just committed the secret of his purpose to preach the gospel. As he stood in delightful reverie, musing over the possibilities of the future, he said to his mother; "What shall be the text for my first sermon?" Quick as a flash came the response: "God is Love."

That text was never written down in any place but the boy's heart. It expressed in a single sentence the prime elements in her theology. Loyal Baptist though she was, theological disquisitions and disputes had but little attraction for her. The practical and devotional side of Christianity embodied its doctrinal essence. Her theism was beautifully expressed in this sweet and comprehensive definition of God. When the time came for him to go forth and preach his first sermon not one letter of the text written on his heart had become dim.

It had survived all the changes in his belief. Many things had passed away, but this remained. It was to him a joyful consciousness that the text his mother gave him had only become a stronger and stronger element in the new faith into which he had grown. It was, indeed, the strength of his conviction of the love of God, and its perfect compatibility with eternal justice, which had compelled him to abandon the caricatures of God which disfigured the galleries of the old theology. He could not preach the gospel at all, if he had not full faith in that Eternal Goodness of which Whittier has sung so sweetly in his psalm.

Students while in the divinity school preached for practice, but it was not till they were through with the course that they were expected to preach as candidates in vacant pulpits. "Candidating" was usually exceedingly distasteful to the young men just out of the class-room. They felt that they were subject to criticism rather than to fair judgment, but this young divinity student found it rather pleasant than otherwise. By a singular coincidence the church in which he was called upon to preach his first sermon was in Newport, Rhode Island, the birthplace of the prophet of American Unitarianism, William Ellery Channing. Of the sermon delivered on that occasion there is no report. The text itself was the sermon; and the sermon was the text: "God is Love."

... This initial experience of occupying a pulpit

in a strange church was rather agreeable than otherwise. It had none of the terrors for him of which his fellow students complained. He loved all sorts of people and never feared to encounter untried experiences. His fine voice, courteous manner, thoughtful sermons, and, I may add, his good looks, made him acceptable everywhere, and he preached successively in Concord, New Hampshire, Leominster, Salem, Plymouth, Hingham, and other places in Massachusetts, and in Chicago as well. In Boston he preached many times. On one occasion, when he was speaking in the Arlington Street Church, James Freeman Clarke came to hear him, and at the close Mr. Clarke spoke most warmly of the sermon and of the manner of delivery, saying: "You have the knack of it; you will succeed." As at that time he was a teacher in the Church of the Disciples (Mr. Clarke's), these encouraging words meant much to the new apostle. Once he preached in South Boston, and in his diary he modestly made the following entry: "When I got through I received some very warm congratulations, which did my heart — not my vanity — good. 'It was just what I needed,' said one woman. 'I would not have lost a word,' said a good brother. If I am troubled with the blues again about preaching, I shall turn to this page and recall one pleasant Sunday and at least one success." One lady said she knew from his illustrations that he loved

flowers, so she gave him some of the church flowers to take to his student quarters. "The people," he continues, "were warm-hearted, and I did not feel a stranger when I got through my discourse. It is a great pleasure to preach to people who are warm-hearted, though I presume they need the gospel much less than those who are not."

While still a student, he had charge of the service in King's Chapel one Sunday afternoon. His Baptist simplicity of worship was scarcely outgrown, as is evident from the note in his diary: "I had to go through that fearful liturgy." It was fearful only in the sense of danger that he would be tripped by it, as he skipped from place to place. The depth of religious feeling in the English prayer-book always appealed to him, and he used it in after years with genuine devotion, always taking the liberty of omitting the imprecatory psalms in the scripture readings and the promise to obey in the marriage service.

He preached repeatedly in Salem, staying with General Oliver, the composer of the fine old tune "Federal Street," named for the street on which the woman he loved and who became his wife used to live and where later we were both his guests. Once when Mr. Barrows was to preach there his watch played him false and he missed the train. He telegraphed: "Shall be twenty minutes late. Let the choir sing." He then mounted "Gray Fancy," a horse whose speed and strength he well

knew from experience in the riding school, and made the sixteen miles, through mud and mire, in one hour and twenty minutes, for which the wit in the local paper dubbed him "S. J. Barrows, *D.D.* — Dashing Divine." He himself says in the little old diary: "The funniest part of it was that the choir, as I walked up the aisle, was singing the anthem, 'Wait patiently for him.'"

Several parishes — at least five — gave him "a call" after he had finished his course and returned from Europe, and others would have done so had he given assurance that he would accept. At last the die was cast, and after preaching nine times in the fine old church on Meeting House Hill, Dorchester, — the oldest religious society within the limits of Boston, — he accepted an urgent invitation to become pastor to this wonderful flock which in two hundred and fifty years had had but ten ministers. He was ordained and installed November 2, 1876. It was a glad and solemn occasion, but no one knew as he and I did what it all meant, and what a glorious culmination it was to our long struggles, our patient waiting through dreary separations, our ceaseless and unwearied devotion to the plans that we had been following for seven long years. Among those who took part in the service were Dr. H. W. Bellows, Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Professor E. J. Young, James Freeman Clarke, Josiah Seward, and several others. Deacon James Humphreys, the beloved senior officer of

the church, represented that organization, according to the old-time way of inducting a minister into office.

To quote again from the brief note in the diary :

"Ordination day, November 2, 1876. What a beautiful day ! Was it only an accident, or was it made for the purpose ? All Souls' Day, too, and by a striking coincidence the sermon was preached by Dr. Bellows of All Souls' Church, New York. What a day it has been for me ! I need not write it here, for I shall not forget it. Nor shall I describe the feelings it excites within me. Let all its ennobling and hallowing influences be written on my heart, rather than in the pages of a diary."

But with his love of hymns he inserted the following verses, which evidently express the feeling he had not confided to his diary :

Lord, in the morning of my days
Accept my consecration praise ;
Kindle within the altar fire
Whose glowing flame shall ne'er expire.

As in the bosom of thy son
The light divine from heaven shone,
So may the light, the voice, the dove,
Descend with wisdom, truth, and love.

May this my highest glory be
To serve mankind and honor thee :
The consecrated oil and wine
To pour in ministries divine.

Be truth the lamp of light I bear
And holy life the robe I wear ;
Peace be the path my feet shall tread
And love the miter on my head.

Thus honored by divine command,
The rod shall blossom in my hand.
Life's morn, its noon, its sunset be
A constant tribute, Lord, to thee.

God grant that I be faithful !

All who knew the dear man whose sunset faded into light supernal thirty-three years after that was written, will testify that his prayer was abundantly fulfilled.

On the fifth of November, with the pulpit hidden by masses of beautiful pink chrysanthemums, he preached his first sermon as pastor of the First Church, Dorchester. Before going into the church, he spoke to the Sunday-school and took every teacher and scholar by the hand. In the afternoon the communion was celebrated. As unordained preachers do not conduct this rite, it was the first time the new minister had been called on for this service. His serious diary does not record an incident on that occasion which is still told to the younger generations. This eminently respectable and rather conservative church was noted for its temperance in all things. Probably there was not a member who would have stooped to a glass of "Pilsner." They would all have had their "opinion" of a clergyman's family who knew

anything about intoxicating beverages. At the communion service, which was held once a month, the wine was poured into the handsome old tankards and goblets, which had been in the possession of the church more than two hundred years, before the people arrived, the relic of a custom established when the minister was old, and his trembling hand could not be trusted to pour without spilling. The deacons therefore anticipated his coming by filling the cups in readiness for distribution. The fumes of the wine rose, like a sort of pagan incense, and filled the church. Our little lassie was three years old and so quiet that I ventured to take her with me for the service, as I had no one at home with whom I was willing to trust her. I wanted to be present the first time my husband should preside at "The Lord's Supper."

We went to our seats just before the organ began, the little feet trotting along beside me with great gladness. She had frequently been at church with me in Cambridge, where Rev. Francis G. Peabody, then the pastor of the Unitarian society there, used to smile at her demure little ways. She had also been once with me in Washington, when James Freeman Clarke was preaching, but I must confess had embarrassed me on that occasion. At the close of the sermon Mr. Clarke made the appeal apropos of his theme, "Shall we do it?" At that very second I perceived that she was chewing up the finger of one of my gloves, which she had pulled

off for a plaything. I caught it from her destructive little lips, upon which she remonstrated with a loud and emphatic "No, no, no!" just in time to answer Mr. Clarke's earnest appeal to his hearers and to which the appropriate reply would have been "yes." He afterwards told me that he had hard work to control a smile. But she was a year older now, and had had a year of travel and experience, and was quite to be trusted.

As I sat down, she climbed up beside me, standing on the seat, her arm round my neck, and her face to the waiting congregation. I was well satisfied with this, because I was afraid she might greet her father, who was standing by the communion table, too familiarly for such a solemn occasion. Suddenly her musical voice broke the hush of the reverent assembly. With a sniff, she exclaimed loud enough for every one in the church to catch the fatal words: "I smell beer."

Who can imagine our sensations! Beer had never crossed our threshold, nor passed the lips of her father or mother, yet here was the new minister's baby girl bringing scandal on the whole family! It was an awful moment. But the organist, who had heard the child, saved the day by crashing down the bass notes and sweeping on into a beautiful prelude. Never was music more welcome. How the young minister retained his composure before that astonished and amused congregation we never knew. But it was revealed to us,

as in a flash, where "Reta," the old German woman who used to take the baby for walks when we were studying in Germany, had carried our little innocent. To this day the old people of Dorchester smile as they recall the first communion service of their beloved young minister.

Four happy years followed. It was joy to us both to have a real home which could be the center of sane social life. The parish had about three hundred families in it, and during the first year the pastor made more than a thousand calls upon these beloved parishioners. He was particularly attentive to the aged and the sick. Always democratic, if he saw one of his people delivering groceries, he was quite likely to jump up beside him and ride a block or two to become better acquainted with the man, for he used to say he could not preach to his people unless he knew them individually. Few ministers in these recent years have been more intimately acquainted with the people whom they served. It was a rare parish, having some families whose ancestors were among the settlers of the town, and whose homes still stood on ground which had not changed deeds for two hundred and fifty years. These families were the true nobility of the town and they felt that *noblesse oblige*, for they upheld every good work with influence and with generous financial support. It was a delightful parish for the young minister in every respect, and the esteem and affection between pastor and people were mutual.

Life went on with smooth and pleasant regularity. An early riser, Mr. Barrows always read Greek, of which he was very fond, before breakfast. After breakfast his study swallowed him up till one o'clock and his wife stood guard over the door that no one should interfere with his writing and browsing among his books. After luncheon there was always a brief nap, a habit he had acquired at Dansville and which he observed through life, ascribing much brain rest to the quiet half hour. He could sleep like a child, utterly oblivious of noise, if no one interrupted him.

Tuesday afternoon and evening he was at home for all comers. Friday afternoon was sacred to music, usually a concert in the city. Thursdays we both devoted to work in the library at Cambridge, translating from European periodicals theological articles for the monthly Unitarian magazine. Our combined work in those four years makes a volume of some size. We acquired a good horse and light buggy, and great was our pleasure in the six-mile drive through the pretty suburbs to the Cambridge we both loved so well because our darling baby came to us there. The rest of the week was given up to parish calls, both afternoons and evenings. But in the interstices of time there was often an hour for the flute, or for reading aloud from some author we both cared for. Four years! They fled in satin shoon and then came the death of Mr. Mumford, the editor of the *Christian*

Register, which for some sixty years had flown the banner of the liberal faith, and the pastor of the Meeting House Hill church was called to fill his place. His experience in New York journalism, coupled with the natural turn for editorial work, added to his manifest ability as a writer, united in fitting him for the post. But he was diffident about accepting a position which in a sense seemed to make him a leader in a denomination whose colors he had worn less than ten years. He consulted the clergy, he talked with business men, he weighed it sleeplessly in his own mind. He had learned to love to preach the Word. All his life he had looked forward to that as the goal of his ambition. He was in one of the best parishes in the denomination, — a life place in all probability. At least, that was the tradition of that pulpit. During its long history, — a history which he wrote and which was published under the title "The Genesis and the Exodus of the First Parish," — all the ministers had been settled for life.¹ Most of those who had

¹ Ministers of the First Parish in Dorchester, Mass. :

Rev. John Warham	}	1630-1635.
John Maverick		
Richard Mather		1636-1669.
Josiah Flint		1671-1680.
John Danforth		1682-1730.
Jonathan Bowman		1729-1773.
Moses Everett		1774-1793.
Thaddeus M. Harris		1793-1836.
Nathaniel Hall		1835-1875.
Samuel J. Barrows		1876-1880.

preached in Dorchester were sleeping in the old burying-ground at Upham's Corner. He used to wonder if that would be his resting place. And now here was this sudden and unexpected call. It was the hardest decision he had ever been called on to make. But duty, the only guide he ever sought, seemed to point to the editorial chair, and with great reluctance and genuine sorrow he resigned his pastorate.

CHAPTER XI

EDITORIAL WORK

HAPPILY the new position did not involve leaving Dorchester, where during the four years so many warm friendships had sprung up. A dear friend gave us a lot of land, commanding a beautiful view of the bay, and instead of tearing ourselves up by the roots, we settled down even more confidently in this congenial soil. We built a house large enough for ourselves and our guests, and after the transition had been made, we lived on in security and serenity. Curiously, I had the casting vote in making this change in our lives. After every point had been discussed, my husband turned to me and said: "I will take the *Christian Register*, if you will share the work with me." Of course he knew the answer beforehand, — had we not worked together for all the years we had known one another? And so it came about that for sixteen years we sat side by side in the editorial office. Not always side by side, though, for he had a theory, which he carried into practice, that an editor should literally use a wheeled chair, and his rolling chair carried him all over the country during those years, and to other countries as well. Thus he spent much time in Alabama, studying the Negro prob-

lem and driving about with Booker Washington, to see the colored people in their little homes as well as in the school at Tuskegee. He embodied his observations in a series of articles for the *Atlantic Monthly*, other magazines, and the *Christian Register*. He also attended the National Conferences of Charities and Correction, the National Prison Congress, and the Unitarian conferences at Saratoga and elsewhere. He belonged to the Academy of Political Science and contributed to its publications; to the Society for Biblical Research and repeatedly read papers before that body. He attended the International Prison Congresses in Europe and the Society for International Law, being a member of each. In short his mental activity was remarkable and his interests as wide as human needs. These various gatherings brought him into personal contact with myriads of people and immeasurably enriched his life; and it was reflected in the *Christian Register*, for though when he was away I always looked after putting the paper to press, reading proof, writing my own share of editorials, etc., yet he never failed to send back the editorial matter due from his pen, so that the journal contained a diversity of topics treated in a masterly way. He had a strong sense of justice and always gave writers of different views ample space to plead each his own cause. When opposing views were offered, he held the balances with unswerving

firmness, leaving the public to decide between the opponents, but unhesitatingly expressing his own opinion in the editorial columns with dignity and unfailing courtesy. His ability as a stenographer stood him in good stead as editor, and many a public address was caught by his quick pen that was missed by the daily papers. One such address I remember was by Phillips Brooks, who was the terror of reporters. He spoke at the rate of from two hundred to two hundred and fifty words a minute. A noble address that he made in Cambridge on "Preaching" was reported by Mr. Barrows and printed in the *Christian Register*. Dr. Brooks said it was the best report of anything he had ever said. He never knew that it nearly paralyzed my husband's arm. On another occasion, when Dr. Brooks was obliged to compress his speech into ten minutes and spoke with lightning rapidity, we both reported him, for the sake of having "check notes," and it took us five hours working together to decipher our notes, which looked as though they had been hurled by dynamite on to the pages. It was a good little talk on the Hampton school and we wanted to use it. I think it was one of the last addresses made by Dr. Brooks.

Three important events occurred during our life in Dorchester. The dear mother, who had lived long enough to rejoice in the fact that her son had really entered the ministry and had used for his

first sermon the text she gave him when he was but a boy, passed away November 17, 1878, at the age of seventy. She had long been an invalid, and to her, death meant release from suffering. He missed her loving letters, her cheery greeting when he went to New York to see her, but to him the passing of a beautiful life from this world into the next at threescore years and ten was no occasion for gloom, so this sorrow did not cloud his own sunny life. Instead of mourning her, he rejoiced in recalling her motherly devotion, her courage, her religious purity of life, her industry, her love. Intellectually they had parted company in theology, but she never allowed that to make any difference in her affections. She remained a Baptist and could not even commune with him in his own church, but they held spiritual communion, which was better.

He records her death in his diary and appends the following lines, which he evidently thought appropriate. I do not know who wrote them. He simply says: "Lines cut from the *Transcript* by the thoughtful Gertrude."

"Not death, but life! Thank God that she has risen,
That he has sent her peace:
That from the gloom and darkness of its prison
Her soul has found release.

"We may not know the glory and the gladness
That on the spirit shine,

Which bore on earth its agony and sadness
With patience so divine.

"We only know her weariness is ended,
That she from pain is free,
That her pure soul has to its God ascended
In joy and liberty.

" 'Tis ours to prize the nature we inherit,
Which she has glorified,
Nor doubt the power of the immortal spirit,
Since she has lived and died.

"O silent lips! The lessons you have taught us
We tell with falling tears;
O noble life, what blessing hast thou brought us
Through all thy weary years!

"As, all unconscious of thy wondrous beauty,
Thou passest into light,
May thy sweet patience fill our hearts, and duty
Grow holy in our sight."

It was a sore disappointment that our little girl was too young to remember her grandmother, whose unfailing vivacity and sweet temper she had inherited. Mrs. Barrows had a fine combination in her veins, Dutch and French Huguenot blood coursing through them, and with this had come down to her a great capacity for bearing the ills of life courageously and cheerfully. She was a most interesting talker, and in the early days of my married life she used to tell charming stories of old Manhattan, as we pasted the labels on the

blackening boxes, for she was still serving a few customers, and was good enough to let me help too. She even gave me the precious recipe, which had come down as an heirloom, and which is safely hidden away among my few treasures. Happily her latter days were easy and blessed by the absolute devotion of her constant companion, the unmarried daughter, whose tender heart was sorely crushed when the beloved mother left her.

The next event was the adoption of a dear baby, the child of my brother, whose beloved wife died, leaving the poor little mite but a week old. We begged the privilege of making him ours, as we had no son, so law and love made him our own dear boy. This might have interfered with my editorial duties, but that we were also able to bring into the family as our assistant a young girl of lovely character and culture, who could look after the little one during the hours I was in the *Christian Register* office. We could not then foresee that for a quarter of a century she would be a faithful friend and helper and efficient and trustworthy secretary, taking almost from his dying lips the last dictations of Mr. Barrows. That was one of the marked characteristics of my husband, that he was devotedly loved and served by all whom he employed. They never needed to be watched or urged to do their duty. They knew what was expected of them and did it gladly. I recall that after the New York service held in commemoration

of his useful life one who had been seven years his assistant said: "My only regret was that no one spoke for the people who worked under him. We would like to have said that never was there such a genial and generous man to work for. I always quickened my step as I turned the corner nearest his office, because I should so soon hear his cordial greeting."

The third event was a holiday year in Europe. The editorial sanctum was never a prison to my husband, but he felt the longing for further study. We had planned a year abroad between our daughter's preparatory school and college. It chanced to be the twenty-fifth anniversary of our marriage and our friends surprised us with a bountifully supplied purse, which, added to our own savings, enabled us to carry out this golden plan. An editor for the year was found, and away we went, my husband, our daughter, our little lad, now seven years old, and myself. Others attached themselves to our party, so that we were twelve as we crossed the ocean in September, 1892.

A leisurely trip through Holland gave the father and daughter a chance to stir the dormant embers of Dutch inheritance into life. The Rhine trip followed, a glimpse of Switzerland, the Italian lakes, then Milan, Verona, Venice, Pisa, Siena, Florence, Rome, and Naples. Five remained in beautiful Italy, but the "Grecian Seven" as we called ourselves reached Athens just in time to

celebrate Thanksgiving day: Miss Gertrude T. Jacobs of Dorchester, Miss Rose Hollingsworth of Mattapan, a lad of fifteen, and our four selves, including the seven-year-old laddie.

Words can never tell the joy of those weeks in Greece. As a party we did not travel widely, though we had a delightful experience camping on the Vido, an island near Corfu, a cruise through the Ionian islands on the track of Odysseus, a visit to Olympia, and many excursions in the neighborhood of Athens. Too soon the weeks waned and we carried out our original plan of leaving the head of the family for six or eight months' study in Greece while the rest of us should go to Leipsic for the winter, where the little lad was to enter the public school and the mother and daughter were to attend lectures in the university. The ordinary way would have been for the husband and father to establish the family in Germany, where they were to winter, but we never did things in an ordinary way. So we saw him comfortably settled for eight months' study and travel in the land he had long sighed to see, and the rest of us went back to Venice and so up to Leipsic, our dear old haunt.

In Greece he was almost constantly with Dr. Dörpfeld, taking the excursions with him, even being present at Troy when he unearthed some of his most remarkable finds. He had a good command of modern Greek, as for some years he had

been studying it in Boston with stray Greeks who appeared from time to time, so he was better fitted than most Americans to take advantage of the rich opportunities such a year afforded. He was also able to make himself useful as an interpreter for his fellow American students. In order to accustom his ear to the spoken Greek, he spent an hour or two every day in a children's school, following all the recitations and making friends with the little Greek girls, who were greatly taken with this tall American man who sat on the back seat and was to all appearances a scholar like themselves, and had always a pleasant word and smile for them. Greatly troubled by the cruelty to horses in Athens, he had a good translation made of "Black Beauty." This had a wide circulation, and through the generosity of a friend at home thousands of copies were distributed through the schools and among the people of the city. A great lover of a horse, his heart bled at the cruelty we saw. Even during our brief week in Naples we had been so shocked by the brutality there that we gave up some of our sight-seeing to hunt up the forlorn humane society which was struggling against great odds, to see if Americans could not lend a hand in making life easier for the four-footed animals of that city.

One of his earliest duties on reaching Athens had been to go by sea to Eubœa and then on a long horseback journey to take charge of the funeral

of a French baron, who was a large landholder. His family being Protestant, a Greek priest was not desired, yet as the tenantry were all Greeks the service had to be in their language. Mr. Barrows made of it a triple linguistic service, French for the members of the family who had arrived from Paris, English for the few English-speaking persons present, and Greek for the others. With his usual tact and courtesy, Mr. Barrows persuaded the local Greek priest to take part in the obsequies, which he consented to do for the love of Baron Mimont. The description of this interesting service was published in the *Christian Register*.

The months were full of interesting experiences and the results of the winter's opportunities were afterwards embodied in a delightful book, "The Isles and Shrines of Greece," which many a person has taken the trouble to write and thank him for. Here is one such letter from a man familiar with the scenes described. It was written many years after the book was published.

"DEAR SIR:

"I read your 'Isles and Shrines' just after it was published. Now that I have been reading it again, I cannot keep from telling you that it is to me the most thoroughly satisfactory book about Greece that I have read, delightful from beginning to end."

(Signed) EBEN ALEXANDER, Minister to Greece.

Our year of absence was nearing an end. I had to return to America, but I took my daughter first to Sweden, where she was to study Swedish gymnastics, and live with one of my old friends with whom I had studied medicine in Vienna long before she was born. Then I went across to Scotland to let my little lad have a glimpse of the home of his ancestors, and so back to our Canadian camp.

As the summer days became too warm, Mr. Barrows also turned his steps northward. On the way he visited Constantinople and the cities en route toward Vienna, making a side trip to Klausenberg to see the Unitarians, who still maintain their primitive Christianity and simple manners, combined with great learning and high intellectual standards. In Budapest he paused long enough for a glimpse of that beautiful city, where some years later we were to spend such a charming ten days together. By the time he reached Vienna, I was in Montreal with my little son, who was there taken seriously ill with scarlet fever. This trying news had been waiting him some days. His anxiety may be imagined; but a cablegram sent about midnight brought to him before morning the grateful assurance that the crisis was past and the boy was saved.

A hymn, "Burnet," the words and music of which he wrote at that time, breathes the spirit of gratitude which filled his breast. From Vienna to Great Britain, where he rejoined his daughter, was

the next step in this long trip, unexpectedly prolonged to Iceland, as the captain, sailing under sealed orders from Liverpool, found that he was expected to land there to take aboard several hundred immigrants. This gave the home-coming party a delightful excursion in that far-off island and added to their many rare experiences in this wonderful year. It was a glad day when we were all reunited on the shores of beautiful Memphremagog, in our beloved camp, the rich, full year behind us and the future looming large with hopes and pleasant anticipations.

We had always found pleasure in the reunions that the mealtime brings, at home, in camp, or wherever we chanced to be. So we instituted a rather unusual, but wholly delightful daily luncheon during the busy sixteen years when we were associated in editing the *Christian Register*.

We did not like public restaurants, with their endlessly wearisome bills of fare. A cup of chocolate, good bread and butter, cheese, and fruit seemed to us an ample noonday repast for brain workers. A descendant of one of the old Puritan families built us a wall cupboard with glass doors, where a dozen handsome cups and saucers, and plates for bread or fruit gave a bit of color to the prosaic editorial room. On a gas plate (concealed when out of commission by a black walnut cover) I cooked eggs, apple-sauce, chocolate and, truth compels me to add, occasionally peppermints.

The nice French bread was delivered daily, as well as the bottled milk, while a dear old Italian woman, whom we called the Madonna, was glad to bring her heavy basket of golden oranges to a market where she knew it would be appreciably lightened. There were seven of us who used to gather habitually about that frugal board, some coming every day, some only once or twice a week, but sure always of a place and a hearty welcome. Their names should be noted, because each one stood for some way of making the world a better place to live in. At least that is what a certain member of parliament said one day, when he was lunching with us. He chanced to remark that he wanted to ascertain facts about several reforms and asked whom he should consult. So we took a census then and there.

"Here before you, drinking chocolate from the same pot, are the people you want to see. Miss Jacobs represents the subject of small savings, for she is at the head of that work in Boston, collecting thousands of dollars in pennies and nickels from school children to be safely deposited in bank. Next her is Miss Zilpha D. Smith, who can tell you more about the organization of charities than any one in Massachusetts, or New England, for she has been for years the wise and efficient secretary of the Associated Charities in Boston. If you want to know about suffrage for women, here is Alice Stone Blackwell, the best writer on that subject

in the United States, according to Colonel Higginson. If you are looking for knowledge about the liberal faith, there is the sunny editor of the *Christian Register* opposite you. If you would know about the records of Boston and vicinity, here is William Channing Clapp, in whose keeping are the old books telling our story as a church from the time of its organization in England in 1630. If you would like to know more of the relations between black and white, here is this enthusiastic young colored man from Alabama, William Benson, who has just organized a school for the boys and girls of the hill town where he was born under the long-leaved pine. And if you want to meet an apostle of single tax, here is our beloved poet and prophet, William Lloyd Garrison."

It was all true. These were our constant guests, and with them came many men and women of note and distinction, from many lands. It was a communistic feast. One sliced the bread while another buttered it. One raised the literal board, which was hinged to a writing-desk, to serve as a side table. Another removed the pile of exchanges from a movable table, drew it up, spread the cloth and set on the cups and plates, while I made the chocolate. So well drilled was every one that no attention was paid to the work of preparation, but discussion on all sorts of subjects went on as vigorously as though we had been sitting with folded hands while a maid did the work. Ten minutes was

time enough for preparation, and after the luncheon about as much time to clear away, for that work too was shared by all.

While I washed the cups, the others wiped and hung them up, and in a trice the many hands had made the work so light it had all disappeared. I always recall with a smile the German army officer who came with an introduction and chanced upon us as we were about to sip our daily brew. He cheerfully accepted an invitation to join us, but amazement was written on his face as he saw Mr. Garrison gather the orange skins in a paper bag and deposit it in the waste basket and Mr. Clapp and one or two others stretch out their hands for dish towels. A little shyly he said: "Kann ich auch behilflich sein?" "Certainly," I hastened to assure him, tossing him a fresh towel and laughing in my inmost soul at what he must think, he who had probably handled nothing daintier than a gun or sword.

We have descriptions of these luncheons in several European languages sent by chance visitors to their home papers, and they are so uniformly kind that it shows we were not alone in finding delight in this mode of breaking bread together. Brightest and gayest, most helpful and most courteous, was the dear man whose presence brought us all there. As soon as the function was over, he always retired behind the screen and took his daily nap. The presses might thunder over-

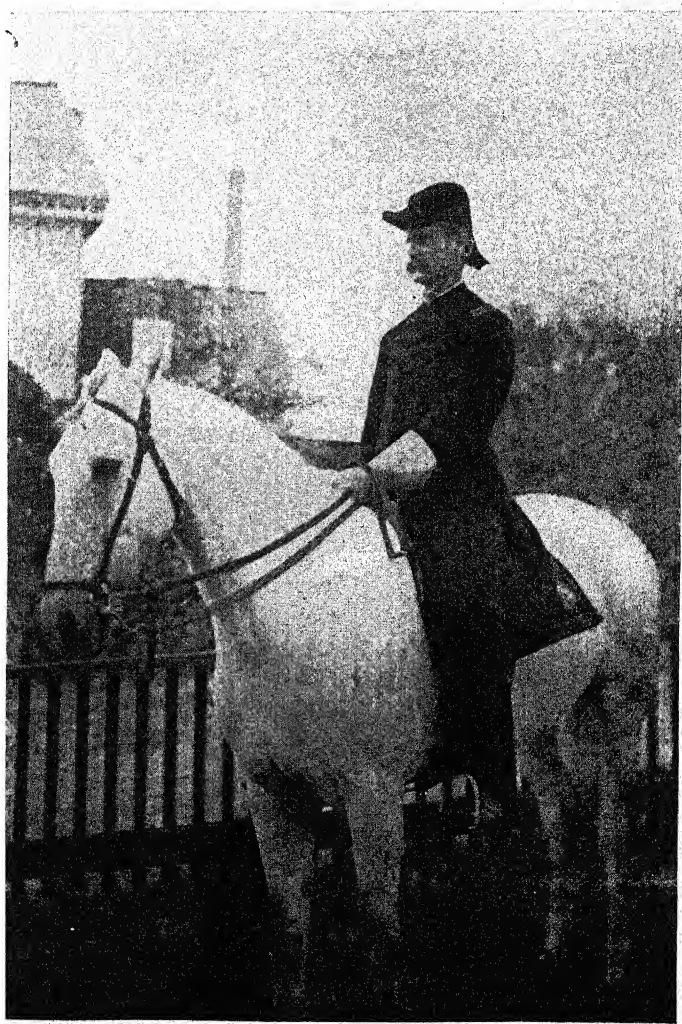
head, the wagons roll noisily along the stony street, in a moment he was beyond their reach in the fair land of dreams. In fifteen minutes he was again at his desk, ready for four hours of steady toil. Then we took our book-bags and went gayly home together in the gloaming, to the home where our dear ones were waiting for us, our precious girl, our little lad, and my sister, whose constant care of home and bairns—loving care shared by Miss Siebker—made it possible for me to work beside my husband.

For fifteen years the editor of the *Christian Register* was also the chaplain of the Fifth Regiment of Massachusetts Militia, of which William A. Bancroft was the colonel. This meant a week's encampment with the brigade at Framingham, occasional meetings with officers during the year, and more or less correspondence with the men of the regiment. Aside from that, there was an earnest and voluntary effort on the part of the chaplain to secure better temperance principles in the brigade, and in his efforts in this direction Mr. Barrows was seconded warmly by Colonel Bancroft and by the Roman Catholic chaplain of another regiment, so that the moral tone of the encampment was much raised.

Our own nice Schuyler, a valuable horse that we owned from colthood till he was long past the twenties, used to carry the chaplain on the march and in the evolutions and mock battles. And it

was commonly noised abroad that the best horse was Schuyler and the best rider was the chaplain. Certainly if Colonel Bancroft wanted a safe, speedy, and trusty messenger on the field of war, it was the chaplain who was summoned to his side, and it was Schuyler's quick heels that kicked up the dust, as horse and rider sped out of sight over the fences and through the woods. It always gave us a sense of importance when the official document came from the State House granting leave of absence to the chaplain to go to Europe on some of his many missions. Like everything else, Mr. Barrows took the office of chaplain seriously, and he would never have thought of leaving the country, even for Canada, without official leave from the commander-in-chief. Little as he believed in war, he was a great believer in the home guard and thought the best men should belong to the militia and that it should be dignified in every way. He also thought it should serve to furnish wholesome athletics for the men and wise and guarded recreation as well, and it was his habit to encourage these things by attending militia ball-games and the dances given by his regiment, even if he did not dance.

Religious services were held at the encampment, and we always had hymns printed on leaflets for distribution. I can still see the tall, slim chaplain standing before his regiment, the shepherd's crook upon his shoulder, the only decoration of the



THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FIFTH

somber military coat. As he led the singing, his voice was clearer than any other man's, and when he spoke the men listened attentively. At the close, "America" was always sung and every man was on his feet and every head bared.

I recall one occasion when Mr. Barrows had asked the governor of the State, good Governor Robinson, to make an address to the soldiers, and as they wanted me to report the address, the Governor invited me to sit in the carriage with him, that I might write with more comfort. He spoke, standing in the carriage, and I reported as I sat beside him. And once as I looked up, I caught the twinkle in my dear man's eye, as he glanced at the unusual sight of a little woman in the heart of the hollow square of regiments of men. *We* employed wireless telegraphy long before Marconi made it usable for the public.

Our Schuyler ought not to be dismissed with a word, for he was quite a member of the family. Our little lass learned to ride him when she was too small to sit alone, but galloped off jubilantly astride the saddle in front of her father. She learned to harness and drive him when a mere child. My invalid sister could drive him anywhere, and it was her delight to take other invalids with her behind his sagacious head, for he could be trusted any and every where. Never but twice in the many years we had him did he do anything reprehensible. Once was when a foolish boy ventured to touch

him with a whip, an indignity that had never occurred in his life before, for he had been trained by the voice and kindness. Schuyler promptly resented the indignity by throwing one leg through the dasher and keeping it there while he stood still on the other three. The other time was when he shied in a crowded street in Boston, as he suddenly saw a yoke of oxen. It was really putting on airs, for Schuyler had been born a country horse and in his youth must have seen oxen. It was the only time he ever showed any trace of snobbishness in thus refusing to acknowledge his country acquaintances.

Everybody in Dorchester knew Schuyler by sight and by name. His full title was Schuyler Colfax, named before we had him, but it was pleasant to use it, for Mr. Colfax was a warm personal friend of ours in the good old Washington days.

Schuyler had a weakness for gingerbread, and in driving him home from the city if you gave him his head, he would turn into the yard of Deacon Humphreys and with an expectant, gentle whinny stop at the kitchen window, which was sure to open, and out would come a bit of gingerbread in the hand of the deacon's daughter.

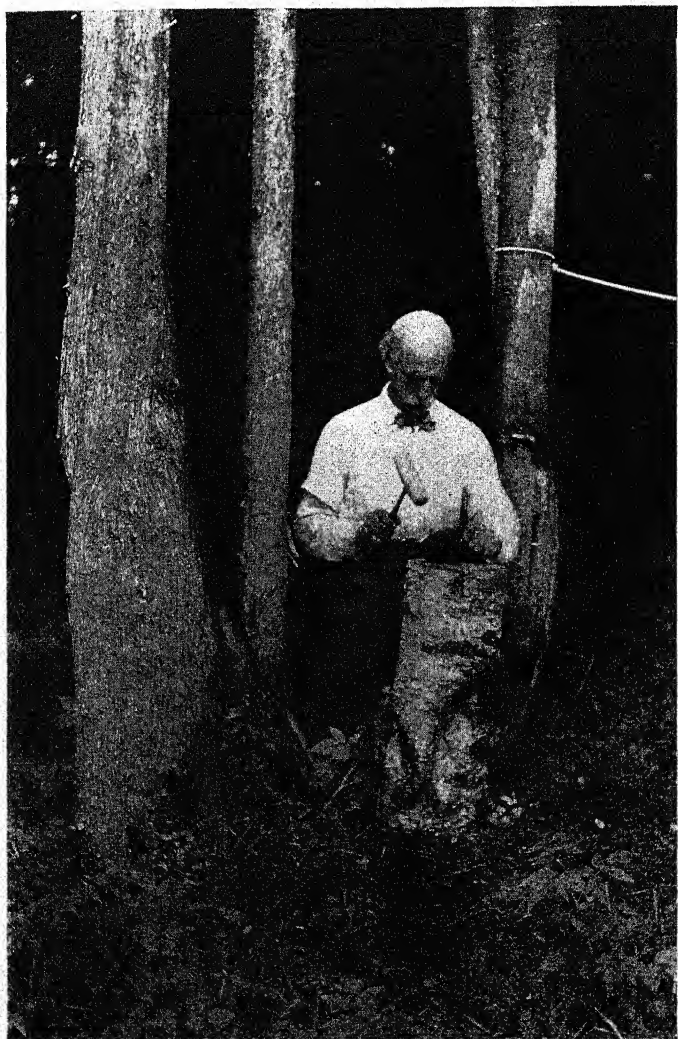
The years rolled on, full of sunshine, "roses all with scarce a thorn," at least I can only remember the scent of roses now. Whatever may have been the wounding with briars or thorns, they are

wholly forgotten. I can only recall the innumerable friends we had, the considerate and generous helpers, the good times by the way with music and song, and the happy vacations in camp.

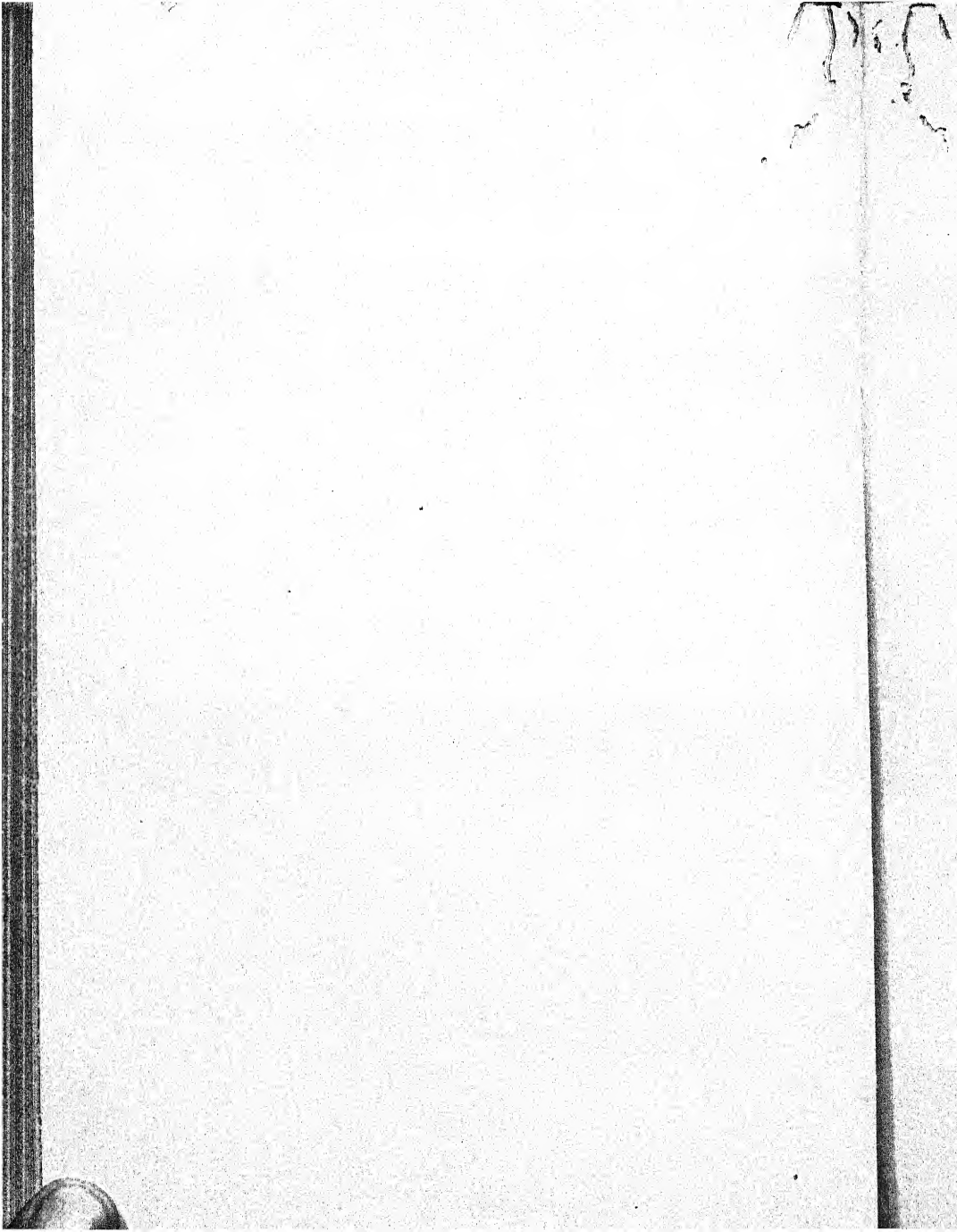
CHAPTER XII

RECREATIONS

MANY allusions have been made in these pages to this summer camp. For more than thirty years we chose that mode of life for our vacation, and long ago my husband and I wrote together a little book called "The Shaybacks in Camp, or Ten Summers under Canvas." To us it was an ideal life. His first experience in tents had been with General Custer. Mine preceded that by nearly ten years, when I camped on the banks of the Godavary in India. We tried it together for the first time at the mouth of the Penobscot in Maine, when our little lassie was but three years old. It was a joy to see her joy, and from that time we always filled up our camp with children, — boys and girls. Since 1878 we have camped on the shores of lake Memphremagog, in Canada, and more than five hundred different friends have sat about our camp-fire in these happy years. No one was more enthusiastic about the virtues of camp life and its placid enjoyments and health-giving opportunities than my husband. There, as everywhere, he was the center of the fun and frolic, of the manual industries of the sober hours, and the leader in the religious service in the little outdoor chapel



A WORKER IN METALS



and in the Sunday afternoon hymn-singing on the lake.

We never numbered more than twenty-five, a group so small, as camps go now, that the family element was preserved. To the entire household he was "Uncle June" as I was "Aunt Isabel," names dear to us, which the campers' children still use to this day. The campers themselves were usually renamed by Uncle June. I recall a few of these changes. One sweet lady whose initials were A. B. C. he at once christened "Alpha," which is still the name we know her by. "Miss Zilpha," by easy transition became "Mizippi," and for nearly a quarter of a century she has answered to the title. Another, who always looked "just as pretty as could be," but who objected to being told so, had to put up with the initial letters, and was hailed as "Jap." Mrs. Lord became the Greek equivalent and was known as Kuria (lady). One who had been oh so true in time of trouble was christened "Fidelis" and was henceforth known by that alone. Susan under Spanish influence became "Susanilla." "Kleinfuss" needs no explanation for those who know the dainty bearer of the name. "Togacella," with Italian pronunciation, was a compound of her home, Saratoga, and Francella. "Fanti" was a contraction of Signor Mezzofanti, applied to a camper who spoke many tongues, and the beloved Olive became the Greek "Elaia."

Love names for the members of his own family sprang from his lips like water from a spring. He almost never used those given in baptism. For babies and little children especially he had appellations varying every day, each as new as the morning. The names he gave were by no means always poetic, nor were they mellifluous, but they were unique and characteristic, and they were uttered with such a loving intonation that the combination of letters did not matter in the least. The tone of the voice, the gracious smile, — who cared for aught more? Not we. Homely titles melted into sweetness and beauty under that radiant smile. It used to be said in camp that a camp name was a proof that one had found an open sesame to the heart of Uncle June.

Life in camp was as full of work as elsewhere, for this busy man. He prepared his lectures, papers, and addresses during the summer life and kept up his vast correspondence. Yet he never failed to do his share of the communistic tasks which were imposed on all. His special duty was to look after the firewood for the hungry open fires, but he was also on the "schedule" for dish-wiping thrice a week, and it was always a gay time for the other wipers when Uncle June was one of the trio. His mind was not so closely confined to the task that the younger ones could not make him wipe the same plate over and over again, without his noticing that they were playing tricks on him. He was

much more absorbed in discussing some serious problem, or telling some amusing story, than in the work of his hands.

The large living-room or "flag room" as it was called — for from the open rafters hung the flags of the many countries we had visited and the pennants of all the colleges where our lass had directed Greek plays — echoed to the sound of the violin every Saturday night, and no foot was lighter or more true to time than Uncle June's. The last summer he was there, having occasion to go to New York for a few days, he surprised us all on his return by leading out one of the campers to share in the old-fashioned "Varsovienne," which had come into vogue and which he did not know the previous Saturday night. He yielded to the storm of "ohs" by confessing that when he was in New York he slipped into a dancing master's one day and learned the step for the very purpose of surprising his camp family.

One summer he wrote a bewitching little operetta called "The Echo Queen,"¹ in which the echoes of bugles at the lips of his wife and son and the cuckoo clock hidden on the log-cabin roof played an important part. It was given by the campers, and Nature contributed one of the most perfect days

¹He had once before written an amusing play called "The Beacon Street Tramp," which was played in Boston by amateurs for the benefit of the Massachusetts Prison Association. His daughter had written one called "The White Butterfly," and he sketched out a companion to it under the title "The Black Beetle."

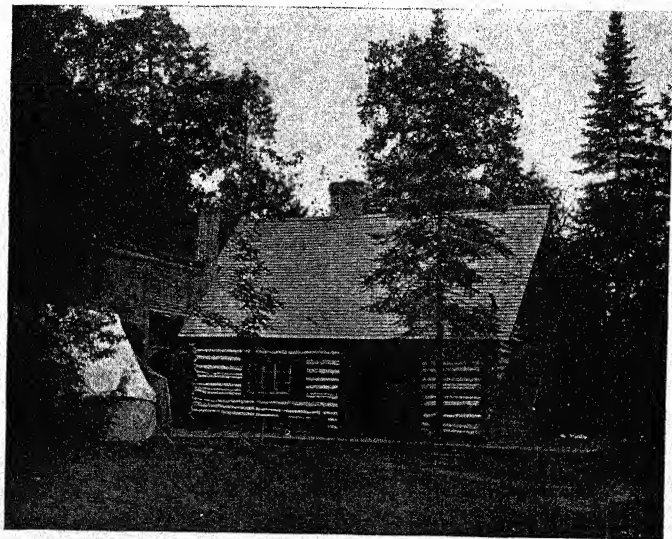
that ever dawned for its production under the trees, and the people of all the countryside enjoyed it to the full.

There were other important occasions: receptions to the newly-wed among our country neighbors, the christening of their babies with water from our ever-living spring, the house-warming of various log cabins that sprang up about our own. And more than once the sad laying beneath the sward of the ashes of those we loved, brought from the distant city to sleep under the shadow of the pines and maples. As in the joyous hours he was the gay, light-hearted dancer, so at such times he was the solemn servant of God in blessing little children and in laying away the dead and comforting those who mourned. Both glad and solemn was the day when under our camp sky he united his daughter in marriage to Henry Raymond Mussey.

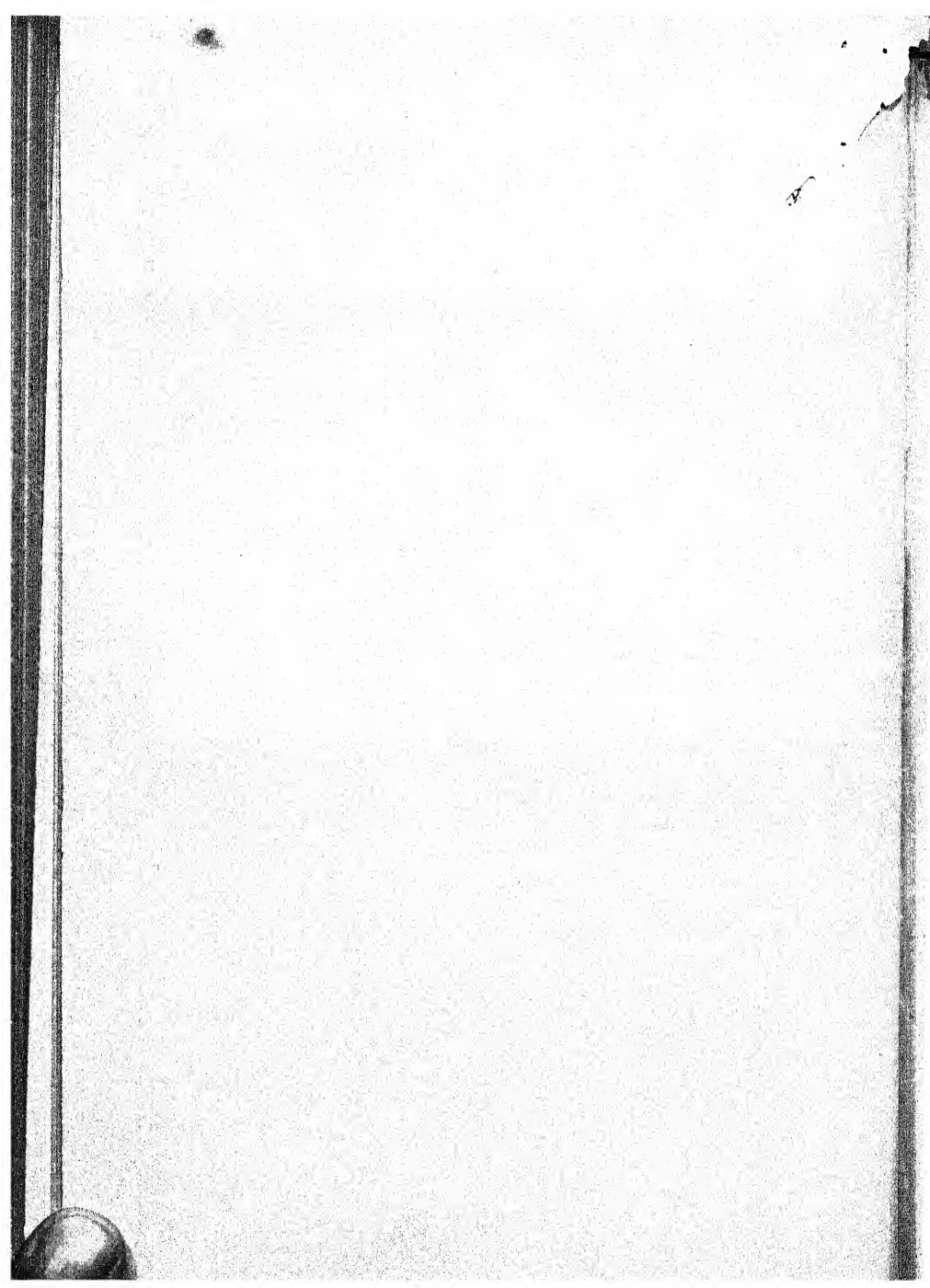
Never was there a man who more appreciated an unexpected pleasure than the master of Cabin June. "A s'prise, papa, a s'prise!" cried his little three-year-old daughter, when in our first camping expedition on the Maine coast she and I managed to concoct a steamed custard with our slender domestic outfit. His apparent, and real, joy when it was placed on the rustic table which he had made for us, gave keen delight to the child, and many a time thereafter she and I connived in giving him a "s'prise," that we might see his dear eyes



THE FLAG ROOM AT CEDAR LODGE



BIRCHBAY CABIN



shine and hear his joyous laugh. These pleasures reached a climax when we built for him a little log study, with an open fire and a cut in the wall where the wind swept over the strings of an Æolian harp. How meekly he yielded to the bandage over his eyes as we led him up the hill to the old pine, through whose twisted boughs the breeze had sung for half a century. And when we tore off the band and bade him welcome to Cabin June, whose latch string hung out invitingly, he quickly realized that here he could study undisturbed by the glad but noisy voices of the camp children. The beautiful eyes shone as we were sure they would, and he entered in and took possession with great joy. We had built an outlook on the top, and I can still see him standing there above the tree-tops, looking across the lake to the western glory of the setting sun, and I knew full well he was lifting up his heart to the Giver of every good and perfect gift.

Cabin June was his beloved retreat while he and I made our summer home at Birchbay Camp, but later we bought a little farm of eighty acres farther down the lake, giving Birchbay to "Mabel Hay Barrows, Spinster," as the deed read, and built a new camp, Cedar Lodge, which stood in the name of "Dame Isabel Hayes, wife of S. J. Barrows."

They say that history does not repeat itself, but experience contradicts that, as it does many another old saying. The one thing that was missed

in the large and comfortable camp at Cedar Lodge was a secluded spot where the eager student could be quite by himself.

While he was absent on one of his frequent trips to Europe on prison affairs, we duplicated Cabin June, except that we placed it where it overhung the lake, and the splashing waves on the rocky shores mingled with the liquid notes of the winter wren and the hermit thrush. Again we made a little procession and escorted the returned wanderer to the pretty cabin, where a gay fire was burning on the little brick hearth and his beloved books were standing in somber array on the rustic shelves. Our pleasure at seeing his delighted surprise was equal to his own. We christened it the Hermitage, for it was to be sacred to his use alone. It was here that he did his best thinking and writing. By five o'clock every morning, while the birds were still at their matins, he was in the snug little cabin, or on its broad, overhanging porch, and for three continuous hours he devoted himself to Plato and Homer. No secular occupation ever sullied the place. He would have thought it sacrilege to write a business letter or sign a check in that sweet solitude. His hours for such mundane affairs were from nine to twelve at the Lodge. Hymns were composed, poems were written, Homeric lectures were prepared, and the first notes written for a book he had long had in mind on "The Mother God," in this quiet place where no

One intruded and he was utterly alone with Nature and her sweet influences.

One summer he not only read the "Odyssey" and the "Iliad" entirely through in these morning hours, but made a card catalogue, of many hundreds in number, for use in preparing his lectures. They still lie in the large box as he left them, in his tidy Greek and exquisite shorthand, mute tributes to his scholarship and industry, but uncared for and unused by the busy world, which has no time to decipher a double linguistic puzzle. Here too he read and reread Cicero, especially his "De Senectute" and "De Amicitia,"¹ and other Latin writers. Here also he had certain days devoted to French, German, or Spanish reading, for he loved all these tongues. Among our campers were usually living exponents of these languages, so that real experience in their use was a daily delight.

The bugle call for breakfast was always echoed by his cheery whistle as he came up the woodsy path at eight o'clock, for he was of most punctual habits, and he was ready to sing the hymn with us as we gathered about the round table and then to entertain us by telling of the flowers he had seen and the birds he had heard as he went to and fro between the Lodge and the Hermitage. He pitied those who had lost the beauty of the morning

¹ Well worn copies of these were found in his coat pocket after his death.

in sleep when all the world was astir in forest and lake.

Cabin June and the Hermitage have long since ceased to echo to the quick footsteps they knew so well, but they have not ceased to serve their purpose. Every summer they are used by students, and as one occupant after another says: "I never found such a place for study!" I wonder if they do not feel the influence of the gentle spirit who loved them so well and for whom they were built as a happy "s'prise."

Our camp life fitted us to enjoy many experiences that would otherwise have been trying. Thus once upon a time when we were quarantined on the island of Vido in Greece, we made a tent and were allowed to sleep there instead of in the low huts provided for the throngs of persons in quarantine for cholera. If we wished to make short excursions from our Canadian camp, it was an easy thing to take along a tent and thus find shelter where we would. We could even do without shelter if necessary, so inured were we to sleeping in the open air, for our tents were always wide open at each end. Thus when we were visiting reform schools, jails, and prisons, from San Diego to Puget Sound, we found ourselves, after a walk of six miles, at the entrance to the Big Tree grove at sunset, and the man who had the only cabin had gone away with the key in his pocket. Little recked we. We found a sheltered nook against

the trunk of a big tree and folding our cloaks about us, lay down under the stars and slept side by side as the primitive Adam and Eve might have slept in the Garden of Eden. But we had no serpent, though we had an apple. Indeed, it was all we did have for breakfast. We divided it in two equal parts, and sitting down in the rays of the rising sun ate it, and gave thanks, and then walked ten miles over one of the loveliest trails man ever made to a hotel, where a good dinner was thoroughly appreciated. For people over sixty years of age that was an experience that only camp life would have made as delightful as we found it, in spite of the fact that it was October and we were eight thousand feet above the sea. It is remembered now with tender pleasure, for it was the last long trip I ever took with Mr. Barrows. But what a good time we had! And to please me, for I always like to experiment, we came back through the Canadian Rockies in a tourist car. I knew of the arrangements in those cars, with the conveniences for a sort of moving camp life, and I supplied myself in advance with eggs, chocolate, condensed milk, fruit, nuts, biscuit, butter, and other like necessities, and stowed them away in the cupboard for passengers. From Vancouver to Chicago we were our own caterers, save once or twice when we went into the dining car for dinner. No one more enjoyed that sort of mingling with all sorts and conditions of men than

my husband. On that trip he played with the babies, talked with the fathers, guided strangers, and when we left our fellow travelers after several days together, it was like the parting of friends.

The deft fingers that had learned to work the telegraph key when the lad was but nine years old, had also learned to catch a ball, though games of that kind had to be played on the city street when he was a boy, for there were no parks nor recreation grounds near his home. But even if there had been, this young breadwinner had scant time for fun and frolic. Nor much time had he for manual training, so he grew up with his skill of hand limited to the use of pen and the telegraph instrument and later to stenography. He believed, however, that every one should learn to do something useful with his hands by which, if worse came to worst, he could earn his bread and butter. So when we went to Washington to live, he betook himself in his leisure hours to a humbler calling and learned the tinsmith's trade. He was very proud of his ability with the soldering iron. But he found that it did not minister to his love of the beautiful to work in that metal, and later in life he devoted his Saturday afternoons to hammering bowls and spoons and trays from brass, silver, and copper, and these imperishable bits of handiwork still bear witness to his true eye and clever hand.

He also learned to crochet, and I could not tell how many "afghans," slippers, and similar things

he made for his various friends. His favorite stitch was the "tricot," which required no counting, and he could dictate editorials or letters quite as well as though idly playing with a paper-cutter or pencil, as he would surely otherwise have done, for those nervous fingers were never still, scarcely even in sleep.

Carpentry was not his forte, and we used to laugh at a knock-kneed table which he once made for camp use. He would retort that in spite of its crooked legs it lasted for years, which was true, because he never was superficial in anything he did. The ax was his favorite tool and he was a capital woodchopper, and as we did not cut down any trees, he rejoiced exceedingly when he found one fallen in the forest which he could reduce to lengths for the insatiable fireplaces. I can hear the ring of the ax yet and see his tall, straight figure and handsome, glowing face as he came up the hill with a big back-log of white birch on his shoulder. For thirty odd summers that was his pastime, along with rowing, paddling, and swimming. He was an expert fisherman, but gave it up years ago as taking too much precious time at small return of health and exercise. He had a good deal of sympathy too with the fish and liked better to eat the food from the garden than the lake.

Of course shooting was never his recreation, though when with the army expedition he proved

a good shot. When he was on the plains with General Custer, he hunted for food and indeed was once in great danger in a buffalo hunt, but he never found pleasure in the chase. Archery, however, was his delight, and in our earlier camp life the witchery of that amusement was so great that I wonder it has died away. Tennis and golf he did not play, for the lake which we loved offered no foothold for either, and in his estimation they could not compete with aquatic exercise and pleasure.

Whatever people about him were doing he liked to learn to do. Thus he learned to make nets, and many a hammock for baby, or doll, or friend, still remains to show his kindness as well as his skill. Chess and draughts he could play well, but found them more expensive in nerve power than he could afford. Cards he thought a waste of time.

There was one homely game in which his nimble fingers made him *facile princeps*. Many a one, old and young, I have seen him challenge and he was always the winner. That was the old classic game of jackstones. I even saw him win once when playing with real "knuckle bones" in Greece, where they have played it since Homer's days. Pebbles, beans, bones, iron "jacks," — it was all the same to him. It seemed as if his fingers were India rubber and could be turned backward or forward as occasion demanded. One day, while we were waiting for a belated street-car, some

small boys were playing jackstones on the pavement. He laid down his book-bag and in his happy, genial way, stepping over among them, began to play with them, teaching them some of the New York variations of his own street childhood: "helping the lady over the stile," "putting the horse in the stable," "skunks," etc. Our car came along, and that was the end of the lesson. But a few days later, at the same corner, we heard a youngster say, as he recognized my husband, then a United States Congressman:

"That's the feller that interduced 'skunks' inter Dorchester!" Such is contemporary fame!

Music especially filled a large part of the hours of pleasure for my husband. He continued to take flute lessons and had a tiny orchestra that he called the Cacophonic Club, as they were always trying new music and not with invariable harmony of sound. They met at our house once a week, and the delight of those evenings was indubitable in spite of any cacophony. There was a 'cello, a viola, violins, flute, and piano. As Mr. Barrows was also studying harmony and composition, he wrote some things for his musicians to play. The persuasions of music were to him the most enticing of any calls that lured him from daily toil. He had an agreeable and sympathetic voice which when a lad he had longed to have cultivated, but he might as well have longed for the moon. He yearned to play some instrument, for his soul was

full of music crying out for expression. But the only keys his fingers ever touched in his youth were the keys to the telegraph instrument, which he handled so nimbly. It was not till he was in the Divinity School at Cambridge, when he was earning a little money by helping Agassiz and writing for the *Tribune*, that with much hesitation over what he called his selfishness he consented to spend a few dollars in the purchase of a flute and for lessons from Mr. Hayden in Boston. His delight in it knew no bounds. All the time he could spare from his studies he put into music, a recreation which he clung to as the chief joy of his life. When I came to Cambridge before the birth of our little one, we established a home together, and that possibly there might be a musical taste implanted in the little breast so soon to lie upon my own, he went to the further extravagance of spending forty-five dollars for a guitar for me. I took lessons, and the memory of our simple duets in that tiny home will echo long after the notes of the great orchestras we afterwards heard have died away. His music began to accumulate, and he said one night that he wished there were a drawer in the table large enough for that and the flute. In the morning after he had gone to his lectures, I hunted up an unused trunk tray, and as I was rather familiar with tools, I soon had the front side of the table sawed out and a tidy drawer in place which fitted as well as if I had called in a

cabinet maker. There I hid his flute and music. The people who can afford to go to a furniture store and order a music cabinet can never know such fun as we had on his return that night — after his first five minutes of confusion.

"I cannot find my flute! — no — nor my music!" he cried in dismay, when I suggested that we should practice some duets together.

"Look in the table drawer," I answered with an outer quiet that did not correspond to my inner delight. Paying me no heed, he again searched the book shelves, the mantelpiece, and other possible places where they might have been stowed.

"That is the queerest thing! No trace of them!"

"Why don't you look in the table drawer?" I persisted.

A trifle nettled he replied: "Because there *is* no table drawer, as you very well know." Just then he caught sight of my traitor face, for what a friend said when I was young, as he caught me trying to play a mild trick on him, was always true: "You may lie with your tongue, but you can't with your eyes," and my eyes betrayed me. He tossed up the table cover and sure enough a drawer had sprung into being; his delight was ample reward, had any been needed. Every night the flute came out, the guitar was tuned, and the March winds outside were forgotten.

The next year, when we were in Germany, we found a better flute, and in Herr Barge of Leipsic

he had a teacher who remembered his gifted pupil for a quarter of a century.

Leipsic had revealed to us a new world of music. Together we heard Joachim at a Gewandhaus concert, and the possibilities of the violin were revealed to us like a strain from heaven. Concerts, operas, chamber music, a hired piano in our own rooms, with accomplished pianists as guests — all these were joys fabulously dear to our souls at the time and precious in memory ever after. But they spoke more intimately to him than to me. I heard it all as pleasant sounds, sweeter because heard with him, but they did not move my soul as they did his — unless it was the 5th or 7th Beethoven Symphony, or Schubert's in C of "heavenly length" — the three that could rouse the hidden depths of feeling till no task on earth seemed to me too hard, no sacrifice too great. I no longer attempt to express myself on any instrument. The dear old guitar has descended to a second generation and is mute, but the beautiful flute, whose tones mingled with our Leipsic music, still speaks sweetly of the past, though with another's breath.

Once settled in Dorchester, my husband was able to take lessons in singing, to our joy, and before long he was a member of the Handel and Haydn Society, singing in the oratorios he so much loved. When his little girl was old enough, she too joined it, and I used to go and listen to the rehearsals, so that we might be all together.

On removing to New York he joined the Oratorio Society and never under any circumstances missed a rehearsal. He was especially interested in "The Dream of Gerontius" by the English composer Elgar, and when a New York critic spoke rather slightly of it he came home indignant, saying he would like to reply to it.

"Do," said I, "and I will write it from your shorthand notes and carry it to the *Evening Post* in the morning."

At the annual meeting of the Oratorio Society, the Secretary reported that one of the things the society had to be grateful for was a letter that had just appeared in the *Evening Post* by S. J. Barrows, one of their own members. Before the meeting closed, he was elected a director of the Society, and their love and respect for him found ample opportunity for grateful expression when the hour of sorrow came. He loved the music which they sang; he appreciated the leader, Mr. Frank Damrosch, and he used to say that no prison problems penetrated into Carnegie Music Hall.

Not only with his voice, but with his fingers, did my husband elicit music. For several years he studied composition and harmony and enjoyed the science of it. He wrote several hymns and composed words as well as music, but it was not till he was fifty that he gave up the flute and began the piano. He used laughingly to say that he was tired of blowing into a hollow stick. One day I

went with him to help him select a suit of clothes, a duty he always expected of me. As we walked along he said he wished we were going to select a parlor organ instead. "Very well," I said, "wear your old clothes and have the organ." So we passed Rogers Peet and brought up on Fifth Avenue at an organ store, and the price of the clothes down and ten dollars a month later soon made it his! In a surprisingly short time he was playing all the tunes in our ordinary hymn-book. He found his old teacher, Homer Norris, was the organist at St. George's Church, and from that time on he continued his lessons in composition and harmony and took lessons and practice on the pipe organ. He also sang in the vested choir on Sundays when he was at home. With what mock pride he showed me one day in the printed program of the Sunday exercises "Organ Prelude in A — Barrows."

"You see, it says just 'Barrows'!" he laughingly exclaimed; "just as it says 'Elgar' and 'Bach.'"

I did not realize what progress he was making on the organ till I noticed his shoes one day and exclaimed:

"I never saw your foot look so small!"

"I have to wear narrower toes now," he answered, "so that I can play with my feet."

The next morning I stole round to St. George's chapel, where he went always from eight to nine in the morning. I followed the call of organ notes and slipped in behind him on an empty bench and

my heart ran riot with sympathetic joy as I saw his happiness. Slowly and painstakingly he was playing Handel's Largo, quite alone as he supposed, but his whole soul was in it. When he had finished he reverently closed the organ and turned to go.

"*You* here?" he cried with pleasure. But I could not see him for the mist in my eyes.

CHAPTER XIII

THE MINISTERIAL MEMBER OF CONGRESS

THERE came a summer when Mr. Barrows had to go abroad and I could not go with him. We had been twice together, wandering about Switzerland and revisiting our old haunts in Leipsic, and on one of those occasions we had had a sad experience. He was at the Hague, at the time of the first arbitration conference. I was in London with Mrs. Ellen C. Johnson, the superintendent of the Massachusetts Reformatory Prison for Women. She had been invited to read a paper in London, at the Women's Congress on reformatories for women, and I had been asked to open the discussion on the same subject. Her task performed, and in a manner to bring credit to her own country, she suddenly died the following day at the home of the Bishop of Rochester, where we were both guests. Mr. Barrows was summoned from Holland, and he conducted the service in her memory in the little chapel at Woking, before the body was cremated. It was a disappointment to have his work at the Hague interrupted, but he was always ready to respond to any call of duty.

The summer referred to he was attending lectures at the Sorbonne in Paris and taking part in several

international gatherings. A cablegram from Boston broke in upon his busy days. It was from the Republican Committee, asking if he would accept the nomination for United States Congress from the Tenth District. This unexpected request found him at his modest room in the Latin Quarter, and he took twenty-four hours to think it over. The Committee grew impatient and sent a long message to me in my Canadian fastness, telling of their action and urging me to persuade him to say "yes." I wired at once for advice to George H. Ellis, the publisher of the *Christian Register*, a man in whom we had unbounded confidence. He favored the nomination, and I so cabled to Paris. I also telegraphed to the Committee what I had done, but begged not to be quoted as deciding anything for my husband. Imagine my consternation when the next day's paper came out with big headlines :

"MRS. BARROWS SAYS 'GO AHEAD' !"

By good fortune his cablegram arrived the same day, saying: "Will accept if public interest demands." So my share in the making or the marring of his political fortunes was brief. His political life was not much longer. He had always been a Republican, never voting for any Democratic president, except for Mr. Cleveland, when he was classed as a "Mugwump." The country at this period was all aflame with the gold standard issue,

and gold Democrats preferred to vote for a good Republican rather than a silver Democrat. Mr. Barrows safely and triumphantly rode into his congressional haven on the crest of a wave of Democratic enthusiasm, for it was a decidedly Democratic district from which he was sent. Knowing that he would not be likely to repeat such a success, he was loath to sever his connection with the *Christian Register*, for he loved the work to which he had given sixteen of the best years of his life with a consecration and an eye single to serving his denomination and spreading the liberal word. He hoped that an editor for two years might be secured and that while in Congress he might add to the value of the paper by contributions from Washington, but he was far too modest to suggest such an arrangement outside of our own family circle. Besides, he wished the Christian Register Association to be absolutely free to let him go if it were so desired. He therefore tendered his resignation as editor. It was the hardest step he ever took, much harder than exchanging the pulpit for the press.

There had been some gibes by the unregenerate at the thought of Boston being reduced to send a clergyman to the halls of Congress, where members of that profession are truly rare birds. But this one was the rarest of the sort. Undaunted by any jests, he took hold of his duties seriously and was concerned only to give the best of himself to their

discharge. Few new men have ever done more good, sensible, and efficient work in the same length of time, for there was a long extraordinary session in addition to the regular sessions. His ability was quickly recognized and he was put upon several committees, the most important being the Committee on Indian Affairs, which had an appropriation of eight million dollars and five thousand employees to consider. His great familiarity with the subject made him very valuable. He had visited many Indian agencies and for years he had attended the Mohonk Indian conferences and was in close touch with hosts of workers in the field. We had had an even more intimate relation with the red man, for early in our married life we had taken into our home a dear little Indian boy, but four years old, whose father had been shot on the battle-field. Little Neenutchin was like our own child, and my husband loved to hold him and croon to him old songs as sleepy time came on. Unhappily he fell a victim to tuberculosis, but he left in our home the memory of a gentle little child, and we sincerely mourned him.

The very first work my husband did in Congress was eminently characteristic. A noble woman, a missionary, came to him and begged that he would persuade Congress to send ships of grain to India, where a terrible famine was raging. The farmers of the country were ready to contribute the grain if the government would transport it. On con-

sulting Speaker Reed, he was told it would be impossible to do anything in an extraordinary session because the committees were not organized. But Mr. Barrows insisted that Congress should make a joint committee to carry out such a work of humanity. He put in all his energy to bring this about, and with the aid of like-minded men in the House and Senate, the vote was taken and two loaded ships were sent at once to those far-away sufferers.

When we were traveling in Greece, it was during the season when the peasants were harvesting their currants. On the island of Zante we saw hundreds who depended almost entirely on this crop. Mr. Barrows had grown very fond of the Greek peasantry in his long sojourn among them, and when a bill was presented in Congress to put a high tariff on Zante currants, so that one or two California men might have the market for their own fruit, he jumped to his feet and for five or ten minutes hurled out objection after objection, as he described the suffering and distress such action in the American Congress would bring upon the honest and hard-working people of Greece. I chanced to be in the gallery that day, and my heart beat high as I saw how he caught the ear of that tumultuous assembly and made them listen to him. His full, rich voice, his excellent training as a public speaker, and his moral indignation startled his fellow members into a consciousness that this new man was some one

they would have to deal with, even if he were a minister!

On another occasion, when the eternal tariff was still under discussion, he was moved to register his opposition to any duty on books or works of art. Probably he did not speak more than half a dozen times in the House, most of his work being done in committee, but those who knew him remember him to this day and he made many friends among the law-makers. He was made the first delegate from the United States to the International Arbitration Congress, and attended several sessions in that capacity, afterwards, in Brussels, Christiania, and elsewhere.

During the time Mr. Barrows was in Congress, the Hawaiian Islands were incorporated in the United States and the war with Spain took place. He voted for the annexation of Hawaii, saying: "I cannot think it will injure the islands or the islanders to be annexed to the United States, and I do not see that it will injure us."

As for the war with Spain, he wrote to the editor of a religious paper: "The religious papers have a great mission now. It is to fight this war spirit. Congress thus far [March 18, 1898] has behaved splendidly, but I am afraid that many members will not be able to withstand the sensational press."

To a Boston friend he wrote ten days later: "We are passing through a great crisis. I am trying to do my share and keep the nation on the

path of peace. But there are men here in Congress who are temporarily insane on the war question and as explosive as torpedoes. Our hope is in rallying around the President."

The following is his own account of a visit to President McKinley during those stressful days. Speaker Reed advised him to go, for he said, "The strongest of us need what encouragement we can get."

"Accordingly, I went over to the White House this morning. I did not want to add a feather's weight to the great burden that is laid upon the President; I only wanted to lighten his anxiety if I could. As Senator Lodge had given his impression about Massachusetts, I wished to give mine for at least a part of the State.

"The President received me with the greatest cordiality, took me into his private office, and asked me to sit down with him. I said to him that as the peace men in the House kept quiet, he might not wholly be able to gauge the peace sentiment in the House, and I wished to assure him that there were those who looked and hoped for a peaceful issue in this crisis and meant to uphold him in securing it. The President said that the noisy men talked war, but as the peace men kept quiet and did not write or come to him, he did not get their sentiment. He said this in no reproachful way.

"We then had a talk about the situation in Cuba, in Spain, and in the United States. The

President intimated that Senator Lodge had reported a good deal of war sentiment in Massachusetts. I told the President I had had a talk only the night before with the Editor of the *Boston Transcript*, which, with the *Boston Herald*, was taking a conservative position; that Massachusetts, so far as I knew, was not clamoring for war, but hoped that the matter would be settled without it. The President took up the resolutions he had received from the Boston Chamber of Commerce and spoke of them with great satisfaction. I assured him of the confidence which the lovers of justice and peace had in him, not only in this country, but as it had been expressed, with great applause, in the Interparliamentary Conference in Brussels last summer.

"I was about to leave when the President put his hand on my knee and asked me to stay. He then outlined to me his policy. *He wished to avert war*; we ought not to have war unless immutable principles of justice demanded it. He knew that Spain did not want war. He outlined a plan for representative government in Cuba under Spanish sovereignty, a plan more liberal than that which Canada enjoys, as liberal as that of any State under the sovereignty of the United States.

"I was impressed more than ever with President McKinley's character. He told me how he had felt the pressure of the atmosphere in this crisis. He is calm, serious, but as genial as ever, and hardly

showing any trace of the great strain that is upon him. I assured him that I for one meant to give him my unqualified support.

"Fortunately there is nothing yet on which a declaration of war can be based. If we stick to the President, I think we shall come out all right. I came away from my interview with him feeling that if Congress could only adjourn for a month or two, our good pilot would bring us through these troubled waters.

"It is quite possible that in the next few weeks I may wreck my political fortunes by not becoming a Jingo. If so, I am perfectly willing to sacrifice myself. It may be that I have come to Congress just for the sake of casting my vote in favor of peace with honor and righteousness. I do not think the great majority of people in the United States, in their sober second thought, want a war that is not absolutely just, and which wisdom and prudence and calmness may avoid without sacrifice of honor or principle."

Other subjects upon which Mr. Barrows made himself heard in Washington were civil service reform and probation for federal prisoners. He stoutly resisted the effort to take the United States Penitentiary in Kansas out of the civil service. With reference to post-offices also he wrote that that service "ought to be extended, and that all the post-offices in the country, with the exception of the highest positions, should be brought under this rule."

Ministerial Member of Congress 155

His initial work in Washington was to draft a bill providing for a United States Probation Law applicable to minors, coupling with it a law that all United States prisoners in State reformatories where the indeterminate sentence exists should be under the same law. For this reform he worked as long as he lived. It came after his death.

Mr. Barrows was nominated for another term in Congress but was defeated by the Democrats and machine Republicans. Concerning his defeat, the Boston papers were almost unanimous in expressing disappointment. Said one:

"The defeat of Congressman Barrows in the tenth district is not creditable to the voters. Mr. Barrows is an able, earnest, honest man, with opinions of his own, and the courage and ability to give them expression. To defeat such a man is to put a premium upon political truculence, partisan servility and mediocrity in the public service. Mr. Barrows may console himself in defeat with the reflection that he has the respect of the thinking and conservative elements of the community. Their good opinion is of greater value than the plaudits of the crowd, who seek selfish ends in political action and who are unable to recognize manly independence as distinct from machine methods."

Said another:

"The defeat of Mr. Barrows for reelection to congress in the tenth district is a matter for regret.

He is a man of whom Massachusetts was justly proud because of his personal character and his good work. The district is naturally Democratic, by a good majority, when that party is united, as it was this year. Mr. Barrows lost some votes because he was too good a man to suit some of the Republicans, who preferred a machine politician to a decent man of ability."

From the hundreds of letters received expressing regret, the most terse expression was: "If you had lowered your standard, you might have carried the day. In some cases defeat is more glorious than victory."

The late vice-president, J. S. Sherman, who had been closely associated with Mr. Barrows in committee work while in Congress, wrote during the campaign:

"I wish it were in my power to be of some assistance to you in your fight, and if you can think of any way in which I can help you, you have only to suggest it. Your position on all matters and at all times has been sound and consistent and to the best interests of the party. Your industry and your attention to all matters, either general or local, has been such as to attract to you the admiration of every Member of Congress. Any district once fortunate enough to secure such a member is unwise not to retain him, even if that retention be against his own inclination."

A leading man in Boston said: "The good opin-

ion of your fellow citizens is of vastly more consequence than a seat in Congress," and that was the opinion of my husband, who was not at all heart-broken over the result of the election.

Before the end of Mr. Barrows' term in Congress, President McKinley sent for him and asked whether he would like to be sent as Minister to Greece, or if he would prefer the position of Librarian of Congress. The chance to spend four years in Greece was most alluring, but he had been trying to secure that appointment for a friend and he felt that he could not now honorably accept it for himself. The place of librarian falling vacant in March, Mr. McKinley appointed him librarian *pro tem.*, but that also Mr. Barrows declined. It too was a temptation, for he loved books, and as he had done an immense amount of work in that library he knew the gaps in it and would have enjoyed filling them up. However, he lived long enough to be thankful that neither of these fields had taken him from his older interest in prison reform.

CHAPTER XIV

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

CONGRESS adjourned the fourth of March, and we went back to Dorchester and then to our summer home on the lake. Several openings were suggested to us for employment, but none that appealed to us. I say "we" and "us" advisedly, for there was no thought of work for either in which we could not both share. Official appointment was not necessary. For sixteen years I had literally been the assistant editor of the *Christian Register*, but it was wholly voluntary, without official recognition on the part of the Christian Register Association, and without salary. My recompense was in working with and for my husband. He was urged to take a pulpit again, and undoubtedly that would have been the solution of the problem that faced us, had we not thought best to spend one more winter in Washington, where we had been asked to serve as correspondents while Congress was in session. December, therefore, saw us once more installed under the shadow of the capitol, through whose corridors we could have made our way in the darkest night. Years and years before Mr. Barrows had threaded them in search of material for newspaper letters, and I had been equally familiar

with them, for I was the first woman to be employed under the big dome and had seen the inside of many a committee room, while reporting the various hearings on commerce, finance, public lands, and Indian matters long before we went to Boston. Our affection was equally divided between Boston and Washington, and so it was like going home to be again in the beautiful city. We had two large sunny rooms and a little "kitchenette," and what a happy winter we had ! We took as much genuine pleasure in the moderate checks from the periodicals for which we wrote as we had in the far larger ones from the United States treasury. The amount of money, or the lack of it, never played much part in our happiness. The prayer of Agur had been granted to us : we had neither poverty nor riches, and we had food sufficient for our simple tastes. The daughter was following her own profession of directing Greek plays in different colleges, the son was away at school, and my ever-faithful sister was looking after the Dorchester home. We were as free and independent as we had been some thirty years before, when we were also living in two rooms in Washington. Yes, and we were just as unconcerned about the unknown future and as satisfied with the blessed present. Talk of history never repeating itself ! It was almost a duplication of the days when my young husband was William H. Seward's private secretary. There was time for something besides work. We read and walked

together, rode our bicycles, caught glimpses of our friends, heard some music, went to church, and wrote endless letters to our absent children. Life was full of sunshine. We did not look forward to see if it were going to be cloudy. It did not in the least trouble us that last year we were of the congressional circle and this year we were not.

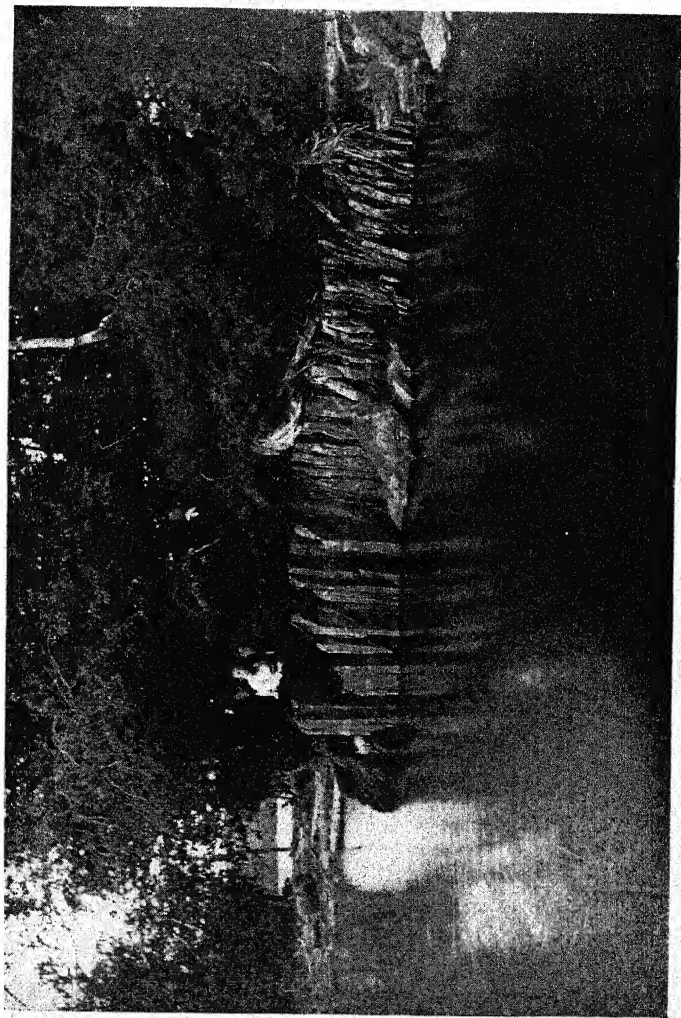
One day a caller was announced. He proved to be a delightful man from New York. We hardly knew why he came, except that he seemed interested in many of the things that interested us. We never dreamed that he was looking for a secretary for the Prison Association of New York. He did not betray it.

After the summer, spent as usual in our summer camp, we went to Cleveland to attend the National Prison Congress, staying with friends on Euclid Avenue. They gave us a key to the house, as the sessions were long. One evening, as we were waiting for a street-car, after the prolonged meeting, my husband casually remarked: "Some one said that Mr. Eugene Smith wants to know whether I will take the place of corresponding secretary for the New York Prison Association."

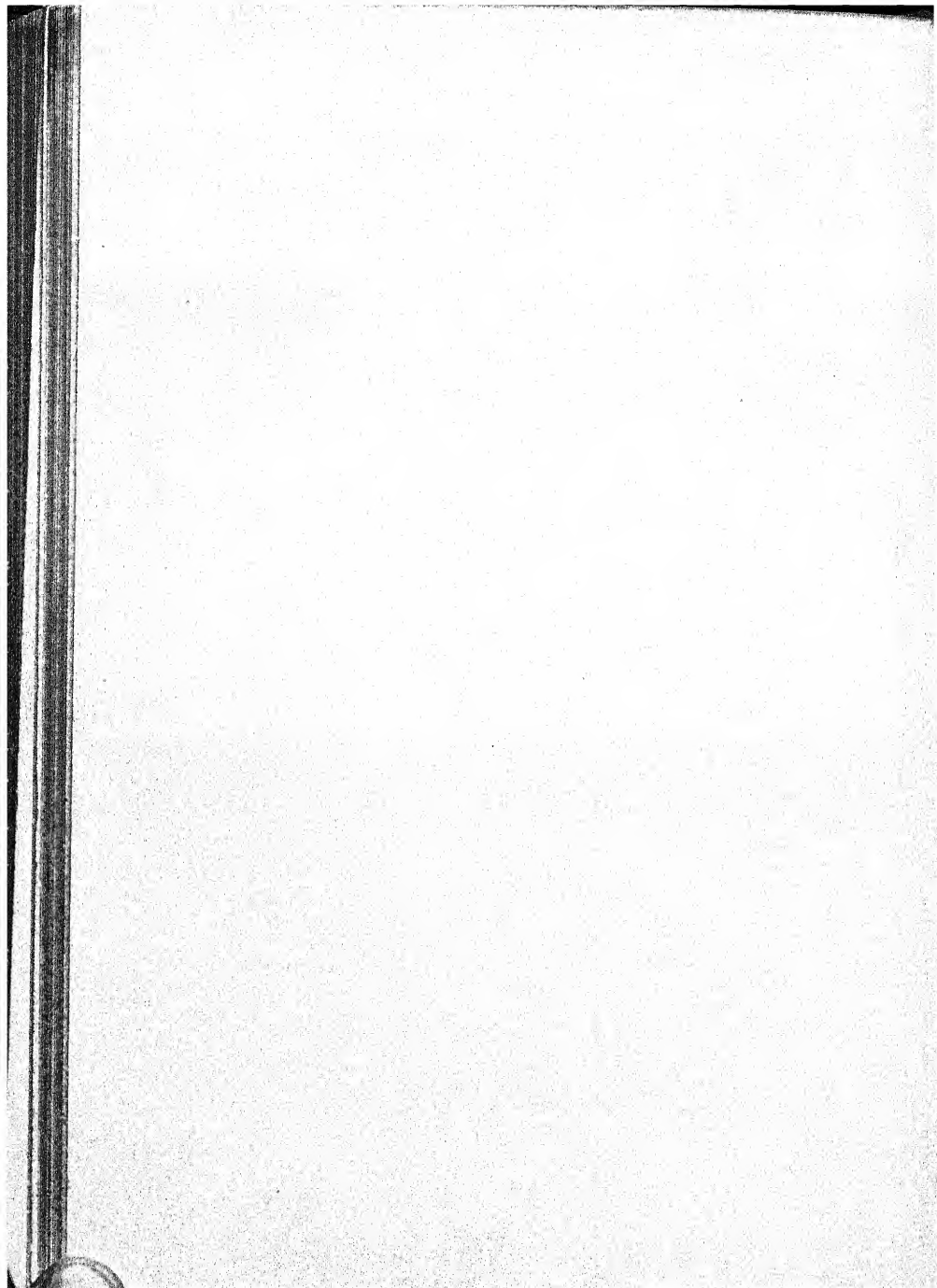
"Did he speak to you about it?" I asked with moderate interest.

"No," he answered, "I didn't see him, but I don't care to speak of it with any one, for I do not want to go back to New York to live."

Neither did I want to go back to that big Baby-



MEMPHREMAGOG'S WOODDED SHORE



lon, though the halo of our first wedded days still hung over Number '129 Waverly Place, but my Scotch thrift saw in this offer a more certain income than newspaper writing would afford, and I replied: "I think we are almost in the position where one may say of us, 'beggars shouldn't be choosers.'"

With his usual gentle complaisance, such as his beloved Socrates might have used to Xanthippe, he returned: "Well, dear, let us go back to the hotel now, if you wish, and see Mr. Smith."

We retraced our steps. Mr. Smith had retired for the night, as he was to be called early to take a train. So we went out to Euclid Avenue and let ourselves in softly, nor spoke many words that night. He had no regrets that the chance had slipped by. I lay and wondered whether the future held correspondence for us, as our means of earning bread and butter, or whether we should wake up some fine morning to be again "the minister's family." If it could only be in the country where the snow would lie smooth and deep and beautiful in winter and the trees would be green and shady in summer, I should be content. But I knew if we took a parish he would want it where a pavement would echo his footsteps. As we grew older each harked back to childhood's usages: my love for the country grew and his for brick and mortar and the crowded haunts of men. Still then, as ever, I was ready to follow his lead, as I often used to tell him, "if it leads to Patagonia."

But we were not to escape a decision on this question. Dr. F. H. Wines urged the Prison Association to secure Mr. Barrows if it could, and he was summoned to New York to talk over the situation. When he came back to Boston, I was eager to hear his impressions.

They were far from favorable. He said that the Association was run down at the heel; that the office was a God-forsaken, dreary place; that there was no money in the treasury, but on the contrary the building was mortgaged and they were in debt to the last secretary; and in the office force there was but one capable man, though not too much could be said in praise of his judgment and efficiency. Each item for discontent that he mentioned would be, I knew, an argument to him for going to a place where he could make things better. He had not read his Emerson so long without being able to say:

When Duty whispers low, Thou must,
The Youth replies, I can!

"Well?" I queried, when he had finished his doleful tale.

"I said that I could not decide till you had been to New York also and talked things over. If we go, it would probably be for the rest of our life, for I suppose that will be the home stretch."

It was a dreary office, as we found when we went to New York together. But that was only the

outer shell. The heart of the organization was sound. The president was Charlton T. Lewis, LL.D., by no means a mere figurehead in this place, but deeply interested in the problems involved and an admirable writer on penology. Associated with him was a board of twenty-four directors, sterling men, so busy, however, that they had not time for following up details, and the lack of an efficient corresponding secretary had left the work at low ebb. They were all delighted to put the laboring oar into the hands of my husband, and he began his work there in November, 1899.

The following spring we sold our Dorchester home and bought a pretty house near the St. George ferry on Staten Island, so that my husband could have the delightful sail across the bay, seven miles. The building owned by the New York Prison Association is Number 135 East Fifteenth Street, so that it took nearly an hour from home to office, but the time was always filled with reading and study, for this busy man never lost a moment in the twenty-four hours. Seven he devoted religiously to sleep, one to dinner, half an hour to luncheon, and as his breakfast consisted of only a glass of hot milk, the remainder of his time was methodically divided according to his duties. The day began with an hour of Greek, — Homer or the tragic poets for week days and Plato for Sunday; then a little German, French, or Spanish, till eight o'clock; then practice on the organ till time

to open and answer his mail, which was very extensive as the work grew. Until set of sun his duties as secretary absorbed his time, but the evenings he reserved for other writing and study.

The Prison Association of New York is a happy union of public and private endeavor. It is supported entirely by voluntary contributions, but it makes jail inspections and reports on penal conditions in the State under the authority of the Supreme Court and these reports are presented to the legislature and printed by the State. It has been in existence sixty-six years and has had many distinguished students of penology connected with it, the most distinguished being the well-known Dr. E. C. Wines, whose portrait hangs on the library walls.

Before referring to the special penological work which now absorbed my husband's strength, I may say in brief that the forlorn office soon assumed a more cheerful aspect under his influence, the worthless assistants were gradually replaced by men and women who worked with interest and enthusiasm, the library was catalogued by an expert librarian, the debt to the former secretary was canceled, the mortgage was paid, and every penny to do this came from men and women who gave for its support from an intelligent interest in the object of the Association in response to letters unfolding those principles from the versatile pen, clear head, and warm heart of the corresponding secretary.

CHAPTER XV

THE P. A. N. Y.

FOR nearly ten years the above initials were the letters we conjured with in our family. One can hardly say that we abbreviated them by speaking of the institution as "The Panny," but it was really a term of affection, so fond did my husband become of the Association to which he now dedicated his life. He had been one of the most vigorous citizens of Massachusetts in organizing the Massachusetts Prison Association and in securing legislation in favor of probation there. From the time of its organization, that society has led a useful life, under the unbroken leadership of J. G. Thorp, the president, and Warren F. Spalding, the secretary. The New York society was much older and had had a more checkered career, but to Mr. Barrows it seemed impossible for it to do the best work unless the penal laws were changed. He thought it a great pity to send so many persons found guilty of crime to prison, and his efforts were toward securing a probation law. Here his former work in Massachusetts, and the more intimate familiarity with the making of laws from his own experience as a congressman, stood him in good stead. He drew up, with great care, such a probation law as

he desired to see passed. Knowing that no woman would be allowed to vote on it after it should reach the Assembly — a fact which he sincerely regretted, as he had always believed in equal political privileges and duties for men and women — he took the precaution to submit his bill to several women before it should go to Albany, Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell and his wife among them. Then he gave it to the law committee of the Association, who were quite surprised, on reading it, to find that it had not been drawn up by a lawyer, for it was so accurate that they had no suggestions to make. Then he carried it to Albany to be placed in the proper hands for presentation to the suitable committee. As he was starting, an acquaintance said to him: "Mr. Barrows, if you want to get that bill made into a law, you will have to put your temperance scruples into your pocket and give the newspaper men a champagne supper."

A champagne supper paid for from the funds of the Association would have been an easy piece of hospitality, but that was not the method of this hard-working total abstainer. Instead he made eleven trips to the capital that winter, interviewed personally every member of the committees having the bill in charge, convinced each one individually of the importance of the measure, converted the governor to the same way of thinking, wrote editorials week after week for the leading papers in New York, and so directed public intelligence

and sympathy that the bill was passed without a dissenting vote in either house.¹ The Albany correspondents had nothing to do with it, and, poor fellows, they had no champagne supper! I suppose there have been presidential elections which caused less stir in private homes than this bill in ours. From our eagerness and excitement one might have thought we were to gain something personally from its passage. My husband's joy was quiet, but sincere, for he felt that at last he had the element of hope to carry into his work. The law made it mandatory on the judges to appoint probation officers, not permissive only. They were very slow about appreciating their duties and opportunities under it, and so Mr. Barrows collected a great mass of testimony from the judges of Massachusetts in favor of probation, which was sent broadcast throughout the State for the education of the New York bench. No salary was affixed to the office at that time because it was believed there would be danger of political influence in the appointment of probation officers before they had proved their ability. In that respect the law was amended, after it was demonstrated that probation officers must be men and women of special stamp and that they must have an adequate salary. For a few years women's clubs,

¹ It became a law April 18, 1901, and is entitled: "An Act to amend the penal code relating to the sentencing of convicts to state prisons."

settlements, benevolent individuals, churches, and similar organizations met the modest expenses of the first probation officers.

Concerning the success of this essay at improving the penal code of his native State, Mr. Barrows in his first annual report of the Prison Association quotes from the Twenty-eighth Annual Report of the Board of City Magistrates the statement that the effect of the "probation law which went into effect September 1, 1901, after only three months, is very favorable. It has demonstrated its practical and theoretical advantages." The years since have demonstrated the value of such a law.

In 1902 Mr. Barrows was in Berne at the International Prison Commission, and while abroad he visited prisons in France, Switzerland, Bavaria, and Holland, paying especial attention to the newer prisons, representing the best types of European construction. Referring to these visits, he says (Report of Prison Association of New York for 1902): "Notable features of new prisons abroad are the good sites chosen, with ample ground, some of which may be used for gardening or agricultural purposes; the utilization of different types of structure, such as the rectangular, cruciform, and circular forms; the ample cell room, the admission of direct sunlight in the cell, the thorough system of ventilation, the absolute prevention of vermin from finding lodgment in cells, new punishment

cells with double doors, the inner one of steel grating, two feet from the outer door, thus protecting keepers from assault; the application of electricity, the telephone, and electric lights, for maintaining better security in prison administration. . . . Watchman's clocks are also used to insure greater vigilance of keepers at night. No corporal punishment is now allowed in Bavaria, France, or Switzerland."

The absurdity of having as many prison systems in a State as there are counties he always combated:

"The principle of central control has been adopted substantially by many foreign countries. Central control is now exercised over all convicted prisoners in England, France, Belgium, Norway, Holland, in each of the German States, and in Italy and Russia. While it would be impossible to have central control vested in the federal government in this country, it is entirely feasible to have such control vested in some form of central authority in each State. . . . Without disturbing the existing order, but by simply enlarging the area of authority of the superintendent of prisons, the essential advantages of State control could be secured." (Prison Association of New York Report for 1904.)

Every year added to the usefulness of the Secretary of the Prison Association. The annual reports, instead of being dry facts and figures, always contained excellent papers by various persons on

the subjects connected with prison work. The following are some of the titles of subjects discussed and the names of the writers :

"The Treatment of the Criminal," by Charlton T. Lewis; "Prison Methods," by A. S. Crapsey; "The Indeterminate Sentence," by John Franklin Fort; "New Crimes and Punishments," by S. J. Barrows; "The Court of Rehabilitation," by R. B. Molineux; "Our Parole Work," by W. H. Spencer; "After Care of Inmates of Prisons and Reformatories," by Henry E. Gregory; "Jails and Penitentiaries in New York," by Z. R. Brockway, and similar papers.

The road to Albany became a well-traveled path ¹ as he went back and forth to influence legislation during those nine busy years. One of his early duties had been to investigate the Sing Sing prison,

¹ He always tried to sit where he could see the river and the Palisades, for from his boyhood they had been his delight. His only taste of country life as a child had been at an uncle's beautiful home at Tarrytown. In an old diary kept by him when he was but a boy he says :

"The sail down the river was most beautiful. Of all pleasures that one can experience I think a sail up and down the Hudson is one of the most delightful, to look at the Palisades and lofty hills on the west side as one goes up the river and then returning to see the beautiful residences all along the east banks of the noble river. If I had plenty of money and wanted to spend it in a pretty home in the country, I know of no more desirable or beautiful site than a home on the banks of the Hudson."

He never changed his opinion, but loved the river more and more as he came to know it better.

which at that time was in a frightful physical condition, as is evident from his printed report. When it was finally decided that a new prison should be built to take its place, the Governor of the State put Mr. Barrows on the commission to select and purchase a site and prepare the plans. From that time the aim of his existence was to replace the antiquated and unsanitary¹ buildings at Sing Sing with something that should help to improve the physical and moral condition of the prisoners and at the same time be an honor to the State. It had already been decided that the new structure should be in the country. We, as a family, used often to wonder if the other members of that Commission on a New Prison were in as dead earnest as he was. Events since his death have shown only too clearly that they were far from holding the unselfish and impersonal attitude that he maintained. His heart was so fully en-

¹ Less than a month before his death, Mr. Barrows, as chairman of a committee to inspect Sing Sing prison, found that conditions there were still far from ideal. The report says:

"As the prison itself has been condemned, your committee do not consider it needful to report upon the structural or sanitary defects. One feature, however, should be condemned as pernicious in the moral and physical influence upon the men. At present there are about 900 cells, each cell being $3\frac{1}{2} \times 7 \times 7$ feet or containing not over 175 cubic feet. With no ventilation save the iron latticed door in front, in some 150 of the cells two men are placed, one cot being over the other, thus giving to each man less than 85 cubic feet of air. There is not a prison official in Europe who would not be amazed at such a condition."

grossed in it that he carried his family and friends along with him, and we all became so interested in securing a good site and wise building plans that one would have thought we were trying to provide a comfortable place in which to spend our own old age.

Sixty or more sites were offered as available, the most of which were rejected at once because they did not fulfill the conditions of the law, but some thirty were left to be inspected. This inspection he made with painstaking fidelity. Of that I can bear personal witness. Often when the would-be seller insisted on showing the proffered site from the vantage-place of an automobile, I was invited to slip in among the rest for my unofficial judgment as to the best place for a prison. One of the requirements was that the new prison should be near the river, and the heights we scaled among the hills of the Hudson looking for a site, with only cart-paths in the woods for the hard-pressed autocars, must have made the hearts of the Hendrick Hudson elves tremble with terror for us. For ourselves we were rather aghast at some of the climbs, but not nearly so much at any possible danger to ourselves as at the danger which seemed to menace the State. I recall one real estate agent, on an occasion when Mr. Barrows and I were alone, who assured us that he had just the place for the prison, the requisite five hundred acres, wood, water, proximity to the river, good

drainage, farming land, rock, clay, etc., and he begged to show us this kingdom which was at his disposal. It was a heavenly autumn day as he whirled us away from the river up among the hills which looked down on many fine residences. The slopes were burning red with sumach and maple in fall dress. Bittersweet berries were flinging open their brilliant hearts and chestnuts were dropping from the burs. In the joy and excitement of motion and the beauty of the scenery we almost forgot the men for whom we were ostensibly working. The agent waxed eloquent over the advantages of the site. He was quite right, for it was a beautiful spot. But with a woman's uncompromising literalness I brought him down to earth by exclaiming: "But I shouldn't think these people below would like to have a prison built here."

"Hush," he whispered, with a jerk of the thumb toward the chauffeur, "they know nothing about it. All the arrangements are made to sell it to some one else who will sell it to the State!"

I have since wondered if he were the man who afterward foisted the Wingdale property upon the Commonwealth. At all events he found he had not the ordinary politician to deal with in trying to sell land for a prison on that particular slope of the Hudson. Mr. Barrows assured him that under no circumstances would he be a party to deceiving

any one, and that the purchase of the land must be open and known to all, and the prison must stand where it could not offend the community.

The site which was finally approved and purchased met every requirement and, had the best plans which were submitted in the competition been accepted, a dignified building would have crowned a plateau in such a way that it would have been an ornament and not a blemish in the scenery. But through scheming best known to those who connived, those plans were not accepted, and after several hundred thousand dollars had been expended on the site, it was given up. Generations yet to come may be glad of this decision which threw the five hundred acres into a future park for our descendants, but it is doubtful if this or any succeeding generation will be glad that the old Sing Sing prison has since been thought worthy of rejuvenation, and that millions should be spent in putting new wine into old bottles. The time for removing that state prison into the country, in consonance with the most advanced ideas of penology, is only postponed, for every land is finding that rural conditions are better for delinquents as well as for dependents. The commission acting at present is simply echoing the old words: "*après moi le déluge.*"

Mr. Barrows did not live to see the complete overturning of the plans in developing which he had spent several years of earnest work. I am

glad that he was saved that disappointment, for he suffered more than his share from the way in which the choice of building plans was decided against his outspoken, earnest protest.

That this may not seem a random remark from a prejudiced friend, I quote from his own report in the Sixty-third Report of the Prison Association :

"Thirty-four sets of plans were received from architects. They were numbered and adjudged by the Board of Award, the names of the competitors being withheld in sealed envelopes until after the announcement of the award. The competition proved in many ways to be very unsatisfactory. The Board of Award found it impossible to agree as to the first prize. Number 28 received five votes. The state architect voted for Number 30. Commissioner Barrows voted for Number 15. He also protested against the award before the name of the competitor was disclosed, feeling that it was not made in strict compliance with the rules nor with considerations of comparative merit. . . . It is to be regretted that the Commission on New Prisons could not have come to a more definite agreement as to certain necessary penological features before submitting their program to the architects. It is still more to be regretted that the Board of Award did not make any thorough analytical comparison of the ten best plans. A motion to that effect offered by Commissioner Barrows was not even seconded."

Among the reforms for which he worked was the abolition of paying the sheriff by fees according to the number of prisoners arrested and cared for. In 1904 he wrote:

"It is a notable fact that in a great number of the counties in which the fee system has been abolished the prison population has been reduced from ten to fifty per cent. The expense to the county has been reduced in the same proportion. . . . There are still twenty-one counties in New York in which sheriffs get their living out of prisoners at so much a head. Constables and justices are sometimes in the ring. That the laws are used in any county to keep prisoners in idleness for the profit of a public official, when under a probation system they might be supporting themselves and their families, with better hope of reformation, is a grave public scandal. It affects the interests of the whole State. It is a blot on the good name of the community that a discredited system, which has been discarded by nearly every civilized nation, should be maintained here as a source of revenue for local politicians. . . . It is to the interest of the sheriff to have as many prisoners and to keep them as long as possible. Whenever any county has any institution for the manufacture of criminals, all the adjacent counties and the State as a whole must suffer from the contagion, both physical and moral." (Prison Association of New York Report, 1904.)

The report for 1905 contains a paper read by Mr. Barrows before the New York State Conference of Charities on "What Needs to be Done in New York." This was afterward epitomized into a leaflet which was sent broadcast throughout the State. Copies were sent to clergymen, that they might preach upon the subject; to editors, for the help of the press; to teachers, that they might help to form public opinion among the young. It was an excellent summary, but the sad part is that the things still demand to be done, so slowly do reforms work themselves out in the moderate process of evolution. They were in substance as follows:

Every means should be taken to strengthen the sense of individual and of social responsibility, to multiply the forces of prevention, to improve the physical and moral condition of our cities, to multiply kindergartens, schools, playgrounds, manual training, and every form of social betterment. The forces which develop virtue are more potent in reducing crime than the forces which suppress vice. Prohibitions may be useful, but education in the habits of industry and sobriety is still better. The policeman, judge, or prison warden cannot do the work in the court, or the prison, which ought to be done in and by the community.

Imprisonment should not be the first, but the last resort in dealing with offenders. The scope and functions of the children's court may be en-

larged and its efficiency increased by the coöperation of teachers and citizens.

The probation system, both for adults and juvenile offenders, should be improved and extended.

The discipline of persons under arrest should not begin until after their conviction; they should have an opportunity to work on their own account while awaiting trial.

Measures should be taken to distinguish, in the courts as well as in prison, habitual criminals from first or accidental offenders.

Imbeciles and feeble-minded persons should no longer be punished as if they were responsible; they should be placed under proper custodial care.

All adult persons convicted of violating State laws should be dealt with by the State and committed to its custody.

The State should assume control of all penal institutions, juvenile reformatories excepted. Prison industries should likewise be centralized under State control. No prisoner capable of work should remain in idleness. Prisoners should be allowed to share the proceeds of their labor, a part of which should be available for their families. Prison administration should be entirely free from the influence of partisan politics.

Jails should be used only as secure houses of detention for those awaiting trial. The system of paying sheriffs so much per head and so much per diem for every prisoner kept in their custody is

liable to the greatest abuse, for it is to the interest of the sheriff to have as many prisoners as possible. It should be replaced by the salary system.¹

The indeterminate sentence should be extended to all but capital offences and applied to both felons and misdemeanants. It should be accompanied by a grading and marking system. There should be a reformatory for misdemeanants outside of New York City equal in equipment to that at Elmira. Medical and judicial authority may well be represented on all boards of parole, which should be absolutely unpartisan.

There should be a better grade of prison guards. The physical condition of prisons should conform to the requirements of modern sanitation. All prisoners should be released only tentatively. A probationer who gives proof of living an honest life should, after five years, have his record of conviction expunged. Incurable offenders should be permanently segregated by the State.

From the very first of his connection with prison work, Mr. Barrows was deeply interested in a better way of treating misdemeanants. The arbitrary distinction between felons and misdemeanants, as drawn by the law, bears very hard in many cases. He says:

¹ At the time of the death of Mr. Barrows forty-seven of the sixty-one counties had put their sheriffs on salaries, Governor Hughes signing the bill to carry that into effect in Queens County the very day of the service held in memory of the man who had lived, and one might say died, to secure that reform.

"The most important reforms in the domain of penology now relate to the treatment of this class. It is not difficult to discover the principles which should control such treatment. A purely punitive system has proved an utter failure. A corrective system would impose new conditions, introduce new influences, and secure new results. In such a system, probation, the indeterminate sentence, and reformatory institutions are all essential elements. It is less dangerous in almost all cases to put a first offender on probation than to send him to jail for a short sentence, especially under the influences which now prevail in jail life. But when probation proves of no avail, then the misdemeanant should be sent under an indeterminate sentence to a reformatory institution. The adoption of such a method would result in a great reduction of the number of those who are now hopelessly assigned to the incorrigible class. The early establishment of a reformatory for misdemeanants would be a measure of rational economy." (Prison Association of New York Report, 1903.)

Mr. Barrows was always on guard, like a faithful watch-dog, in the Albany halls of legislation. Bills apparently innocent on their face were often dangerous to the best interests of the prisoners, and he was on hand to fight them, as when he appeared at a hearing of the senate committee on education in relation to a bill which seemed only to allow school authorities to buy school supplies

in the open market, when in their judgment it seemed best to do so. Innocent as it appeared, it was a dangerous blow aimed at the furniture industry of the State prison at Auburn. Had it passed, it would have made another exemption in favor of a special trade, and placed increased burdens on the taxpayers. Fortunately the bill was killed. A bill to abolish all machinery, except by hand or foot power, had also to be met, and one to allow purchasers of prison-made goods to be the judges of the price of such goods. Such bills he believed would have ruined prison industries, had they passed.

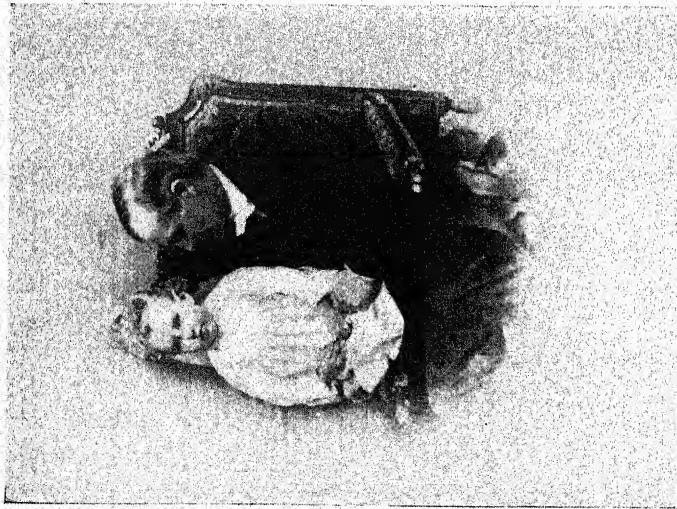
Much as Mr. Barrows did in the way of securing better prison laws, and interested as he was in prison structure, he was far more deeply concerned with the prisoners themselves, and especially with the sad fate of their families. One day he came home with trouble on his sunny brow. "What is it?" I asked, for if a cloud was on that face it was as though the sun had been stricken from my sky.

"I am thinking of a poor little woman who came to see me to-day. Her husband is in Sing Sing for bigamy, but she still loves him and says he was temporarily bewitched and she wants to hold her family together till he can come out. But she has three little children and cannot go out to work. She has no relatives, as she is from another land and could not let her people know her plight.

Don't you think we could take her and her three children to our camp for the summer?"

Cedar Lodge did not seem a suitable place, but our daughter, then, as always, sprang to our relief and said she should go to her camp, which was better adapted for little children. So the family of the bigamist spent three happy months on the shores of Lake Memphremagog, and when he was released on probation, and finally set wholly free by the expiration of his term, he supported his dear, faithful, little wife in comfort, and every year a letter of gratitude signed by both came with a contribution to the work of the Prison Association. And when their kind friend was lost to them forever there was no letter more pitiful and genuine than the one expressing their sorrow. And that was but one of many similar cases that might be cited.

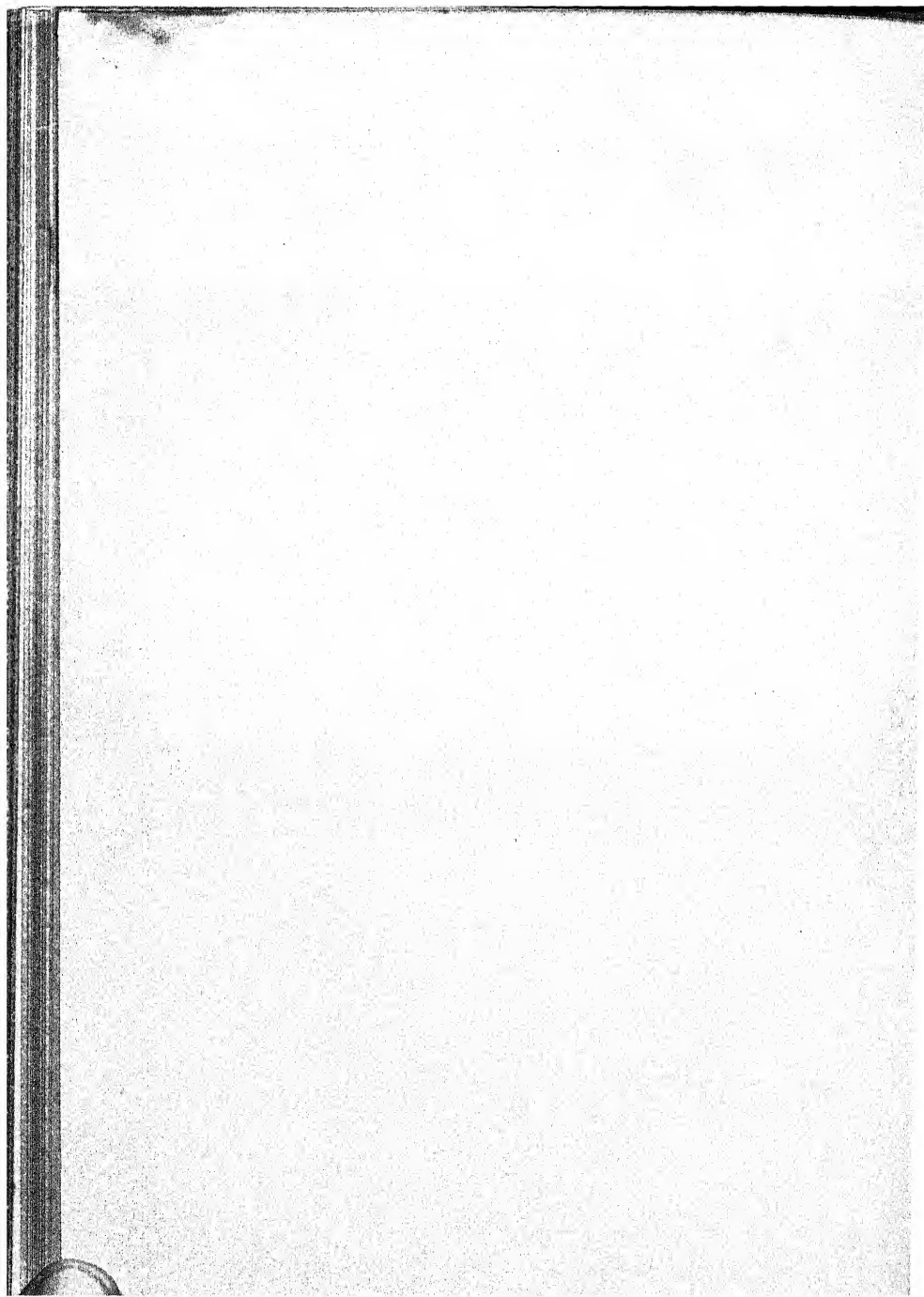
Federal prisoners may now be paroled, as many have found to their great advantage. They may not know how much they owe to Mr. Barrows for this great boon. He was made chairman of a committee chosen by the National Prison Association to bring the subject of parole for United States prisoners to the attention of Congress in 1900, and from that time he appeared before congressional committees every winter till the battle was won. The committee, consisting of Mr. Barrows, Albert Garvin, and Z. R. Brockway, framed an indeterminate sentence law based on that of New York,



THE ONLY SON



THE ONLY DAUGHTER AND LITTLE JUNE



adapted to federal prisoners, and this was the basis of the long struggle which finally resulted in the passage of the law entitled: An Act to parole United States Prisoners and for Other Purposes. [Public — No. 269] [870].

The corresponding secretary had a very large correspondence, reaching at least forty States in the Union, chiefly concerning matters of penal legislation. Correspondence was also conducted with persons in England, Scotland, France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, Switzerland, Hungary, Norway, Japan, Sweden, Holland, Russia, Spain, Portugal, Greece, South Africa, Australia, New South Wales, and Tasmania, and from each of these countries there always came at Christmas time a card of greeting for the American friend who had answered so many questions about children's courts, the reformatory system of the United States, and the indeterminate sentence. The writers were chiefly the personal friends whom he had learned to esteem at the various international meetings he attended from time to time in Europe. After his death, many of these public men sent for his photograph to hang in their committee rooms, or legislative halls, as a reminder of the one who had especially introduced to their attention the work done for juvenile criminals in this country.

Innumerable were the addresses made at meetings of many kinds, as an address on "Public Guardianship of Dependents, Defectives and

Delinquents," before the Brotherhood of the Kingdom; before the Conference of Christian Workers on "Jesus as a Penologist," a paper afterwards printed and distributed by the thousand; on "The Supervision of Paroled and Discharged Prisoners," before the New York State Conference of Charities and Correction; on the "Legal Punishment of Drunken and Disorderly Offenders," before the Charity Organization Society; on "Probation," before the Brooklyn Mission; on "The Treatment of the Criminal," at Vassar College; in New Jersey on "A Reformatory for Women"; on "International Aspects of Penology," before the Canadian Club of Toronto; on the "Indeterminate Sentence," before the Prisoners' Aid Association of Toronto; to the prisoners of the Toronto prison on "The Treatment of the Criminal." In the two days in Toronto on that occasion he spoke to eleven different audiences on some phase of prison reform.

As an after-dinner speaker he was always in demand, and on the occasion of the Emerson Centennial dinner in New York was one of the few who could give personal reminiscences of his friendship with Emerson.

Schools and colleges, universities and churches, called upon him constantly for addresses, and he never refused, though his services were usually unpaid. Wells College demanded him annually. Yale heard him occasionally, and almost the last

public address he made was in Columbia University, on "Humanity in the Treatment of the Criminal." [March 24, 1909.] Every year he gave a course of ten lectures before the School of Philanthropy in New York. An inspiring audience he found on several occasions in the People's Institute at Cooper Union. A paper on "Legal Obstacles to the Reformation of Prisoners," read before the Political Science Association in Madison, Wisconsin, awakened a good deal of interest. It is reprinted in the Prison Association of New York Report for 1908. The last one given in a church was on March 7, 1909, at the Brick Presbyterian Church, Rochester, New York, on "Our Duty to the Offender."

As one of the editors of *Charities and the Commons*, afterwards the *Survey*, Mr. Barrows reached a large audience, but occasionally that audience was greatly increased by the generosity of friends, as when Hon. W. P. Letchworth paid for thousands of reprints of an article entitled: "How to Reduce our Prison Population," which appeared in *Charities and the Commons*, November 3, 1906.

In addition to his work in the Prison Association, Mr. Barrows was appointed a member of the Probation Commission in 1905 by the Governor of the State. This commission held forty-one meetings in New York, three in Buffalo, two in Rochester, and three in Albany. The investigations were thorough, and the report finally sub-

mitted was of great value. Mr. Barrows became a recognized leader in the work of improving this system.

Far and wide his usefulness in the Prison Association of New York was recognized, but his own directors felt it most deeply. I cannot better close this chapter than by quoting from the report for 1909, the first part of which he prepared himself, but which his directors had to finish. In their minutes the following generous and appreciative words find place :

"In 1900 he became corresponding secretary of the New York Prison Association, and for nine years our affairs have been guided by him. How quickly did the old friends of the Association find out that he was the right man in the right place ! How quickly did he win new friends for the Association ! Our finances improved in surprising manner, and the community generously replied to his appeal for material help. And no one who read one of his appeals, none who heard him speak on our work, could have questioned his competency. The voice was that of the shepherd and the master, not of the hireling or the novice. He pleaded the cause of the prisoner because he was a lover of man, and counted those members of the human family who had broken the social contract as still worthy of human treatment, and of every effort to regain them to society, to win them back to the path of duty.

"As we came to know him better, our astonishment at the range of his interests and of his information grew. To us at first he was a penologist, the writer and editor of important reports on penological subjects, the fountain of knowledge on prisons and prisoners, their helps and their hindrances, their friends and their foes. We shared his enthusiasm in the good work of prison reform and were glad to coöperate with him. We too wanted to see the fee system abolished in every county of our State, to see all the jails under proper control, and graft in prison a thing of history merely. Then we found that he had interest in the humane side of our work and rejoiced if he could aid by advice or money and other help those depending upon us. As time went on, we discovered that he had other interests, that his sympathies took an extraordinary range. We found that there was no cause in which the welfare of man or woman was a factor in which he was not ready to embark. He was a strong advocate of total abstinence, of woman suffrage, of the education of Indians and of the colored people, of international peace and comity. He threw himself into the support of Russian freedom and would have been just as devoted in freeing any other people. He was, too, a man of remarkable accomplishments. He was acquainted with many languages and literatures and daily drew deep draughts from the springs of Greek thought.

He had traveled widely and with open eyes, and had entered into friendship with men of many climes. And with all he was a musician. When he played on the organ or sang in the oratorio, he was carried away, and you would have said that music was his only passion. We found there were many who knew him in one or two of these interests, but there was probably none who knew him in them all.

"And then what a fine man he was! He had charm. He was full of humor, he sparkled with wit. He was quick in his movement and in his speech. He was the embodiment of energy. He overflowed with sympathy and appreciation. His presence was always cheery. There was sunlight where he was; there was more ozone. He was a live man. There was in him a mighty tide of joy and peace because he lived an unselfish life, and only those who live for others get the best out of life. He wielded a trenchant pen, could make an eloquent speech, draft an interesting report. He knew how to use his hands in the making of articles; in fact it seemed as if he could do anything and everything, except that which was base. Sin in all its forms had no attraction for him. In him men saw virtue only.

"We thought that there were for us many more years of joint labor under his leadership, and that he would be permitted in the serenity of old age to continue his service as our counsellor after his

active days were over. But God has willed it otherwise. He has closed the book of his earthly life at what seems to us its most interesting page. He has died in the fulness of his activity and in the maturity of his powers. But his work is done. And it was a great and needed work. We say farewell with tearful voices, farewell till we meet again."

CHAPTER XVI

A PRISON TOUR

SING SING had been occupied as a prison nearly a century. Mr. Barrows felt that the new prison should be built to serve as long and that to know how best to do it there should be careful study of new penal institutions in Europe. The State was quite willing to bear the traveling expenses of the commission for such a purpose, but the other members were as ready with excuses as the men in scripture days who begged to be excused from doing what was expected of them. One might have thought they had already fixed their minds on the plans they would adopt. Mr. Barrows therefore was the only member of the Commission on New Prison who sought to learn from other countries what might be best for his own. I went too, meeting my own expenses, but as he liked to incur as little expense for the State as possible, we sailed from Montreal June 15, 1907, by a line which was comfortable but inexpensive. We were accompanied by Miss Alice C. Fletcher of Washington and our Russian friends, Mr. and Mrs. Tschaikovsky. As we hoped to visit Russia, we were hardly well out in the channel of the St. Lawrence before we had pencils and paper in our

hands and were taking our first lessons in Russian. It was little enough that we learned in the ten days' voyage, but it was enough to disprove the statement that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, for the little we acquired proved very useful on more than one occasion.

Landing in Liverpool, Miss Fletcher and I went on to London and Oxford, where we saw the wonderful historical pageant of that year, while Mr. Barrows visited prisons in Ireland, Wales, and England, being especially pleased with the newest English construction.

Our way then took us to Holland, Denmark, and Sweden. As Mr. Barrows traveled with papers from our own Department of State, every door in every country was open to him. In Stockholm especially, where we had many warm personal friends, some of them in high official positions, he was treated with great consideration. Yet as I recall the kindness and attention showered upon us, I remember with deepest feeling the evening in the beautiful home of Professor Wallis down by the fjord side. He and my husband were old and congenial friends and co-workers in the cause of temperance. There was no delight in foreign travel to us comparable to seeing the homes of our friends, and Dr. Hjorth, who with his family was with us that night, had been a fellow student with me in Vienna University forty years before.

From Stockholm to Helsingfors was a delight-

ful trip on a comfortable steamer. After a few hours there, Miss Fletcher and I continued up the Gulf of Finland to St. Petersburg, while Mr. Barrows stayed to visit prisons and to call on some of the ladies to whom he had introductions, who had recently been elected to parliament. He found them immensely interested in prison reform, and he in turn was as sincerely interested in their political advancement and opportunities.

After visits to the prisons of St. Petersburg and Moscow, in both of which places he saw scores of political prisoners, men and women, some of them young and for whom his heart ached, — though he could not tell them so, — we went on to Nijni Novgorod. There we took a boat down the majestic Volga, and for three days and nights of intense heat we steamed between the monotonous shores among the strange-looking craft and the vast lumber rafts coming from the far north. We paused at every town of any size and went ashore among the people with whom we could not exchange a word, our small stock of Russian being wholly inadequate for conversation. But if we saw fresh berries or melons, he would take what we desired and then spread out some coins on the palm of his hand and leave the peasants to select what was their due. They would look up into his friendly, honest eyes and then back to his hand and pick up bits of copper or silver as the case might be.

He never believed that he was cheated in thus treating them.

It was on this river trip that occurred the miracle of the handkerchiefs. It was our third day out, and ten days since we had had a chance for any laundry work, and as we had been traveling light-handed he had come to the end of his clean handkerchiefs. Here was a great river, but there seemed no way of using it for laundry purposes, and he was quite distressed, for neatness about person and dress was one of his distinguishing characteristics. "What am I going to do?" he despairingly asked; "this is my very last one!" The window to our stateroom opened upon the deck. Just then it was suddenly darkened and I looked up to see a man's form filling it up, as he thrust a white roll into the room. We had made a landing without our noticing it and this peddler had leapt aboard, against permission, and now thrust into our faces an old-fashioned roll of handkerchiefs woven in a long strip. It would have been flying in the face of Providence not to buy the roll without any dickering, and the man departed as jubilant with his roubles as we were at this sudden dispensation which supplied a sore need.

At Samara we left the boat. Of course there was a prison to visit in that large city and it was carefully inspected, but our special object was to go still farther east on the trans-Siberian railroad to visit our dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Shishkoff,

and to see how the people were recovering from the effects of the terrible famine which had been widespread over that part of the country and for which a fund of sixty-nine thousand dollars had been raised in the United States, by a committee of which Mr. Barrows was the secretary.

From the hospitable home where we received such a royal welcome, the head of which has, alas ! since died, we could look across the grain fields to the foot hills of the Ural Mountains. Just beyond those blue peaks lay Siberia, a fact which we realized on the train, for every mile was guarded by soldiers and at every station was a box-car on a siding serving for barracks. How many weary, but heroic hearts had passed over that road and were passing daily ! It was most depressing to even the constitutionally cheerful man who never forgot, in studying prison construction, the needs and sorrows of the men who were to occupy them.

From Samara to Saratoff we again steamed down the Volga, and here also a prison was hunted up. The Russian officials everywhere recognized with courtesy the papers from the United States Department of State, and prison doors were never closed to him ; prisons where women were confined were equally open to me.

On our return to Moscow we made our never-to-be-forgotten visit to Count Leo Tolstoy. He was then at his country home beyond Tula and was in vigorous health, working many hours daily at his

desk, walking about his great estate, taking long horseback rides, and devoting an hour every evening to reading and expounding the gospels to the peasant boys from the adjacent village.

We were received cordially by Count Tolstoy, his wife, son, and one of his ardent disciples, and we literally broke bread together, and, more than that, feasted on delicious white strawberries and sugar and cream, along with our bread and milk.

Tolstoy was not much interested in my husband's object in coming to Europe. "What's the use of prisons, anyway?" he asked. Unwilling to get into any controversy with our distinguished host, Mr. Barrows deftly changed the subject. The countess took us upstairs, saying she was sure we would like to see the study made famous by a thousand descriptions. As Miss Fletcher paused on the threshold, in a spirit of reverence, she remarked: "And here his spiritual children were born!" The literal countess, losing sight of the qualifying adjective, replied "Yes, all but two, on that very divan in the corner. And he himself and his brothers and sisters were born on it, too!" The sudden transition from spirit to flesh made us bite our lips. Undoubtedly it is the same divan which figures in "War and Peace" at the birth of a child.

For me was accidentally reserved the finest touch in our conversation that memorable afternoon. We were all strolling along the narrow

footpaths under the majestic oaks which for centuries have stood guard over the Tolstoy acres, when Tolstoy called to me to come and see the windings of the brook, and we walked on together. We were speaking of the peasants, and I quoted a remark of Mrs. Shishkoff's, who has a warm love for the tillers of the soil, to the effect that no one could see a peasant die without having his faith in immortality confirmed, for the future life was so real to them.

"Yes," he said, "I too believe in immortality. Whether after death I shall know myself for myself I do not know, but this I know, that I shall be with God."

It was a quick glimpse into his illumined soul, and the light still shines from his words. I wonder if now that he is with God he "knows himself for himself."

There remained prisons in Warsaw to study, and in every place there were art galleries and places of historic interest calling to one of such catholic tastes as my dear husband, but it was always the prison first, the pictures and the dearly loved music last.

The International Prison Commission was to meet at Lausanne, and there we found ourselves a few weeks later. Hither came my husband's loyal friends from many countries, hailing him leader as well as friend, for this was the first official gathering where he presided as their chief officer.

During the three days' sessions the plans for the Washington Congress were discussed and the program laid out. He rejoiced in the number who promised to come and especially that his beloved Dr. Guillaume, the secretary, had finally determined to cross the seas for that purpose. All were full of hope and sanguine in their expectation of a glorious reunion under his masterly leadership. Not a shadow fell on the closing banquet when they parted with the cheery greeting of each to their American friend: "Monsieur President! au revoir."

There were no new prisons in southern France to study, but as we were passing through various cities on our way to Spain, we paused at half a dozen and examined those still in use. Even at Carcassonne, rich in history and legend, the chief excuse for an extra day was to see the old prison. So while Miss Fletcher and I explored the castle ruins, with its dungeons and keeps, or listened to the cab driver recite the famous poem dear to those who would fain see Carcassonne and do not, the head of our party was conferring with the prison authorities and looking after the convicts in their cells.

At Barcelona we saw our first Spanish prison, and the remembrance of its discomforts we tried to wash away in a delightful swim in the Mediterranean. Later we were at Valencia, Madrid, Toledo, Seville, and the Escorial, but the indefatigable American prison reformer found nothing

that he wished to incorporate in the new prison of his native State. We were no more fortunate in Portugal, so far as construction went, but in Lisbon we were met by several men who were great workers for prison reform in their own country, as Madam Arenal had been in Spain in former years. No living person, however, on the Iberian peninsula has yet equaled that marvelous woman whose writings on social reform are the pride of Spain. They chanced to be celebrating her memory while we were there, and masses of flowers were sent in her honor from pennies voluntarily contributed by the prisoners of Spain.

We had one experience in Portugal which gave unmingled satisfaction to us all, even to poor Miss Fletcher, who never escaped the penological air which we all breathed those four busy months.

A year or two before my husband had flung a pamphlet upon my desk with the words: "You read Spanish; see if you can make a paragraph about that for *Charities*" (of which he was one of the editors).

I picked it up. It was Portuguese, of which I did not know a word. I slipped on a hat, ran round the corner to a second-hand bookstore and for seventy-five cents bought a pocket Portuguese lexicon. By its aid I wrote a two or three page article about a boy's reformatory in Portugal. I even translated the mottoes from the walls of the schoolroom, and one of them in verse I actually

ventured to render into equivalent English lines. I can still hear my dear man's laugh as he looked over my shoulder and saw what I was doing. I confess that I trembled a little in my shoes lest in time I should be weighed in the balance the other side of the sea and found wanting.

One frightfully hot day in Lisbon, as we were laboring to keep the breath of life in us, a gentleman was announced. The name on the modest card looked familiar, but I could not recall where I had seen it. My husband went down to the drawing-room and came flying up the stairs two steps at a time, in spite of the heat.

"It is Señor Ernest Vasconcellos from Villa Fernando, the report of whose school you translated for *Charities*. He saw by the papers that we were here and has traveled all night, twelve hours, to beg us to go back with him to visit the school and let his boys see the one who told their story in another world. Will you go?"

Twelve hours in that heat and dust! How could we? But he, poor soul, would have traveled four-and-twenty! We could not send him back disappointed.

Twelve hours sitting bolt upright in heat and dust and smoke, from six P.M. to six A.M. in a Portuguese country train, guiltless of cushions and toilet conveniences, — it cannot be denied that it was a long night. I remember how good it was to get out of the stuffy car into the fresh morning air and

see the good teacher's joy at finding the archaic vehicles, which with consummate faith he had ordered to be waiting, standing ready to receive us. The long, level drive between orchards of oranges, lemons, and almonds was refreshing and calm after the night on the train. At the entrance to the reform school the boys were drawn up in lines, and as we drove between them they stood with uncovered heads. We were received at the bare, simple home of the teacher by his dear mother, who welcomed us with the language of the eye and hand, for we had no other in common, though the devoted son interpreted her pretty Portuguese into French. Cool, sweetened water, a breakfast of fruits and bread, and we were taken through this remarkable school by the young man who might have been earning a competence as a lawyer in Lisbon, but for his greater love for the boys who had never had a chance. Though the school was under the government, the appropriations for it were pitifully small, and every penny received was expended for the betterment of character through the training of the hand. Absolutely nothing was wasted on show. It was truly a place where beauty was unadorned. It was simplicity simplified. The only luxury was cleanliness. The only beauty, that of growing vine and bush, flowers and fruit, clustered about the whitewashed houses of the dormitories and school buildings. Their badge was a little colored pic-

ture of Jesus at the carpenter's bench, which appeared at every turn. His goodness and his industry were held up to these wayward boys as the master model to follow. The effect on these ignorant boys, picked up on the streets of Lisbon, proved wonderful when the influence of that far-off Galilean life was held up for their imitation. As we passed through the various classrooms and work shops, I smiled to see what I had never dreamed of seeing, — the mottoes on the walls, and among them the very verse that I had done into English from its native Portuguese.

There were a good many red-letter days among the one hundred and twenty of that trip, but he would have been a color-blind mortal who would not have recognized the day at Villa Fernando as one of the brightest of them all.

Another such day, or a series of them, was when we fled from heat and prisons to the beautiful heights of Granada, and in Miss Laird's fruit-filled garden, under the shadow of the Alhambra, forgot the present for the past, wandering by day and by moonlight through the exquisite arches, charming in themselves and made bewitching by the gifted pen of Irving and many another writer. But that we were still tethered to the mundane world of crime we were suddenly reminded, as one day at high noon a highwayman rushed out from the groves near the Alhambra and wrenched Miss Fletcher's little bag from her arm with such vio-

lence that she bore the marks of the bruises for many weeks. Without a thought of the possible danger, I sped on after him as fast as I could fly, but the robber soon distanced me, not, however, till a rabble was chasing me, too, and for a while it looked as though I were the guilty one. We all — save the highwayman — brought up at the police station, and the outrage was recorded in pure Castilian. But no trace of the pretty new bag, containing some money, a passport, and hardest of all to lose, the journal of the entire trip, was ever found.

From Gibraltar we sailed for home (September 23) after four months of almost continuous travel covering many thousands of miles, during which Mr. Barrows had visited, studied, taken the necessary measurements, and made voluminous shorthand notes of thirty-six prisons in fourteen countries. Architects' plans, diagrams, descriptions, and data of many kinds were also collected, all to be used in the new prison which he vainly thought was to be a model for the world.

During this period Mr. Barrows had conferences with prison directors, architects, and other officials in England, Ireland, Wales, Denmark, Sweden, Finland, Russia, Poland, Prussia, Saxony, Switzerland, France, Spain, and Portugal. On previous visits he had visited twenty-four other prisons. Many note-books were filled with his beautiful shorthand script, and boxes of plans, drawings,

and photographs were sent back to New York. The list of persons to whom he acknowledges his indebtedness takes a half page in the report of the New York Prison Association, where a preliminary sketch of his work abroad was printed. He never lived to complete the full report.

A few sentences from this sketch will show some of the things he learned.

"The soul of a prison system, so-to-speak, is what will eventually influence and determine the material body, the physical structure represented in walls and buildings. In some countries it is painful to see the new spirit and the new ideal struggling for expression against physical conditions of an antique and imperfect order. We need not go away from our own country for such an example. For many years Sing Sing prison has been inadequate to represent the new spirit and the new ideas, as well as the new sanitation, required in modern prison construction. The creation of the New Prison Commission in this State is an attempt to equip new ideals with new conditions. There was no country in Europe which I visited in which the pressure of the new ideal is not felt, and in which some endeavor is not being made to realize it, often against most discouraging lethargy or opposition."

Of the different countries to which he refers, I select a few paragraphs: "Finland has a modern and progressive prison system; that it was well

administered was evident from the two prisons I inspected at Helsingfors.

"In no country which I visited were more facilities afforded me in seeing prisons than in Russia. From the Director-General of Prisons down to the humblest guard, all were unhesitatingly prompt in showing everything I desired to see and took unusual pains to answer my manifold questions. . . . The overcrowded condition of Russian prisons is due almost entirely to the great number of political prisoners. She is trying to settle by penological methods, by imprisonment and punishment, questions and problems which experience has proved can be better settled in other ways. It is imposing upon the prison system of any country too vast a burden to expect it to solve difficulties and problems of social order which can only be settled by free discussion, by the education of public sentiment, by the ballot-box, and by parliamentary institutions. . . . From the standpoint of prison construction I felt well repaid for visiting Russia. . . . Notable features were the large windows in every cell, the abundant cell room, the use of the electric light, the ample provision for exercise in the open air. It was gratifying to find prisoners held for trial using the privilege given to them of working at various trades and earning something for themselves or families while awaiting trial. . . . The Russian workman likes his siesta after eating his noon luncheon, and one

may see them in summer lying in the shade on the bare ground near their working places. Likewise in the prison work shops the same wise habit of rest after eating is encouraged, and the prisoners stretch themselves on the benches and floors of their work shops for their daily nooning. . . . In her newest prisons Russia is giving attention not only to the question of security, but to all the questions of sanitation, comfort, convenience, and discipline which must be considered in the model, up-to-date prison. . . . A characteristic feature of Polish prisons is a large room with rows of ascending benches. It looks something like a school-room, but is really a Russian vapor bath, which all prisoners must take at least once in two weeks.

"The most surprising and at the same time most encouraging thing in Portugal is the zeal and intelligence with which they are applying the principles of the modern reformatory treatment to young men. One of these is at Caxias near Lisbon. I was struck here with the sincerity, intelligence, and heartiness with which the educational method was conducted instead of one merely punitive. The moral atmosphere of the place was bracing, and the young men seemed to feel its invigorating influences. Great attention is paid to manual training and the teaching of trades.

"In the colony at Villa Fernando I was again impressed with the necessity of combining an excellent system with the force of a dominant per-

sonality. The influence of the director radiates in every department of the colony. He believes in his work, believes in his boys, and while maintaining a firm discipline, infuses a spirit of hope and of cheer which is morally invigorating. Portugal has every reason to be proud of its Agricultural Colony for Boys.

"I am frequently asked how European prisons compare with our own in point of structure and equipment. My recent inspection of prisons in Europe (thirty-six prisons in fourteen different countries) has convinced me that each continent has something to learn from the other. We have developed in America the reformatory system for younger adults; we have applied the probation system and are developing the children's courts, matters of deep interest to European penologists. On the other hand, on the subject of prison construction, we can greatly profit by European models.

"1. Europe has adopted almost everywhere a form of prison structure with more abundant cell room than is furnished in the United States, and with a large window in every cell.

"2. The best European jails are superior to our own in providing a complete separation of jail prisoners, in well lighted cells.

"3. All European jails and prisons are furnished with exercise yards, and prisoners are permitted and required to take exercise once or twice a day

for from thirty minutes to an hour. In a great number of American jails there is no provision for out-of-door exercise.

"4. In a number of European countries prisoners awaiting trial may work and receive compensation for their labor. (Prison Association of New York Report for 1907.)

CHAPTER XVII

THE INTERNATIONAL PRISON CONGRESS

THROUGH the influence of that distinguished American, Dr. E. C. Wines, aided by the United States government, the International Prison Congress was organized in 1872. The meetings of the congress were to be held every five years, and the work of preparation was intrusted to a commission made up of one delegate from each affiliated country. This representative was appointed by the head of each government, and the share in meeting the expenses of the commission was levied on each country according to the population, about five dollars for each million inhabitants. The first meeting was held in London, where Dr. Wines presided. Succeeding meetings were held in Paris, Rome, St. Petersburg, Stockholm, Brussels, Budapest. In spite of the fact that the United States was the first to move in the creation of this influential body, no official representative was appointed after the death of Dr. Wines in 1879. Nor had this country contributed toward the expenses of any congress. In 1895 President Cleveland appointed Mr. Barrows to represent the United States on the International Prison Commission, and through his exertions Congress was induced

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to appropriate the amount necessary to pay the share of our government into the treasury of the Commission.

With his usual zeal and industry Mr. Barrows threw himself into the work and prepared the reports expected from each commissioner. The following is the list of reports which he presented at the various congresses after that time.

Report of the Delegates of the United States to the Fifth International Prison Congress, held at Paris, France, in July, 1895, by Roeliff Brinkerhoff, R. W. McClaughry, Charlton T. Lewis, and S. J. Barrows. Washington, D.C.

The Criminal Insane in the United States and Foreign Countries, by S. J. Barrows. Washington, 1898.

The Indeterminate Sentence and Parole Law, by Warren F. Spalding, Martin D. Follett, R. W. McClaughry, a committee of the Bar Association, and S. J. Barrows. Washington, 1899.

Penological Questions, by S. E. Baldwin, C. E. Felton, J. B. Chapin, M. J. Cassidy, E. C. Putnam, E. G. Evans, James Allison, Michael Heymann, Mrs. M. Mitchell, and Mrs. L. L. Brackett. Washington, 1899.

New Legislation concerning Crimes, Misdemeanours, and Penalties, compiled by S. J. Barrows. Washington, 1900.

The Reformatory System in the United States, by S. J. Barrows, Z. R. Brockway, F. B. Sanborn,

C. D. Warner, C. T. Lewis, J. F. Scott, I. J. Wistar, Samuel Fallows, R. Brinkerhoff, Isabel C. Barrows, Ellen C. Johnson, T. E. Ellison, Henry Wolfer, and T. J. Charlton. Washington, 1900.

Prison Systems of the United States, by S. J. Barrows, Frank Strong, B. F. Smith, C. L. Stonaker, T. D. Wells, H. S. Landis, C. A. Plummer, G. S. Griffith, F. G. Pettigrove, O. M. Barnes, Frank Conley, A. E. Harvey, C. B. Denson, J. D. Lee, I. J. Wistar, Nelson Viall, G. N. Dow, S. A. Hawk, N. D. McDonald, and P. W. Ayres. Washington, 1900.

The Cost of Crime, by Eugene Smith. Washington, 1901.

Growth of the Criminal Law of the United States, by D. K. Watson. Washington, 1902.

The Sixth International Prison Congress, held at Brussels, Belgium, in August, 1900. Washington, 1903.

Penal Codes of France, Germany, Belgium, and Japan, by R. Béranger, E. Jarno, Alfred Le Poittevin, Wolfgang Mittermaier, Hermann Adami, Adolph Prins, and Keigo Kiyoura. Washington, 1901.

Modern Prison Systems, by C. R. Henderson. Washington, 1903.

Programme of Questions for the Seventh International Prison Congress. Washington, 1904.

Tuberculosis in Penal Institutions, by Julius B. Ransom, M.D. Washington, 1904.

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Children's Courts in the United States, by S. J. Barrows, R. S. Tuthill, T. D. Hurley, Thomas Murphy, J. M. Mayer, R. J. Wilkin, B. B. Lindsey, Mrs. H. K. Schoff, Bert Hall, A. F. Skinner, G. W. Stubbs, Mrs. H. W. Rogers, and C. C. Eliot. Washington, 1904.

Report of Proceedings of the Seventh International Prison Congress, held at Budapest, Hungary, in September, 1905. Washington, 1907.

His striking personality won for Mr. Barrows immediate recognition in the first congress that he attended, in 1895 in Paris. He spoke in French in the discussions, at the banquets, and in long and delightful conversations with the many interesting men and women he met at these gatherings. At the next one, held in 1900 in Brussels, he was hailed as a friend by many with whom he had kept up a regular correspondence during the five years' interval, having also met some twice in the meantime at meetings of the Commission.

The Seventh International Prison Congress was held in Budapest, September 9, 1905, and we went together. It was a time never to be forgotten, and as it was the only one in which we both took part it was all the more interesting. Twenty-eight countries were represented. In preparation for it we had both studied some Hungarian, though he had spent more time over it than I had. I acquired enough for traveling purposes, but he had the audacity to prepare an after-dinner speech

in it, for from long experience he knew that such a speech would be demanded of him.

We reached Budapest on Sunday morning and found that the Commissioners, but not their wives, were invited to a reception at the palace in the evening. The reception was formal, and white gloves were required, either worn, or carried in the hands. Search as we would, no trace of our white gloves could be found, either my husband's or mine. I had simply one pair of new ones in my hand bag. As no ladies were invited to this function, I solved the difficulty by thrusting my nice clean gloves into his reluctant hand. He was so honest, dear soul! that he felt that he was going to impose on the Royal Archduke Joseph, who was to receive in place of the Emperor Franz Josef. Still it seemed a pity to lose the reception for anything so trivial, so away he went, and I sat down to my Hungarian. In a moment there was a knock at my door. I opened it to see one of our fellow travelers, a wealthy New Yorker, a man of widely known, splendid reputation. "Oh," he said in distress, "my luggage hasn't come, and not a shop is open in this godly city on Sunday, and I haven't a glove here. Pray lend me a pair of yours to carry in my hand."

"I haven't another pair," I said, and laughingly added, "you might take one glove and Mr. Barrows the other." And so they did, each one swinging a woman's glove, which neither could have

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worn. It might have been called flaunting a gauntlet in the Grand Duke's face. It did not seem to trouble his Highness, for he gave them each about fifteen minutes' conversation, and they came back with remembrances of a very good time.

The meetings lasted a week and were exceedingly interesting. There are four sections: Criminal Law; Prison Administration; Preventive Laws; Children and Minors. Mr. Barrows was chosen president of the section on preventive work and presided at all the section meetings. I attended the sessions on children's work and the general sessions in the afternoon where all the sections came together. There were also a few public lectures, and one of these, in English, was given by Mr. Barrows on Children's Courts, a new subject in Europe at that time. He also brought from the President of the United States an invitation for the congress to hold the meeting of 1910 in Washington and the assurance that the Congress of the United States had voted twenty thousand dollars to meet the expenses of entertaining the official delegates. The invitation was accepted with unanimous and hearty applause, and Mr. Barrows was at once elected the president of the Commission, an honor which suited him much better than to have been elected President of the United States, for his heart and soul were in this work and his mind was full of plans for enlarging and improving it.

The last night there was a banquet and a chance to use the carefully prepared and memorized speech. He had the seat of honor at the raised official table, and as I was next to him, I could look down and over the sea of faces in that big banquet hall and watch their surprised expression as he slipped from his French opening into simple, but perfectly understandable Hungarian. Then they began to cheer, as only Hungarians can. And as he told how, when he was a little boy, his mother lifted him to her shoulder in the streets of New York that he might see Kossuth pass by, I thought the roof would come off. They banged the dishes, jumped to their feet, on to the chairs, and some of the more enthusiastic at the rear of the hall on to the tables, and shouted and pounded for some minutes, before he was allowed to go on. It was only a ten minute address, but it won their hearts, and the next morning it appeared in every paper throughout Hungary.

After the close of the congress we went on to visit our Unitarian brothers and sisters in Transylvania, for they have the honor of having established the first Unitarian churches in the world. Mr. Barrows had been there before, and as I had had the delight of seeing his friends from Greece, Bulgaria, Italy, Holland, and Belgium at the prison congress literally fall on his neck in joy at seeing him and hearing him address each in his own tongue, so now, among the wonderful flock in

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Klausenburg, I saw a repetition of these expressions of joy at meeting him again. On Sunday we went to church, and he was invited into the pulpit. We could catch enough words of the sermon to know what it was about and that was all, but it was better than nothing. Then we went to the pastor's house and saw two christenings, very simple (a tumbler of water serving as font), and touching, too, especially when my dear husband took the little baby in his arms and blessed it in a few Hungarian words that the mother could understand. Then came an equally simple wedding, and as we stood by the peasant couple, he drew me up to him and said, again in their tongue: "May you be as happy as I have been forty years with my little wife."

As we passed out into the street, we met a funeral procession, the body borne on the shoulders of men, without a coffin, the priests intoning, and the mourners wailing behind. Thus in an hour life and death confronted us.

Afterwards we went through Transylvania, visiting some interesting Unitarian villages, where all the people, practically, belong to that faith. And everywhere we met the most charming hospitality. Then we tore ourselves away for a wonderful trip among the Carpathian mountains and back to dear Vienna, where a residence of a year and a half had made the beautiful city most homelike to me.

That closed one chapter in the varied life of Mr. Barrows. Two years later we went again to Europe to the meeting of the International Prison Commission at Lausanne, where, as has been described, twenty or more commissioners met to arrange for the meeting in Washington, and there was a renewal of friendly ties, and promises for a glad reunion in our distant land.

There was to be another meeting of the Commission in Paris, in 1909, when the very last steps would be taken for the congress the following year. How little we foresaw that he would not be there and that the United States government would send his wife to that meeting to lay before it the plans which his fertile brain had devised but which death had prevented him from helping to carry out!

It is only proper to add that Dr. C. R. Henderson, whom President Taft had appointed as Mr. Barrows' successor on the Commission, and all the Commissioners, accepted the order suggested by my husband, and in a fine spirit of generous loyalty that order was carried out in the general organization and management of the very successful International Prison Congress held in Washington in 1910.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE INTERPARLIAMENTARY UNION

A FAITHFUL servant of the Prince of Peace, my husband was deeply interested in all efforts to secure and keep the world at peace, and especially did he believe in the value of arbitration. On that account he appreciated an honor that came to him when he was in Congress of representing this country in the Interparliamentary Union for Arbitration. That body is made up entirely of members of legislative bodies, most of the countries of the world having their representatives in its councils. He was the first to be appointed to represent the United States, and in that capacity he attended the annual meetings in Paris, Brussels, and Christiania.

When it was decided to hold the twelfth session in St. Louis, during the exposition, Mr. Barrows devoted himself heart and soul to making it a success. He was indefatigable in securing influence to obtain a suitable appropriation from Congress to entertain the foreign guests. Though no longer a congressman, he was still a member of the Union, on the principle "once a Briton always a Briton," a ruling of the Union having decided that when

a man was once an official member he could remain a member at his pleasure. The official representative was then Mr. Richard Bartholdt, M.C. from Missouri. And though there were by this time other congressional representatives, it was to him more than to any other that was due the final brilliant success of the gathering. But unaided by Mr. Barrows, the outcome might have been different. The Secretary of the Treasury, who had the keeping of the fund to be expended for the Interparliamentary Union, put Mr. Barrows on the committee and summoned him to a meeting in Chicago where all the plans were discussed. As the members, two hundred and thirty in all, would land in New York, it was made the duty of Mr. Barrows to prepare for their reception and to receive them. His whole summer was devoted to this work, and the office of the Prison Association was made headquarters, through the courtesy of the directors. With the assistance of Henry Raymond Mussey every detail was planned out. Though the sessions were to be held in St. Louis, all of the foreign delegates were to be taken as far west as the Colorado mountains at the expense of the United States government. The railroads of the country generously gave their service for a trip of some five thousand miles, with the exception of the Pullman Company, which charged for the use of its cars. A carefully prepared itinerary was printed in compact illustrated

booklets, in three languages, English, French, and German. Maps of the different States through which the tour would be taken were furnished by Rand and McNally, — New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kansas, Missouri, Colorado, Nebraska, Iowa, Wisconsin, Michigan, and so back to New York. The preparation of these guides involved an immense amount of detail work, but they were so admirably done that they gave great satisfaction.

At the close of the trip a souvenir volume was prepared and given to each guest, containing an account of the trip, a description of the States through which they passed, scores of illustrations, a series of quotations from all the Presidents of the United States on peace and arbitration, and other matters of interest to these men and women from other lands. It was, in short, so good a diary of their trip that they could take it to their respective homes and by its aid their friends could make the trip with them. This work was also entirely in the charge of Mr. Barrows, and the fruit of his pen.

There were some interesting incidents in connection with this meeting. Having wide acquaintance in both military and naval circles, it was easy for Mr. Barrows to interest his friends in some of his novel plans so that they were more readily carried out than if they had been suggested

by an entire stranger. Hon. Leslie M. Shaw, the Secretary of the Treasury, gladly fell in with the plan to send the delegates up the Hudson River in government vessels, and two revenue cutters, the *Gresham* and the *Mohawk*, and two tugboats, were detailed for the service. It was a direct extension of the welcoming hand from the Treasury Department.

To quote from Mr. Barrows' account :

"But the Navy Department was also to have a hand and a loud voice in this welcome. As soon as Secretary Morton was informed of the plans for the Hudson River excursion on the revenue cutters, he promptly ordered an escort from the Navy Department, and designated the *Topeka* to convoy the fleet twenty-five miles up the Hudson. . . .

"Still another Department of our government scored a welcome on this memorable day — the Weather Bureau of the United States. In all its calculations of meteorological returns it never made a better guess as to the result, or had the result accepted with greater unanimity. Lowell found his "perfect day" in June; we found it on the 6th of September. How gloriously nature can fashion a day in this zone of ours when she determines to do her best! What a serene and pacific prologue of sky and air and sun and river and landscape to this pilgrimage of peace! If the political sky arching the nations could always be as clear!

And if the current of events could only flow as smoothly as the river flowed in its channel on that day! . . .

"The start was made from the Battery. It was not expected that any of the guests would be taken aboard elsewhere, but an unexpected and somewhat dramatic incident occurred. Just as our small fleet assembled at the Battery, two ocean steamers came sailing majestically up the bay. One was the *König Albert* and the other the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, having on board three members of the Interparliamentary Union. Our vigilant representative of the Treasury Department, Mr. F. B. Rhodes, knew they were coming while yet they were a good way off. He formed the bold plan of using the vessels and forces of the United States to intercept these ocean liners and impress the guests into our party. Accordingly with one of our energetic tugs he steamed out into the bay, and stopping the *König Albert* in midstream took off Mr. Hauptmann, bag and baggage. Then he raced after the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* and caught that majestic steamer just as she was docking at Hoboken. Captain and Mrs. Pivie smiled graciously at the unexpected invitation to continue their voyage by sailing fifty miles in the track of Hendrik Hudson. They were promptly transferred to the tug and to the *Gresham*, which was waiting in the stream. Some of us wonder how many years it is since British or German subjects

coming to the United States have first set foot on American soil at West Point ! ”

It was also at the suggestion of Mr. Barrows that the first excursion of his peace friends should be to West Point. He gives his reasons in the souvenir volume :

“ ‘Was it not a little strange,’ asked a gentleman of the writer, ‘to take a peace conference to West Point?’ ”

“ The question revealed a want of knowledge as to what the Interparliamentary Union stands for, and a want of reflection as to what West Point stands for in American civilization and American ideals.

“ In the first place, the Interparliamentary Union has never stood for the principle of absolute non-resistance. It has never taken any action to weaken or abrogate the right of a nation to self-defense ; it has sometimes refused to pass resolutions which might impair this right. Nor have the members of the Interparliamentary Union failed to recognize the immense moral difference between a war of aggression and a war of defense, between a war of oppression and a war for liberty. That this organization has been able to bring together into one fellowship so many men of different nationalities, and to secure in its conferences a remarkable degree of accord, is because this movement has been guided along practical and rational lines. The Interparliamentary Union has not

worked for something which can only be realized in the millennium; it has worked for ideals, aims, and methods which can and ought to be realized in our own age. In the evolution of society we have already reached the point in civilization when, excepting a small percentage of the lawless, the vast majority settle their disputes by judicial process or by reference, without recourse to violence. So this organization has stood for the single principle that international disputes should be settled by judicial process. . . .

"What, now, on the other hand, is the significance of West Point, and what is its relation to such an ideal as that held by the International Union — the attainment of peace through justice and the attainment of justice through judicial process? The relation is interesting and significant.

"First, the officers of the United States Army, the very men whose profession is arms, do not settle their personal disputes by an appeal to arms. They settle them in precisely the same way that the Interparliamentary Union is commending to the nations, by judicial process, by mediation or friendly reference. The practice of dueling in the Army has always been forbidden by the Articles of War, and there has not been a duel fought in the Army for forty years. . . .

"Second, West Point has rendered the cause of peace a good service in one very important respect :

It has rendered unnecessary in the United States a great standing army, and it has saved the expenditure of many millions of dollars which would have been needed to maintain it. . . . Experience has shown that the resourcefulness and effectiveness of the American soldier arise not from following the tradition of a military feudalism, but largely from the influences and elements which go to make up the best American citizen. . . . A great democracy has demonstrated its inherent power of self-protection. But to succeed in such an emergency an army of the people must be officered by men who are trained in the very highest technical requirements of their profession, yet who retain also the spirit and ideals of free American citizenship. . . .

"Our visitors of the Interparliamentary Union, several of whom have held important military positions in their respective countries, found, therefore, West Point extremely interesting as an example of a national school in a peace-loving republic, in which young men are trained for the exigencies of national defense without adherence to the code of the duelist, without subservience to the superstition of the need of a vast military establishment, while developing on the other hand those qualities of character and manhood which fit them for the complex tasks of modern civilization."

At the ninth Interparliamentary Conference in

Christiania Mr. Barrows had been one of the speakers, and the closing sentences of his address show how firmly he believed that arbitration would be the final way of settling difficulties between nations :

"The peace we are seeking is not a cold indifferent acquiescence in international injustice or oppression, but a peace which is the reward and the blessing of international righteousness. The prophecy of Grotius two centuries and a half ago, in which he predicted that national differences would be settled by national conference, is now seen to be something more than an idle dream. The Conference at the Hague, inspired by the Emperor of Russia, and the continued vitality and influence of the Interparliamentary Conferences, so generously supported this year by the munificent hospitality of the Norwegian government, are fresh indications of a new era, when differences between nations will not be settled by national duels, but by appealing through mediatorial channels to the enlightened reason and conscience of mankind." (*Compte Rendu*, session of 1899.)

The friendships made at these gatherings were warm and lasting. Occasional letters from many expressed this in definite form, and always at the holiday season there was a brisk exchange of greetings.

For the last page in the souvenir volume Mr. Barrows reserved his final message to his friends

of the Interparliamentary Union. It may well be given here as his greeting to a wider circle.

"Friends and Guests:

"Our trip is over, but the relations of fraternity there established are not dissolved. We have come to know each other better. Human brotherhood means more to us than ever. Loyal to the countries in which we were born, we feel, too, the indissoluble bonds of our common humanity.

"We thank you for accepting our invitation; for bringing to us the inspiration of your ideals, your hopes, and your earnest endeavor in the cause of universal peace and universal justice. In this age no nation works out its destiny alone; we are working for our destinies together. May our rivalries henceforth be not the fierce rivalries of the sword, but the friendly rivalries of industry, trade, literature, art, knowledge, invention, and philanthropy.

"May peace and prosperity attend you in the fulfilment of your great ideals! Au revoir!"

CHAPTER XIX

THE PEN OF A READY WRITER

HAD Mr. Barrows followed his love of books alone he would have read, studied, and written books to the neglect of everything else. But his love of his fellows was even greater, and so he left no long array of volumes to go down to posterity. Had he given the time to literature which he gladly gave to comforting the distressed, advising the perplexed, and looking after prisoners and their families, his name might have ranked with many Americans whom we delight to honor for their literary achievements. But the thought of posterity did not concern him so far as his own reputation as a writer went. The duty near at hand appealed to him more urgently. There was never an hour, day or night, that he denied himself to any one in need. Many a time he would say, as he closed his study door: "Now please do not let me be interrupted," and with what seemed to himself cold-blooded indifference he would even disconnect the telephone, so that no sound of distress should meet his ear. At the same time there was a standing order that certain persons were not to be denied, and it seemed as though they always chose the

hours when he wished to be closeted, to come for his help or advice. Now that it is all over, and no earthly interruption can again break into his solitude, I wonder if he is not glad that he heard the call of those who needed him; whether that memory is not more satisfying than if he had filled a modest niche in a public library with books for the chosen few. His personality was so altogether charming, his sympathy so genuine and helpful, that his influence as man and friend was wider than that of many a well-known writer, and by that he will be remembered.

Still, a few books stand to his credit and scores of useful and very readable magazine articles. The list includes not only several books which he wrote himself, but others for which he wrote introductions. Among the latter are "The Life of Thomas Mumford," his predecessor as editor of the *Christian Register*; "Heart Beats," by Protap Chunder Mozoomdar, of the Brahmo Somaj; "The Oriental Christ," by the same author, books which he edited, and put through the press also. His own were "The Doom of the Majority" and "The Baptist Meeting-house," both published by the Unitarian Association; "The Shaybacks in Camp" (Houghton and Mifflin), and "The Isles and Shrines of Greece." (Little, Brown, & Co.).

"Harvard Vesper Services" was the title of a volume of short addresses which we reported together in Cambridge. A series of lectures by

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Louis Agassiz, which we reported, made another volume for which he was responsible. Our friendship with Mr. Agassiz was very delightful, and I can still see his beaming smile as he met me one day on the street and patted my dear baby's cheek. The island of Penikese came to him for scientific uses, thanks to an enthusiastic letter to the New York *Tribune* which Mr. Barrows wrote under the inspiration of Mr. Agassiz's plans. Another piece of work which we did together was the preparation of a volume of sermons by Theodore Parker, called "West Roxbury Sermons." It meant weeks of deciphering one of the most difficult hands and copying with the typewriter. Mr. Parker might not have recognized many of the words as his own, but at least we used those that made sense.

The historical addresses "The Genesis and Exodus of the First Parish, Dorchester," were also published in book form.

The diversity of subjects which claimed his attention was unusually great. This may be gleaned from the titles of some of his magazine papers.

JESUS AS A PENOLOGIST

Read before the *National Prison Congress*,
Kansas City, Mo., November, 1901.

NEW CRIMES AND PUNISHMENTS

The Independent, March, 1903.

CRIME IN ENGLAND

International Journal of Ethics, January,
1904.

C'EST PARIS

The Christian Register, Oct. 23, 1902.

OBJECTIONS TO THE LITERARY TEST

The Christian Register, Jan. 1, 1903.

GROTIUS ON ARBITRATION

The Christian Register, April, 1899.

THE TEMPERANCE TIDAL WAVE

The Outlook, July 4, 1908; July 11, 1908.

AMERICA SOBER

The Outlook, Feb. 20, 1909.

THE CHURCH I AM LOOKING FOR

The Independent, Feb. 13, 1908.

IS OUR NATIONAL CONGRESS REPRESENTATIVE?

North American Review, November, 1903.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE AFRIC-AMERICAN

WHAT THE SOUTHERN NEGRO IS DOING FOR
HIMSELF

Atlantic Monthly, June, 1891.

PENOLOGY IN EUROPE AND AMERICA

The Arena, February, 1895.

THE FIFTH INTERNATIONAL PRISON CONGRESS
EUROPEAN PRISONS

Charities Review, July and August, 1897.

THE ETHICS OF MODERN WARFARE

The Forum, July, 1898.

NEW CRIMES AND PENALTIES

The Forum, January, 1900.

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PROGRESS IN PENOLOGY

The Forum, December, 1900.

ERNEST HAECKEL AND HIS THEORY OF DEVELOPMENT

ASSYRIOLOGY AND THE BIBLE

July, 1879.

LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS

A Sermon, 1879.

CONFESSIONS OF A BAPTIST

The Forum, September, 1886.

MYTHICAL AND LEGENDARY ELEMENTS IN THE
NEW TESTAMENT

The New World, June, 1899.

THE NORTHWESTERN MULE AND HIS DRIVER

Atlantic Monthly, 1875.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF WILLIAM H.
SEWARD

Atlantic Monthly, March, 1899.

THE ENGLISH DORCHESTER

New England Magazine, June, 1900.

SOME THINGS WE MAY LEARN FROM EUROPE

The Forum, April, 1900.

CHAPTER XX

A RELIGION TO DIE BY

ONCE again I revert to "The Baptist Meeting-house" to best describe my husband's views of what one's religion should be. These paragraphs were written ten years after he had entered the ministry of the liberal faith, long before he took so active a share in prison work. I am sure he never changed his opinions on these themes. Indeed, his experience with the way in which many prisoners and their families had met their sad fate would have added to his belief that the religious spirit was the best support in life or in death.

"It is ten years since the writer entered the ministry of the liberal faith. He has not exhausted its possibilities, neither has he left them untested. And now he may justly be asked to state briefly some aspects of his experience concerning it. As he entered the active duties of the ministry, he was interested to see just what would be the practical working of this new faith, which theologically and ethically seemed so satisfying. Years before, as he sat by the fireside a few nights after his baptism, radiant with the joy of his hope in Christ, an older brother of the church had said to him:

"You will enjoy your religion only so long as you live it." That was one test of the old Baptist faith,—a religion that could be lived. There was still another test it offered. It must be a religion which should meet without flinching the terrors of death. So he went forth to his new work with these old questions in his heart: Is it a religion to live by? Is it a religion to die by? He had no fear of the response which he should meet. He would not dare test the capacity of the new faith in developing a good life by his own experience. With contrition and shamefacedness, he would be sadly obliged to confess how far short he had fallen of its noble ideals, how he had failed to illustrate them in his own life; but he could confidently answer this question from the lives of others.

"Is it a religion to live by? He went out into the world, into the purlieu of trade where selfishness is ever seeking to rise uppermost in the seething whirlpool of competition. He saw strong, earnest men, who laid no claim to devoutness, upholding a high standard of business morality, adding generosity to their love of justice, and exemplifying the spirit of ethical fidelity in all their business relations. He saw men in the height of prosperity bearing themselves in a spirit of love, charity, and humility. He saw others whose wealth seemed to be a golden tide of beneficence which not only turned the wheels of industry, but fed the fountains of education and benevolence, and spread over the

land in irrigating fruitfulness. He saw others who had not wealth giving themselves without reserve to the service of humanity, enlisting in various causes of reform, extending in humble and kindly service the helping hand and speaking the sympathetic word. He saw women as pure as crystal and men as true as steel, living natural, manly and womanly lives.

"Yet again, he wandered into the shady paths of life, and saw those who had met the storms of adversity, and whose worldly fortunes had been wrecked in the critical tempests of life. He saw them bear with uncomplaining fortitude the lightning, the thunder, and the hail. The old tragedy of Job was reënacted. 'The fire of God had fallen from heaven, and burnt the flocks.' 'A great wind from the wilderness had smote the four corners of the house, and it had fallen.' Yet there they stood, firm as a rock, unmoved by the calamities which had shattered their fortunes, saying in the spirit, if not in the words, of Job: 'The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord.' He saw them, too, when the wasting hand of sickness had 'touched their bone and their flesh,' and turned the bountiful joy which comes with good health into unrelenting pain. He saw men and women who did not accept any of the old creeds, who had given up the nightmare of its superstitions, sweetly and beautifully illustrating the faith of a soul

which, however racked in body, is at peace with God.

"And what did it all mean? It meant that the religion of the new faith was a religion to live by. Whatever it had given up, it was strong in the elements which pertain to the conduct of the life that now is. The calendar can furnish saints no more illustrious than some that were born and reared in the Unitarian faith.

"But is it a religion to die by? The writer does not hold that the chief office of religion is to contribute to equanimity of feeling on the dying-bed. The peace which comes in the dying hour ought to be the reward of the good life which has contributed to it. But it was right here that some of his old friends expressed their deepest distrust in his new faith. He pointed them to the noble examples of character it had evolved. They answered: 'It may be good to live by; but is it good to die by?' He could not avoid this question. This, too, he answered by no theory, but simply from the well-attested experience of his own ministry. The convincing reply he found at the dying-bed itself. Ah! Who shall put into words that deep and spiritual song of trust which has risen like a psalm from the soul in its last hours on earth, and borne those who have heard it, as it were, unto the very threshold of heaven? What minister of the liberal faith has not gone with his little cup of comfort to the dying-bed, and found

a living placid stream of joy flowing from the heart of the dying, so that all he had to offer seemed poor and meager compared with that which he himself received? Again and again has the preacher marveled, and said: 'I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel.' How can our faith in immortality weaken, when we hold the hand of one who, standing on the very brink of life, catches the rapt vision of the future world and reflects it in the triumphant peace and joy of his own countenance? What courage, what unwavering faith, what glad hope, exhaled from the soul ready to take its flight! In all the records of the heroism with which death has been met, what could exceed in sublimity some of those scenes which he has witnessed in the quiet walks of life or in its terrible and unexpected catastrophes? Young men and maidens, old men and children, in every rank and station, he has seen pass to the great majority, resigning themselves into the hands of God as sweetly as the child falls to sleep in the mother's arms. And when, in the varied experiences which his ministry had brought him, he had seen these beautiful illustrations of faith and hope in the life which now is and the life which is to come, the peaceful resignation and unclouded affection which forgot no want of others in contemplating its own destiny, the patient heroism of the uncomplaining sufferer through long and weary days and nights of unremitting

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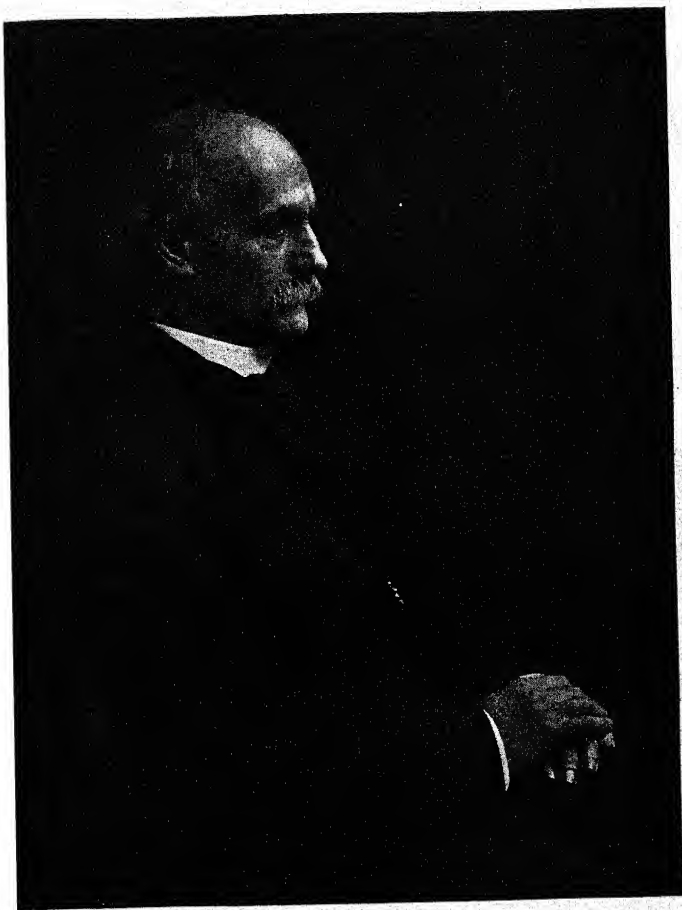
pain, and finally the glad and triumphant deliverance, he has said in the joy of his own heart : 'It is not only a good religion to live by ; it is a good religion to die by.'"

In life he had stood the test : in death he was to show that his faith never wavered.

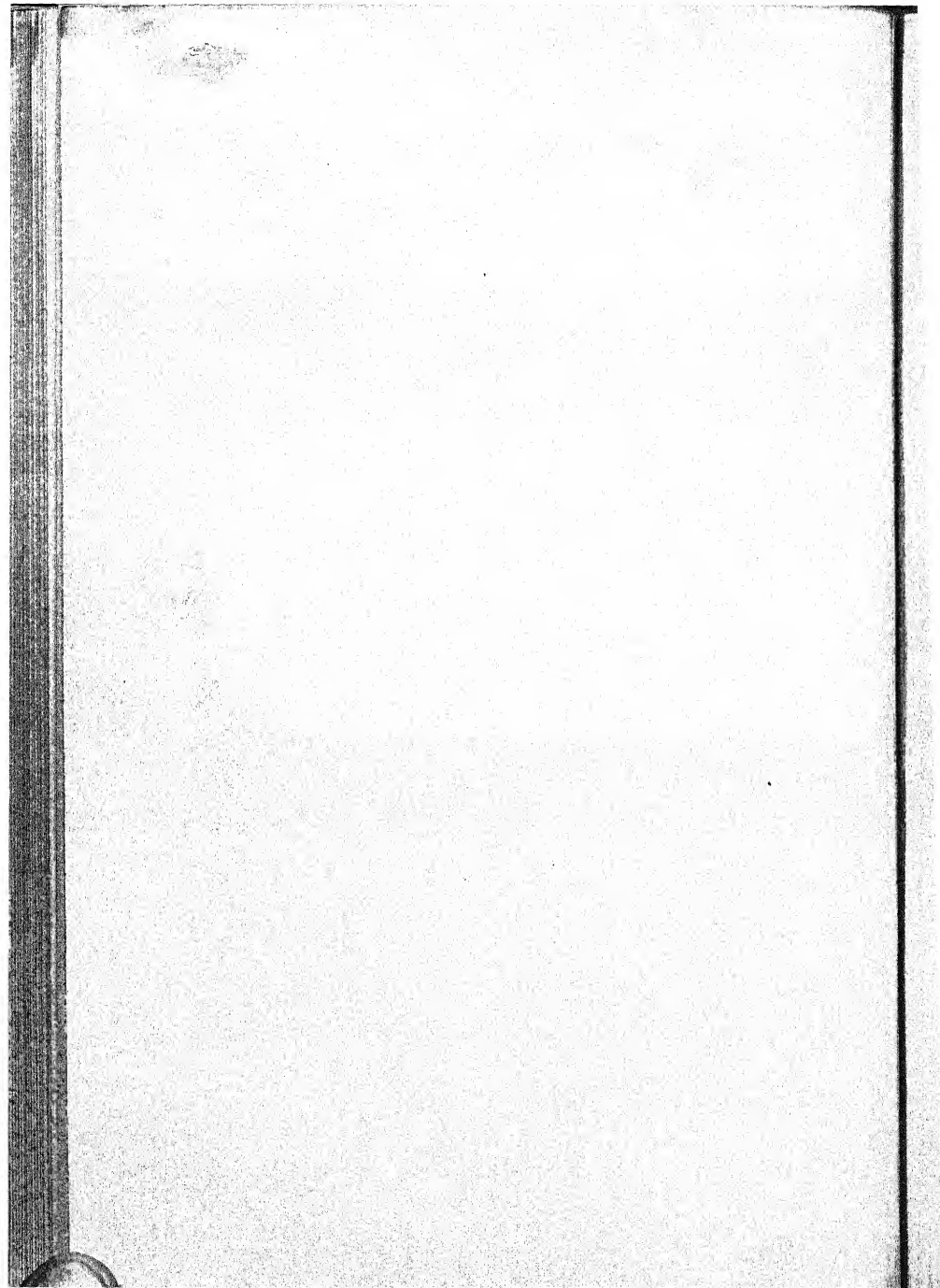
CHAPTER XXI

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

ONE day, shortly after our return from Russia, my husband came in with a paper in his hands and with the tones of deepest sorrow cried: "Oh, they have taken them both! Too bad, too bad!" It was the first announcement of the arrest of Mr. Tschaikovsky and Madam Breshkovsky, both of whom were dear to us. Months passed, and they lay in the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul in St. Petersburg, neither being tried, and no charges being formulated against them. An effort was made to secure the release of Mr. Tschaikovsky on bail, and in this effort the editors of the *Outlook* and Mr. Barrows were specially interested. They went to Washington with a petition to the Russian ambassador asking his government to give our friend his freedom till the time of trial. Mr. Barrows was appointed spokesman, and he read the petition with unction. The ambassador was not very much pleased with American interference, but in the end the friends of the prisoner prevailed. Bail was fixed at fifty thousand roubles. About six thousand were found here and the rest in England, and he was set free, after having been



LOOKING FORWARD



imprisoned about a year and a half. But Babushka (the little grandmother), dear Babushka, was still fast in the dreary fortress, and word came secretly that she was failing and likely to die. Why should not she also be released on bail? While she was in this country she had aroused a great interest in Russia, but an even stronger interest in her wonderfully heroic self. After twenty-three years of imprisonment and exile in Siberia her heart was as strong and her courage as valiant as ever, and life to her still seemed worth living, if she could serve her people. She had inspired us all with confidence in her and a great affection for her. Mr. Barrows and I were to sail for Europe in the spring of 1909, to meet the International Prison Commission in Paris. He was also to go to Berlin to try to persuade the German government to become an affiliating member of the Commission and to send delegates to the Washington Congress in 1910. When we heard that Madam Breshkovsky (Babushka) was ill, some of the Russians of New York urged me to go to St. Petersburg to see what could be done about bailing her out so that she could at least die in freedom.

We therefore tried to change our plans so as to leave earlier and go to Berlin first, where Mr. Barrows would wait till I had been to St. Petersburg. But he was still busy with the plans for the new prison to take the place of Sing Sing and with the hard fight to take away the sheriff's fees in

Queens County and put him on a salary instead. These required visits to Albany and constant arguments with the members of the Assembly till he should win. I was well used to traveling alone, and when he said: "Why not go in advance; and we will meet in Berlin? I shall be but three weeks behind you," I was ready to accede. "If you can help Babushka," he added, "go. I would lay down my own life for her and think it well spent."

So I sailed in March, and I heard the Easter bells ring from the cathedral of St. Isaac opposite my hotel window in St. Petersburg. Madam Breshkovsky may also have heard them, for the fortress was across the Neva, not so far away. But she did not know that I was there. Indeed, it was three years before she ever heard that I twice made the trip from the United States to Russia on her behalf and went almost on bended knee to Stolypin, the prime minister, to secure her freedom. No, nor did she know the fearful price I paid. She only learned it long afterwards, with tears as she sat in her lonely log cabin in her far-off Siberian place of life-exile.¹

¹ At the moment of making the final revision of this book for the press comes a letter from Madam Breshkovsky in far away Siberia, under the Arctic circle (for she was condemned to life exile), giving her impressions of Mr. Barrows, still vivid, though seven years have passed since she saw him.

"When I first saw Mr. Barrows I was struck at once by his tall, handsome figure, straight and graceful in spite of his age, and by

It was my birthday, and I was alone in that far-off city which is such a strange union of gayety and gloom. For the first time in more than forty years there was no spray of mignonette at my plate upon my birthday morning. I missed it, but ah, I did not know that I should miss it ever after; that the spray which should have been mine the loving daughter had placed in her dying father's hands, where it withered as he "fell asleep."

The last letter written by Mr. Barrows to me was from Albany. It was brave but showed weariness. He said that the Democratic and Republican politicians of Queens County were combined against him in their fight to retain the political plum of the sheriff's office and it meant another three years' fight. A memorandum found on his

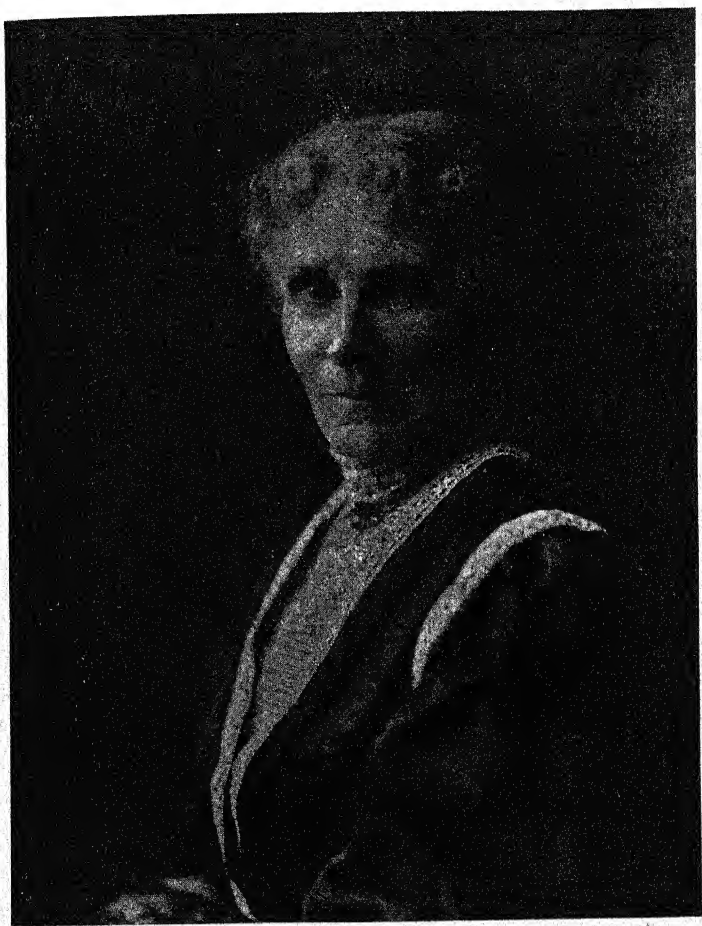
his serious face stamped with great benevolence, a benevolence inseparable from his exquisite nature. He seemed to me superior to other people, not that he thought himself so, either morally or intellectually, but because he understood human nature so well that he was full of pity and pardon for its imperfections. He knew that it was susceptible to wise and kind influences and that it was worth saving and loving. He made an extraordinary impression on me as one who would bring peace and love into the hearts of those who knew him well. In spite of all the sin and sorrow with which he was in daily contact in his prison visitations, he was always serene, and his face was a continual benediction.

"O! that he might know how those who knew and loved him bless his memory! My eyes overflow as I write these words, but they do not express a hundredth part of what I feel for the noble man whose beautiful face is ever before me. I am happy and proud to have known even a little of the blessed soul of Samuel June Barrows."

table after his death gave a list of the assemblymen whom he must see in Albany the next morning. It was prepared with the extreme care with which he always mapped out the coming day's work, but alas, the next day found him so ill as barely to be able to reach New York, where loving arms received him, and the Presbyterian Hospital opened wide its doors to cure him if it could. But pneumonia is too often the victor in such strifes, and on Thursday, April 21, 1909, the sunny spirit soared to another clime. It was not a death. It was a transition. After a loving message to the distant wife, he sang with his daughter and her husband the good old Doxology, breathed a whispered prayer, and with her hand clasped close in his, without a sigh he passed away.

We had parted with smiles and hopes as my vessel carried me from him. I could see his tall, straight form in the crowd long after the outlines of others had melted away. I saw him stoop and speak to Miss Wald, who stood beside him, and she afterward told me he was saying: "The most precious package in that ship's cargo is the little woman standing there."

By the time I returned it was all over. In accordance with what would have been my wish, as well as his, there had been no delay to wait for me. The beautiful eyes, the sunny smile, were no more mine. We carried his ashes to the dear camp and laid them with those of my sister and



LITTLE JUNE'S NONNA

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others we loved on the hillside overlooking the lake.
There in the place he loved above all others they
will forever sleep.

“Thy day without a cloud hath passed,
And thou wert lovely to the last.”

The following lines by one of our dear campers
picture the sacred place where the trees stand vigil
over the dear dust.

IN MEMORY OF UNCLE JUNE

August 29, 1909

Where the maples heavy-hearted
Toss till limb from limb they're parted,
While the squalls of autumn beat
Wildly through the struggling wheat;
That grim day the reaper lithe
Laid the grain low with his scythe:
Thus he spake as with a spade
In earth's breast a wound he made:

* * * *

'Mother Earth, O Mother Earth,
Here we lay whom thou gav'st birth;
Yet thou shalt not see the face
That returns to thy embrace.
All that's mortal we did burn;
What is gathered in this urn,
Purified by fire, this dust
To thy mother heart we trust.

'From spring rain that soaks and splashes
All pervasive, keep these ashes;

A Sunny Life

From the sun that smites and sears
Spare them through the parching years;
From the fierce September gale
Wrap these relics poor and pale;
From the frost that bites to bone
Fend this fellow of our own.'

Then the Mother, yearning Mother,
Answered: 'Wail not for thy brother
Whom my arms enfold so fast
Till a thousand years be past.
Soft-tongued cedars rooted deep
Whisper of his happy sleep,
While in dreams his spirit thrills
With the joy of wind-swept hills.

'Through the mellow twilight hush
Hearest thou the hermit thrush
Lifting up his heart, his voice
Bidding all who live rejoice?
'Tis his spirit comes to word
In the carol of the bird;
In that full triumphant song
Hear him now: "Rejoice, be strong."

WILLIAM WALKER ROCKWELL.

APPENDIX

THE RADIANT SOUL

S. J. B.

PRAISE to the beauteous Love who gave
This soul of radiance like to His,
And, taking him, cannot bereave
Our lives of what he was and is :
More bright the earth, more bright the skies,
More bright all things that lie within, —
More dear and splendid to men's eyes
For that a lover here hath been.

He anguished not to touch the goal
The centuries yet veil from our view,
But made the minutes of his soul
Eternal by the star he knew ;
Nor labored less, nor less did pray
To make the life and vision one,
That every heart upon the way
Might find the flowers and the sun.

In modesty of soul he passed
As might an angel to his place,
Unfettering the light, nor guessed
The torch he bore lit his own face.
Majestic in simplicity
He counsel gave to sage and prince
And lifted children to his knee
To learn the word of innocence.

He served his country, yet forgot
The nation in the human soul,
Till love the greater love begot
That knows no center and no pole.
In many a land he wrought for man,
And many a flag shall lowered be
For him whose sympathy outran
The boundaries of soil and sea.

Armenia, who hath bitter need
Of all her tears, must here spare one,
And Russia pour her tribute meed
For him whose sorrow was her own.
But we who knew stay not to weep,
And swell the tears of other lands;
We going pray his torch may keep
Its flame and fail not in our hands."

OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN.

April 21, 1909.

IN THE HOSPITAL

The remarkable fight for his life made by Mr. Barrows the last two days was considered wonderful by the physicians in charge, as patients with pneumonia usually yield easily to unconsciousness. The source of his strength is evident from the following notes which our daughter, sitting by his bedside, prepared for me as I was hurrying homeward with the speed of the swiftest boat :

"Those last hours in the Presbyterian Hospital were what Papa called The School for Fighting Death. A few days before he had asked us not to cable to Mamma lest she leave her errand of mercy unfinished to return to him. But now we told him, when it seemed that the end were close at hand, and that her message had come back, — she was coming. She was coming !

" 'Then I must be here to meet her !' he cried. 'I will live till she comes, and then I will die of joy !'

"And then the great fight began. The doctors and nurses marveled as from hour to hour his great will carried him on, when it had already seemed as if all were over. Everything that was done by those in attendance to help him now became of the keenest interest. When the white nurse with deft motion held the glass cups over the flame, before pressing them on his chest, he was struck by the picture and told her she looked like

a goddess dispensing the elements to suffering humanity. When she took his hand to feel his pulse he absent-mindedly drew it away. When he saw what he had done he said, 'That wasn't very polite. Here it is' (smiling); 'please return it when you are through with it.'

"There was an explosion in the oxygen tank beside the bed which startled us, but Papa lay still and said, 'Never mind, you can't terrify me with a *single* catastrophe! Now if it were a catastrophe of the whole universe!'

"The next time they tried to turn on the oxygen for him to inhale, however, as the crank worked very hard, he sat up and insisted on helping the nurses turn on the 'canned air,' as he called it.

"'The ice cap — and the oxygen — what they symbolize!' he said once. 'The mystery of science! The mystery! None the less a mystery that it is a revelation!'

"As we sat there hand in hand he dictated many messages to Mamma and a brief sketch of their married life. After one of the inhalations he said, 'Make a point of how much Mamma has helped this world by pumping life into people, as they are pumping life into me. She's good! — she's wonderful — she's made herself felt all over the world — Little Vermont woman — she overcame all the disadvantages of her Scotch ancestry' (this last with a smile, for he loved to tease her about her pride in being Scotch).

"When we urged him to sleep, he said, 'I'll try to go to sleep, but I don't want to — but I'll attend to duty. I'll take a little rest, but I shan't lose consciousness. I'm trying to keep my emotions down. I must keep the physical basis and the spiritual basis too.' (Then, to me:) 'We'll have rest-time and talk-time, but it is all love-time.'

"When breathing was very difficult he said, 'We'll keep a steady pull up the hill till we get to the point where we can give the horse a rest, . . . This is a fine run — a fine Marathon. . . . I mustn't waste my strength. It is a hard thing to sleep when a man is wide awake, but I'll try, I'll try. I must wait patiently for her.

" 'The Doctor here and the engineer over in the boat — modern science, it's a great thing — like the holy mysteries of the saints. There is no agony now, nothing but determination.'

"At another time he said: 'It is too bad to make her come back, — too bad. But then I wanted her to go. Dear Babushka! When I get through here, I'll go over and help her.'

"Once, as if he feared he might lose consciousness he said: 'It is strange — I know who I am, and where I am, and with whom I am, but I do not know where I am going. But it doesn't matter where I am going. Now I am at the Presbyterian Hospital, and they are all making a great fight, — a very interesting fight. I like to look up and see the game

go on. I'd like to help them because they're making such a good fight.'

"At each hypodermic injection he would smile and say he was having his ticket punched for the next station, and together we would name the stations, Rest, Love, Peace, Hope, etc.

"For thirty hours, save for two brief interruptions, I held his dear hand, and he fought on, gaining, gaining little by little. He referred occasionally to his work, and his regret to leave it unfinished, he would have liked so much to push things farther on before giving up, — but most of his thoughts were of love and tenderness for all his dear ones.

"He was greatly touched by all the inquiries for him, and the messages that came, and thought people were so kind to him. Within an hour of the end, when the day nurse went off duty, Papa bade her good-by and kissed her hand with that old-time courtesy which was so characteristic of him.¹

"Finally, though every test seemed to show improvement and to point the way to hope, he said: 'I think it is hard to die like a saint. I am content to die without a crown, just as a decent man. . . . I feel all right — I don't need any change of feeling.

¹ After the Memorial Service in Boston a lady said, with tears in her eyes, "No one said anything about his chivalry and his *lovely manners!* I shall never forget how, years ago, he got up early one morning and took a long row to gather some pond lilies to lay beside the breakfast plate of my Mother, an old lady of eighty!"

... Let's take the big words with the largest meaning and the slowest rhythm' (with his hand uplifted) 'and then do our waiting, — LOVE and God.'

"Together Papa and my husband and I sang the Doxology (we had sung hymns from time to time), and then he murmured, on the very threshold of the great silence, 'To the dear Father of us all — and the dear Mother — I commend my whole self — Good night.'

MABEL HAY BARROWS MUSSEY.

IN MEMORIAM

UPON the death of any public-spirited man there are tributes to his character and his work, and naturally generous tributes of esteem and affection followed at once after my husband passed away, beginning with the simple service in the Presbyterian Hospital chapel to the large memorial meeting in Mendelssohn Hall, held under the combined auspices of the Prison Association and the Oratorio Society. There was also a large and tender memorial meeting in Boston. The press throughout the land, and many papers in other lands, gave warm praise to his accomplishments and high appreciation of his character. Telegrams from many parts of the world, including one from St. Petersburg, were received. Letters from all sorts and conditions of men and women overwhelmed the letter carrier of the Prison Association, from the condolence received from the Department of State in Washington and from the Governor of New York, to those from ex-convicts who touchingly and truly wrote that they had lost their best friend. All of the societies to which Mr. Barrows had belonged passed fitting resolutions, genuine in spirit and sincere in their grief. To the world at large such a death seemed an irreparable loss. Barely sixty-four, he did not seem old enough to have finished his task. Just before I left him to go to Russia he said one day: "We are of the same age, and we

are both so well, that I think we are good for seventy." And we each felt so. Life for him was still full of vast possibilities.

To print all of these loving and admiring tributes would be impossible. But to show that the writer's estimate of her husband is a judgment in which the world that knew him shared, I shall make some quotations and extracts from those that went most closely to our hearts.

The New York Memorial meeting, in that dignified place, Mendelssohn Hall, — made bright with the red roses that he loved, the lilies that were a symbol of his purity of life, and the banner of his country that he served so well, was an occasion never to be forgotten. The Oratorio Society generously took charge of the music, Mr. Frank Damrosch conducting, and Mr. Frank Seeley at the organ.

The Society had sent the following card to all the members.

Deceased

Dr. Samuel June Barrows

April 21st, 1909

A member of the Society for eight years and
a Director for six years

Vigorous in mind, helpful in counsel, efficient in his activities —
with a keen sense of faithfulness of service, the death
of such a man is a loss to be sincerely deplored

The musical programme was the Chorale, "I will stay here beside thee," Bach; Organ prelude in D, composed in memory of Mr. Barrows by Constance Mills Herreshoff; "A Spring tide Hymn: Aurora," words and music by Mr. Barrows; Requiem, "How lovely is thy dwelling place," Brahms, and "Blessed are the men who fear Him," from Mendelssohn's "Elijah." The Oratorio Society sang with wonderful sympathy, just as he would have loved to hear them.

Mr. Eugene Smith, president of the Prison Association presided during the evening. The beautiful poem on another page, by Olive Tilford Dargan, "Elaia" (Greek for Olive, as we had long known her), was read by Mr. Mornay Williams. Addresses, each brief, but admirable, were made by several of our dear friends. Mr. Z. R. Brockway, though over eighty, came all the way from Elmira to pay a tribute to his co-worker. His subject was "The Voice of the Prisoner." I cannot refrain from giving a large extract from his address.

THE VOICE OF THE PRISONER

BY Z. R. BROCKWAY

"The beginning of my acquaintance with Dr. Barrows is not now precisely recalled to memory. But for about twenty-five years we have had very cordial relations, sustained and cemented by mutual interest in what is termed 'Prison Reform.'

"The essential principle of this movement, slowly permeating civilization, but quickened of late by the efforts of Dr. Barrows, is the ultimate abrogation from criminal laws, courts, prisons, and, if God please, from the public sentiment, of the idea of punishment by means of humanly devised retributive penalties; substituting therefor, as the central aim, the purpose of the public protection; penalties to remain always subordinate to protection as determined by nature and science in the necessary remedial protective procedure.

"The long slumbering reformation, revolution, or transformation, which was awakened at the Prison Congress at Cincinnati in 1870 and took form at Elmira in 1876, was never in all its aspects more truly discerned than by the mind of Dr. Barrows. He, together with Mrs. Barrows, gave valuable moral support in the earlier stages when such support was most needed; and since, during his official connection with the Prison Association of New York, his advocacy has been effective and world-wide.

"Impelled by profound humanness, his influence, in this field where he so assiduously devoted himself, was enhanced by his remarkable combination of serviceable qualifications. To have been born in New York and bred amidst its intense activities could be no disadvantage. His technic ability, early newspaper work, secretarial and later legislative experience; knowledge of languages and constant practice of public address; his æsthetic, ethical, and theological acquirements, broadened by education and travel, are items of exceptional cultural fitness for his work. And, added, his native refinement and forcefulness with habitual industry, his favorable personality and helpful marital relation, there is a sum of good qualifications rarely met with in one individual; and taken in connection with his actual achievements must give him historical rank with the best of philanthropists.

"No American contributor to penological literature, since the prolific pen of Dr. E. C. Wines, has written on that subject, both so much and so well, as has Dr. Barrows; and it is believed no American or European to-day is so well informed, by travel and inspections, about prison systems and prison establishments throughout the world, as he was. His annual reports to the Legislature for the New York Prison Association, his editorials in *Charities and the Commons* (now the *Survey*), his contributions to the published volumes of the National

Prison Association, and his current articles for magazines and newspapers attest this as relates to our own country. His report as Secretary of the American Delegation to the International Prison Congress held in Paris, 1895; his official membership (representing the United States) on the permanent International Prison Commission; his reports of the proceedings of the International Congresses, at Brussels, 1900, Budapest, 1905; his compilation of monographs of the Reformatory System of the United States, 1900; his book (480 pages) published in 1897, entitled, 'New Legislation as to Crimes, Misdemeanors, and Penalties,' his pamphlet on the Criminal Insane in the United States and Foreign Countries; and the pamphlet on Children's Courts, 1904; the prospectus and good preparation made for the International Prison Congress set for 1910 at Washington, of which he was the president-elect, have, in considerable degree, repaired the glaring deficiency of American as compared with European literature of this kind, have given us a better standing abroad, and, incidentally, given to Dr. Barrows the high place he so worthily filled in this department of political science.

"While Dr. Barrows' philanthropy was cosmopolitan, he did not neglect the home and local interests. The time and attention he gave to foreign travel, inspection of prisons, to conferences, congresses, and the incident correspondence, not

only did not divert but concentrated and informed for his usefulness in our own country.

“Thoroughly committed as he was to the central principle of ‘Prison Reform’ — the substitution of indeterminate sentences for time sentences — and appreciative of its far-reaching philosophic and penological significance, his advocacy was always tempered with discretion. If he encountered obstinate conservatism, insistent for marring statutory limitations and exceptions, he could yield without surrendering. He knew better than did any impatient observer how useless and often hurtful is the too urgent demand for immediate radical changes. We shall greatly miss his combined earnestness and diplomacy under direction of his well-balanced mind.

“Inclined and held, by his philanthropy, to this public prison work, his beneficent nature also reached to individual needs. With benevolence comprehensive and courage bold enough to face a world problem, the humblest of suffering creatures received his sympathy and assistance. Out of his pitiful heart and his helpful disposition came, to his generation, the benefits he dispensed, whether of a public or private nature. Others than myself may more appropriately refer to his private benevolence, but I have reason to know that long previous to his official relations he was interested in discharged prisoners and practically aided them. — The last letter I have from his dictation has, at-

tached, the appealing picture of 'Somebody's Boy' standing at the Court bar for the first time — an important turning point in a life. Dr. Barrows asks, 'Who will be big brother to this boy?' The letter is in the interest of a pending preventive legislative measure, but that he saw, had pictured, and sent out such an appeal for such a lad proves the particularity of that sympathy whose comprehensiveness we so well know.

"Out from us have gone, during my mature years, so many noble men who were in sympathy with our aims that the mere necrology cannot be now named. One by one, like autumn leaves, they have fallen, until we who yet remain are like 'last leaves upon the tree in the spring, just clinging to the bough.' Sorrowfully we must submit to our latest loss — the departure of Dr. Barrows to join the invisible coterie. If by any possibility his shade lingers hovering here, let him be assured that he lives and shall live in our hearts, an inspiration and hope."

William E. Benson made a still longer journey to be present, coming from Alabama at his own expense to speak five minutes on Mr. Barrows as "The Unfailing Helper," and his address deserved the commendation given to it by Mr. Eugene Smith, that "in depth of feeling and in felicity both of sentiment and of expression it was most touching and sympathetic."

As "The Lover of Letters" Dr. Lyman Abbott

paid a tribute to Mr. Barrows' literary tastes, and also to his love of humanity, and as one whose "friendship had been illuminating and inspiring. Reporter, editor, congressman, secretary, and always teacher, both by voice and by pen, he has filled many offices, but in them all has been animated by the same spirit and has sought the same end. The changes in his career have not been those of a volatile nature, nor those of one who, wearying of one task, has quickly dropped it to take up another. They have been the changes of a man who has always done with his might what his hand found to do, and has carried the same spirit of self-forgetful devotion to humanity into whatever task was laid upon him. Throughout his diversified career he has been a lover of letters and a lover of men; a litterateur and a reformer. Not often are these two services rendered by the same man; not often are these two temperaments united in the same man, for they are widely different and commonly antagonistic. . . . Dr. Barrows was both a lover of letters and a moral reformer. He devoted his life to the work of lessening poverty, misery, and injustice, but he was also interested in studying these and all forms of life as a part of the great drama of humanity. He could take his hearers or his readers with him to a point outside the world and enable them to look down upon the great currents which go to make history, while he was at the same time struggling in these currents

and giving direction to those movements in which he bore so important a part. It was this power of detachment which gave to his writings such combined dignity and liveliness of style ; it was this also which made him so catholic in his spirit ; which made him alike interested in the peasantry of Russia, the Armenians of Turkey, the Indians of the far West, the criminal populations in our great cities, and the cause of peace throughout the world. . . . I cannot, however, doubt that in the future Dr. Barrows will be known, not by the words he uttered, but by the deeds he did. His love of letters was always subordinate to his love of humanity. To the end he will be known as the Abou Ben Adhem of his generation."

Rabbi Stephen S. Wise spoke of Mr. Barrows as "The Lover of Justice." He said in part :

"Few men have lived of whom it might more truly have been said than it may be said of Samuel June Barrows that the world was his country and all mankind his countrymen, 'and every man, especially every oppressed man, a brother.' If this cosmic man was capable of partiality or preference, it was revealed in devotion to land or lands where liberty was not, where the high boon of freedom was yet to be won. In his love of justice and in the justness of his love, he had 'circumnavigated the seas of philanthropy,' literally as well as spiritually, resting charity upon the immutable founda-

tions of justice and benevolence upon the everlasting rock of brotherhood.

"This brave-hearted, high-souled, gentlemanly, because gentle and manly, lover of justice was indeed a happy warrior, if he be the happy warrior 'that strikes with the sword of justice.' No mean and technical conception of justice was his, who would not elevate law-made morality or law-sanctioned unfairness into justice, who ever sought to widen and vitalize the content of justice. His own sense of justice was the consciousness of the imperativeness of the claims of even-handed equity.

"This lover of justice was foe to no man, but ever foe of wrong. Because of his love of justice, he was the friend of Russian freedom. Because he loved justice, he was moved to feel that the State was oftentimes, in the name of justice, alike unjust to itself and to its erring children. His love of justice, coupled with his loving-kindness, led him to give the best years of his rich and full life to the teaching of the truth that 'all revenge is crime,' and to protest against that attitude of the State toward the violator of the law, 'which lays itself out to terrorize rather than to reclaim.'

"Fitting indeed that the flag enfolded the ark in which his dust was shrined! For he loved his country and served it well, served it, not by leading in slaughter of foreign foe, but in high endeavor to reclaim and regenerate his country's errant sons. Because he loved his country and his coun-

trymen, he sought to make our land first and strongest among the nations of the earth in caring for the weak and fallen."

The closing words were spoken by Rev. Robert Collyer:

"My dear friend Mrs. Barrows wrote me, when I was asked to speak at this meeting, saying that if I did nothing else she hoped I would pronounce the benediction. Well, I do want to say a few words besides, for I think I must be her oldest friend, in point of friendship, in this room to-night. I met Brother Barrows and Sister Barrows — husband and wife — in what I may call their youth-tide, and I fell in love with them both right off, and I have never changed in my heart and I believe they have never changed in theirs.

"Whenever I saw Mr. Barrows he was always just the same man, and when he talked it was always about some beautiful thing he wanted to do, some great, good thing. So it was with the two.

"I was thinking, as I sat there listening to the speakers, of a custom we had in the old mother land from which I came. It was long ago. Prisons then were unspeakably vile, and prisoners were often starved within the walls. On the old prison at York a hand was thrust out through the window with the inscription 'Pity the Prisoner!' Brother Barrows carried that in his heart. He was always pitiful, and his work for the prisoner has been the

most beautiful, noble, and fruitful work of his life. I have no doubt it will be for that that he will be best remembered; that for which he will be most surely honored.

"Dear Friends, this must not be a sad meeting, but one touched with the fine sweet joy in the heart that we have had such a man for so many years. God gave him a grand work to do, and after he had done it he fell on sleep.

"Among the people of the East, when one dies after a noble life, they wear white robes and illuminate their tents and sing songs in praise of the man who has been taken from them. So we may to-night. So we do in our hearts, and so we do all our life long remember him. And he will be remembered after we are dead and gone, and the seed he sowed, the seeds of kindness and truth and right and justice and pity for the prisoner will spring up through the years to come in eternal and beautiful harvest. May the memory of our brother be a blessing to us all, all our life long! Amen!"

THE BOSTON MEETING

The deeply touching memorial meeting held in Boston, which my daughter and I attended, was held on the seventeenth of May. The *Christian Register* published the following account of it written by our gifted friend, Emma Endicott Marean.

SAMUEL JUNE BARROWS

"The memorial service that was held in Channing Hall last Monday morning, May 17, brought together many friends, in whose hearts the words of gratitude and affection there uttered found eager response. Beautiful flowers brightened the place; and the quiet greetings of friends, the tribute of music, the character of the brief addresses, and the evident personal interest of the hearers created an atmosphere in which the sorrow of loss was changed into the triumphant rejoicing that such a life had been lived among us and was thus revealed to the eyes of men. It was a meeting in full harmony with the spirit of the man whose noble life inspired it. As Dr. Samuel A. Eliot, who presided, said in opening, the speakers spoke not so much *to* the others as *for* them.

"Miss Elsie Spaulding played Chopin and Mendelssohn music, Dr. Eliot spoke a few appropriate words, and the Channing Quartette sang. Then Dr. Charles G. Ames spoke out his joy, affection, and gratitude that his friend had fought the good fight, finished his course, kept the faith that makes faithful. Out of the memories of a long, close friendship he recalled certain characteristics by which Mr. Barrows was distinguished. His life was filled with wise, loving activities. Few men have known so many things worth knowing or have done so many things worth doing. His industry

was like that of Jonathan Edwards, who said, 'I will work as hard as I can, as long as I can.' If perhaps he thus shortened his own life, he accomplished what we love and praise him for to-day. He had the secret of a life completely at leisure from itself, unconcerned with his own interests, taking little thought for things that most men care much about, and much thought for what most men care little about. Praise came to him, as it came to Farragut, who, when his secretary read to him a letter with acknowledgment of services performed, said, 'Skip all that and go on to what they want us to do next!' By his unselfishness he became a hero of humanity. Sometimes we hear of God's poor, the devil's poor, and poor devils. Mr. Barrows made no distinctions, but cared for mankind simply as mankind, and contributed to the common welfare. Dr. Ames spoke not so much of his personal recollections of Mr. Barrows, as of the larger aspects of this life which shames us all from lower living and invites us to higher tasks. Nothing in this life or the other can be better than the giving of one's life to the uplifting of others. As the presence retreats, as the face vanishes, it reappears among us; for we are learning more and more to value the good examples that teach us how to live better and to make our lives more helpful.

"Dr. Eliot, in introducing Rev. Christopher Eliot, spoke of the cosmopolitanism of Mr. Barrows.

He was equally at home in Athens or in Washington; but, if any place was more home than another, that place was Dorchester, where he was pastor of the church in which Mr. Eliot was his successor. Mr. Eliot referred to the beginning of their friendship in 1882, when he spent in the Barrows family the few weeks preceding his own ordination. It was natural that Mr. Eliot should speak of Dr. Barrows as a minister who, although he was settled over the Dorchester church but a few years, never ceased to be in the ministry. The generous impulses that led him to choose that profession had already become the fixed principle and habit of his life, and he devoted himself henceforth with untiring zeal to the service of God and man. Every true minister wins the respect of his people, but not all win their love as he did; and he never lost, by his change of work, that respect and affection. Where he had been the minister he became the loyal parishioner and constant friend, for he loved the old meeting-house and its people. No one was ever more loyal to the sacred traditions of town and church, in which he awakened a new interest, especially in the ethical and religious ideals of their founders. The past was to him the sacred soil from which present and future good must spring. A brief ministry it was, counting by the calendar; but it will be remembered not only for the purity and sweetness of the minister's character, but for the enduring strength of his sympathy,

his loyalty to principle, his strong religious faith, his liberal spirit, and his unwearying devotion to every good cause. The world honors him for public services and success, but we rejoice that he began his career as a minister and never wavered from his loyalty to that ideal. We marvel at the variety of his interests and the versatility of his mind, but we praise the singleness of heart which unified his life. Mr. Eliot closed with a touching reference to the camp by the lake, where nightly was sung the hymn

“ ‘As darker, darker, fall around
The shadows of the night;’

and he thought that one of its verses would be forever sacred to his memory by all who ever joined that circle, expressing as it does the prayer he was ever answering by his life :

“ ‘For weary eyes and aching hearts
And feet that from thee rove,
The sick, the poor, the tried, the fallen,
We pray thee, God of love.’

“Truly, Samuel Barrows, pastor, editor, representative of the people, the prisoner’s, yes, everybody’s friend, was indeed a minister-at-large.

“Mr. Richard C. Humphreys was introduced as a neighbor and friend than whom no one could speak out of a larger knowledge or greater intimacy. Mr. Humphreys spoke of the closeness of his relations with Mr. Barrows and of the precious days

they spent together two weeks before Mr. Barrows died. Mr. Humphreys bore testimony to a life of purity both in its public and private relations. To the success of that life legions of suffering humanity can testify, and the deep religious feeling which animated it seemed only to grow stronger when he left the pulpit and went into the cares of business. Following what he knew would be Mr. Barrows' own desire, Mr. Humphreys bade his friends remember that no higher tribute could be paid to him than by developing in their own hearts and minds the traits of character which they admired in him. He made life happier for those who came near him, and it is less what we say than what we do in our everyday lives that reflects credit on the man we wish to honor. His life of service, self-sacrifice, and devotion to others may go with us, and we can say most truly, The world is better because he lived in it.

"After the Channing Quartette had sung 'Still, Still with Thee,' Mr. Eliot read part of a letter sent to Mr. Ellis by ex-Governor John D. Long. After expressing his regret that he could not share in the memorial services, Mr. Long wrote: 'I am glad this tribute to his memory is to be paid. His life was a life of service, not in one direction, but in many directions, — journalist, preacher, congressman, humanitarian. Who shall say that life is not worth living?'

"Dr. Francis G. Peabody, the next speaker,

after a few earnest, tender words of personal gratitude to Mr. Barrows, spoke of the marvelous versatility of a man who would have been equally successful as librarian of Congress or as minister to Greece. Accomplished in literature, art, music, and philosophy, he was successful journalist, soldier, editor, congressman, preacher, and expert adviser in social reform. All these made up his profession. He had the gift of universal sympathy. In leisure hours he solaced himself with Homer. He drew something from all natures. In Norway he became Scandinavian, alive with the passionate mysticism and the hardihood of the Far North. He drew from Russia, from Armenia. But all these discursive interests focused in his great service as a leader of the world's opinion concerning the scientific treatment of crime.

"Professor Peabody drew an interesting analogy between Mr. Barrows and his great predecessor in American philanthropy, Samuel G. Howe, who turned from the tumultuous publicity gained in the wars of the Greeks and his interest in the national hopes of the Germans to apparent obscurity in devotion to the blind and feeble-minded. He made himself of no reputation, and so in the annals of American philanthropy his name leads all the rest. In the same way Samuel Barrows brought all his wide experiences and resources of life to their application in the service of the prison cause and to give his life a ransom for many. It is by

no accident that these men, with Joseph Tuckerman and Dorothea Dix and other illustrious names in American social reform, are of our own faith. This brought to the diverse career the note of unity. His life was singularly scattered, yet he was singularly single-minded; for behind the diversity lay the simplicity of character and of life, and the natural healthy-mindedness of his religious faith. One could never know him, walk with him, love him, without being impressed by the fundamental piety of his soul. He and his helpmeet, who helped him meet all experiences, walked together through many hard days, guided not by sight, but by faith; and we should think of him in this brotherhood of faith and thank God for the deep religious life which found its expression not alone in words of speech, but in the service of the outcast and the forsaken. While we join in honoring his public service, many of us remember still more tenderly

“‘That best portion of a good man’s life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.’

“A memorial service for Mr. Barrows would not have been complete had it not included the voice of a woman, and Miss Alice Stone Blackwell added the woman’s tribute to her friend. She spoke of the constant impression of serenity and brightness left upon all who knew him. His

nature was ever turned towards the sun, and he shone in every relation of life. Shakespeare said, 'How far that little candle throws its beams!' Mr. Barrows was one of the great candles of the Lord and threw the beams of that life even to the dungeons of Russia, the remotest parts of Siberia, and the desolate regions of Armenia; and the shadow of the sorrow of his death, now that light is taken away, is felt throughout Europe and under Mount Ararat. He had friends all over the world. Some people believe in the brotherhood of man up to a certain point, but they draw the line at the Negro or the Chinaman. Uncle June drew no line anywhere. Some extend their brotherly feeling to men, but do not see that the same principle of justice extends to women; but it would have been very unlike Mr. Barrows if he had not seen that also. Our lives and the lives of thousands who cannot be here are richer because of him. In closing, Miss Blackwell referred very tenderly to the Canadian camp, and then seconded the word of Mr. Humphreys, feeling that those who have in their memory the picture of this beautiful life ought to value it as something to live up toward.

"Dr. Eliot, referring to Mr. Barrows' connection with the *Christian Register*, introduced Rev. George Batchelor, its present editor. When the solemn dignity of death, said Mr. Batchelor, falls upon any man, the rule is to praise; but the quality of a man's life and character may be judged

by the quality of the men and women who praise after he has gone. We have had noble examples here, and we might have had a hundred more representing the most important phases of the better life of the American citizen. We are dealing here with the little circles. Mr. Batchelor enumerated various spheres of public work in which Mr. Barrows was a leader, and referred particularly to his services as a member of the Interparliamentary Union, of the International Prison Congress, of the Lake Mohonk Conferences, and to his temperance work and other reforms. He kept at least twenty different movements in mind and drove them all at once and all abreast. To illustrate the careless way in which he threw off things that to most ministers would be the task of a year, Mr. Batchelor called attention to the handsome volume published by the Treasury Department of the United States government, which gives the record of the journey of the Interparliamentary Union when it was the guest of the United States. While the others slept, Dr. Barrows described the tour, and the Treasury Department published it. Mr. Batchelor read parts of a letter from a lady, chairman of a committee of the Girls' Latin School, which called attention to Mr. Barrows' last public service in the city of Boston, — a service in connection with the scholarship to be founded in memory of Miss Ellen C. Griswold. 'There,' the writer says, 'we saw Mr. Barrows as

the enthusiastic interpreter of Greek art and poetry, and as the public-spirited American of to-day, ever ready to be the champion of a just cause.' If men and women were summoned from other parts of the country and from Europe to describe the larger circles of Mr. Barrows' life, the tributes would have been as earnest and enthusiastic as those heard in Boston.

"The closing word was spoken by Mr. Barrows' close associate for many years, Mr. George H. Ellis. He spoke briefly, but summed up effectively with earnestness and emotion the thoughts of all. Mr. Barrows' friends have not waited in their hearts until this time to say the things that they have been saying. Most have long felt them, yet none of us have fully realized, until word came of Mr. Barrows' death, how great was the extent of his work and his influence. While Mr. Barrows was alive, he would never have listened to our praise. If somehow and somewhere, as we all believe, he is now paying attention to the tributes that are brought to him, he cares nothing for what we say of what he has done or of what he was, excepting as it has its influence on us and our work. He was most unselfish. When the time came for him to pass on he regretted his inability to continue and finish the work of the International Congress, and he regretted more than anything else that he could not have a parting word with her who was absent on an errand of mercy; but he said, cheerfully,

and as readily as could the man whose work was finished, 'Thy will be done.' Mr. Ellis was glad this meeting could be here, and especially glad that she, who for these many years has been his helpmeet, could be present with her daughter to realize the estimate in which her husband has been held.

"The audience joined in singing the 'Spring-tide Hymn,' of which both the words and music were written by Mr. Barrows, beginning 'Enkindling love, eternal flame.' With a benediction uttered by the chairman, the meeting closed.

" E. E. M."

Of the many resolutions in memory of Mr. Barrows, passed by the various societies to which he belonged in Europe as well as here, or which wished to do him honor — so many that I do not even catalogue them — I have selected two to use in full: One passed by his ministerial brethren in Boston; and that of the New York Probation Commission, because the success of that effort was his deepest prayer, since it meant justice and hope to so many.

RESOLUTION PASSED BY THE MINISTERIAL UNION

"Feeling deeply the death of Rev. Samuel J. Barrows, the Ministerial Union wish to express their sense of loss, both as members of the church he loved and served so faithfully, and as fellow

workers for those wider interests to which he so unsparingly gave himself.

"Many of us knew him personally, and, to the respect and admiration which all felt, added our warm friendship and love. To such the loss is a heartfelt grief, which we share very closely with his more intimate friends and the members of his family.

"We knew him as one of the best of men, large-hearted, unselfish, loving, and lovable. His sympathies were wonderfully broad, embracing not only the eminent and scholarly, but the humblest and least influential. His interest in humanity was universal, knowing no bounds of race, country, social condition, or creed.

"He served with untiring zeal every cause involving the welfare of humanity, — political emancipation at home or abroad, equal suffrage for men and women, the temperance movement, the industrial emancipation of women and children, a wiser and more liberal philanthropy, the humane treatment and reformation of prisoners, and care for them when discharged, — in every way manifesting his belief in a brotherhood of universal goodwill and peace. A master of languages, acquainted with many lands by frequent visits, an international messenger of mercy and peace, he was a true 'citizen of the world.'

"Nor can we forget his delight in music, poetry, and art, his love of nature, his keen sense of humor, his happy, youthful spirit, his courtesy, sympathy,

and loyalty, which made him dear to young and old.

"Shall we not believe that he has left us but to continue his progress, 'onward and upward forever?'"

"BOSTON, MASS., May 1, 1909."

Resolution adopted by the New York State Probation Commission, May 28, 1909:

"*Whereas*, the Honorable Samuel J. Barrows, who died on April 21, 1909, drafted the first New York State probation law, enacted in 1901; and

"*Whereas*, Dr. Barrows was by appointment of Governor Higgins an esteemed and influential member of the first New York State Probation Commission of 1905-1906, and as a member of that Commission and Secretary of the Prison Association of New York contributed much to the establishment and development of the treatment of offenders by probation methods in New York State, and as United States Prison Commissioner and President of the International Prison Congress has aided in introducing probation into other states and in foreign countries;

"*Be It Therefore Resolved*: That the New York State Probation Commission hereby testify to the great personal worth of Dr. Barrows; and that the Commission publicly recognize the great value of his labors in promoting legislation on pro-

bation, public interest in the subject, and the more effective application of probation methods; and testify to the loss which the cause of probation sustains in his death; and

"Be It Also Resolved: That a copy of these resolutions be entered on the records of the New York State Probation Commission, that a copy be sent to the Prison Association of New York, and that a copy be sent to the family of Dr. Barrows.

"CHARLES F. MCKENNA,

"DENNIS MCCARTHY,

"Committee on Resolutions.

"ARTHUR W. TOWNE,

"Secretary."

From the many editorials upon the death of Mr. Barrows three only are selected, as they were from journals for which he had written for many years.

A GOOD MAN. "Here was a man who for more than forty years of active life has fought on the firing line of progress, asking only how he might serve his fellow men, seeking no social approbation or personal gain, simply a modest, efficient, great-hearted American devoted to the common good. Born and brought up on the East Side of New York City, he was a living refutation of the proposition that a modern city cannot produce a great man. . . .

"Mr. Barrows was one of the leading penologists in this country, and he has probably done more than any other American to promote the probation system and indeterminate sentence, and in general to change our prisons from brutalizing dungeons to great reformatory institutions.

"He was the first man in this country to join the Interparliamentary Union, and those who know put his services to the cause of international peace second to those of no other American.

"He was a master of a dozen languages, some of which he studied after he was sixty years old. In meetings of Greeks he spoke in their modern tongue. Though he and his no less remarkable wife had but two children of their own, their home was the only one known to many orphans. It was no uncommon thing in their family for children of the white, yellow, red, brown, and black races to sit down to dinner together. Mr. Barrows had no race, class, sex, or religious prejudice. One of his last articles in the *Independent* told how he wished the churches were so broad that he could join them all, Catholic, Jew, Presbyterian, Unitarian, Episcopal, etc. He belonged to all the more important philanthropic and charitable societies of New York. Why should he be expected to hold fellowship in only one church?

"Perhaps the saddest thing about Mr. Barrows' death was that his devoted wife was in Russia at the time on an errand of mercy — no less an under-

taking than to attempt to prevail on the autocracy to liberate from jail that noble prisoner, Madam Breshkovsky. Their home life was ideal. They married first and got their education afterward, though they are the kind of people who never cease learning. When Mrs. Barrows wanted to take a course in medicine in Europe Mr. Barrows earned the money for both. When Mr. Barrows went through the theological seminary Mrs. Barrows supported him with her pen. For nearly fifty years this devoted pair have worked with and for each other, ever cheerful, ever fresh for new service, ever the inspiration and despair of their fellow workers. They have had no time to make money, no inclination for the conventional social pleasures, when so much was waiting to be done. But when the Russian revolution and famine came they were the ones who first stretched the hand of brotherhood across the ocean from America. And many a heartsick prisoner and motherless boy whom they have befriended are praying for them these days. . . .

“Not a famous man, as fame goes, not a rich man as riches are counted, yet Samuel J. Barrows was on the whole the best type of man it has been our privilege to know.”

THE INDEPENDENT.

A FRIEND OF MAN. “Thousands of readers of the *Outlook* will remember the two articles on the

'Temperance Tidal Wave' which were published in this journal last year. They will recall the wide range of knowledge they embodied, much of it derived from personal observation and study in many countries. They will recall the power there shown of taking the reader to a point, as it were, above the world, and showing him the current and direction of a great movement among men; they will recall the rare combination there evident of profound conviction with a judicial spirit; and they will recall the liveliness and at the same time the dignity of style. The author of those articles was Dr. Samuel June Barrows. The qualities that were manifest in those articles characterized all his very effective, very extensive, but far from obtrusive work for humanity. His death last week has diminished perceptibly those forces that are enlisted in the struggle against unhappiness, misery, wretchedness, poverty, and wrong. Those who knew Dr. Barrows now feel not only personal sorrow, but a loss of strength in the face of some of the greatest of modern problems. In particular must they feel that loss of strength as they think of the thousands upon thousands in the prisons of this and other lands. Dr. Barrows' influence toward the transformation of prisons from mere dungeons — places of confinement and instruments of retaliation — to reformatories — places of education and instruments of cure — cannot be estimated. As President of the In-

ternational Prison Commission, as member of the New York State Commission on New Prisons, and as Corresponding Secretary of the Prison Association of New York, he engaged, not in mere study and discussion of prison conditions, but in the most practical kind of work in actually developing the punitive measures of this and other countries. In this as well as in other kinds of service Mrs. Barrows has been his comrade. There is something finely significant as well as pathetic in the fact that at the time of Dr. Barrows' death Mrs. Barrows was in Russia on an errand of mercy and freedom. . . . Dr. Barrows has not only been a contributor to the *Outlook*, but has been a constantly valuable correspondent. The readers of this journal are more indebted to him than they know."

THE OUTLOOK.

Said the New York *Evening Post*:

"It is with deep regret that we chronicle to-day the death of Samuel J. Barrows. In full vigor and actively interested in every humane and philanthropic undertaking, his loss will be lamented in many a foreign country, even though his name was not known to the bulk of the inhabitants of this city. Sadness of heart is inevitable at the passing of one whose unsparing devotion to unselfish endeavor was surpassed only by his absolute modesty. For two years an excellent Congress-

man, for seven years a confidential employee of the State Department, and for sixteen years editor of the *Christian Register*, Mr. Barrows had a rare equipment for the work in behalf of prison reform to which he finally devoted himself as secretary of the Prison Association. As delegate to foreign prison congresses he most worthily represented the United States, and he was to have been the mainstay of the coming international prison-reform gathering in Washington this year. But his sympathies were as boundless as the sea; there was no firmer friend of Russian freedom, or Armenian rescue, and no truer counsellor of the American Negro in his upward striving. And the individuals to whom he brought aid and comfort, whose erring steps he guided into proper paths — their number must be legion. In a city in which the millionaire is the model of the multitude, such a life as that of Samuel J. Barrows reveals where true civic wealth lies."

MISS LARNED'S TRIBUTE IN "THE CHRISTIAN REGISTER"

"May I, as one who worked with Mr. Barrows during the entire sixteen years of his connection with the *Christian Register*, in an intercourse that never knew a shadow, pay a sad and heartfelt tribute to his excellence, his ability, his purity of purpose, the singleness of his devotion to the objects to which he gave his life, and the absolute unselfishness that inspired him? I sound the personal note because to his friends his loss must seem irreparable. It is only in a few hearts that the memory of such a man can linger to life's end, and grow ever a more and more precious possession.

"It is often said, somewhat sententiously, that no human being is absolutely indispensable to any place or duty. The water dipped from the ocean is never missed; but adaption to place is not a casual thing or a value easily acquired, and Mr. Barrows was so admirably fitted for his work in the interest of prisoners and outcasts, waifs and strays of humanity, that the vacant place looms very large and important. His heart was aflame for humanity, and, though by his abilities and rare acquirements he merited the favors of the world, there is no evidence that he desired anything for himself that he would not return in full measure and pressed down for the good of others. To do

good and distribute all that he possessed or could acquire was a kind of passion with him.

"The gentleness of his nature, the unaffected kindliness, endeared him peculiarly to his friends, while a pleasant humor played over all the problems and trials of life. He had a genius for consecration to true philanthropy, and his sympathetic nature overflowed, not only upon those needy and distressed near at home, but was large enough in its liberal amplitude to feel keenly for the oppressed and downtrodden of other lands. The Armenian massacre touched him and his wife, who shared all his sentiments and interests in a union of rare perfection, to the quick, and made them the benefactors and lovers of an alien race. The hearts of this truly devoted and noble pair went out to the victims of Russian vengeance, for it were unkind to speak of one without conjoining the other name, equally devoted and serviceable. The heart aches at the thought of her return, as she hastens over land and sea to find him gone, all that was so animated, so full of serviceable and unselfish thought and purpose, struck down suddenly at the very crown of his manhood. His associates all loved and admired him, for he was the most considerate and thoughtful of men. His linguistic acquirements, his love of the classics, his delight in music, all the individual traits of his charming personality, did but tend to endear him to those who knew him best.

"As a student and indefatigable worker, he acquired not for himself, but that he might bring all his gifts, all his knowledge, to the service of the world. With his fine culture and wealth of attainments, doubtless many lucrative places might have opened to him; but he has given the precious example of a man who had knowledge and ability such as the world wants for its material uses, and yet gave them away with both hands to those who could not repay him in money or influence, and whose need was their only claim. His attainments in penology were acknowledged at home and abroad as almost supreme, and his works for better prison conditions and the reform of the criminal would alone entitle him to a lasting monument.

"It is sad to think that never again will he welcome his many friends to his Canadian camp, to the forest and lake he loved so well, and where perhaps he spent the happiest days of his busy life. It is not always possible to express our sense of a personal loss, nor enable others to see with our eyes the soul through the vesture of humanity; but we feel sure that Samuel June Barrows has joined the choir invisible of those who aimed nobly, were rarely unselfish, and accomplished much of lasting good for mankind.

"SUMMIT, N. J."

AFTER LOSS

There's this to be said in comfort —

“He was: He lived: He gave:

Nothing can rob the world of good

Poured and spread as he only could;

Beautiful living, tender, high;

Service and cheer that cannot die,

Nor be hid by any grave.”

There's this to be said in comfort —

“We have been blessed for years;

Our life with him was joy untainted,

His life with us was daily sainted;

Blessing and bounty marvelous

Years on years he gave to us —

We are too rich for tears.”

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN.

WORDS FITLY CHOSEN

From the hundreds of letters received after the death of Mr. Barrows I venture to select here and there a sentence that I may show in what estimate he was held by those widely apart from his immediate family.

“It is with deep sorrow that I learn of the death of Mr. Barrows, and I desire to express my sincere sympathy. The state loses an able and devoted servant.” GOVERNOR CHARLES E. HUGHES.

WITHDRAWN

BY JOHN B. TABB

I miss thee everywhere ;
The places dear to thee
Familiar shadows were,
As if for memory ;

And where thou hast not been,
Thou seemest to repose
As near, though never seen,
As fragrance to the rose.

"God be praised if my lines have found an echo
in your heart, and accept with my blessing the
assurance of my sympathy.

"Yours very cordially,
"JOHN B. TABB."

"We counted him as one of our best and strongest
workers for peace, and his addresses were scholarly
and convincing. We shall miss him sorely.
I know of no one to take his place."

SAMUEL T. DUTTON, New York.

"I feel him in so many ways the very last man
I know to be spared from the fight and the fellowship."

ERNEST B. KENT, New York.

"My admiration and attachment for your husband
were from the first, constantly growing. He
was one of the most scholarly men I have known,

and that was remarkable considering how meager were his educational advantages during the entire period of his minority. But he acquired to the full the scholar's instinct, habit of research, love of learning, power of literary expression. . . .

"The varied interests that engaged him, however, did not have the effect of scattering his energies and impairing his efficiency. It has always astonished me that Dr. Barrows, coming to New York a comparative stranger, was able so quickly to grasp the situation there. He entered upon the work of the Prison Association with an almost immediate comprehension of its needs and its possibilities; he came into instant touch and coöperation with our Executive Committee, and by his mastery of the problems we were struggling with, he soon became our guide and leader. Notwithstanding the numerous outside enterprises with which he was actively connected, the interests of the Prison Association were never neglected. He was by far the most competent and effective commanding officer the Association ever had; and at no time since its organization has the Prison Association attained a position of so much influence and usefulness as it now enjoys. The credit for this is due entirely to Dr. Barrows: it is the fruit of his ability and zeal. . . .

"He possessed, to my mind, the ideal combination of dignity with geniality and good fellowship; he had a magnetic attractiveness that made every

one with whom he came into contact his friend. And those who were admitted to intimacy with him and who came to know the broad self-sacrificing sympathies and highminded principles that governed his life could not but love him. I shall always regard him a most lovable personality and dear friend to me."

EUGENE SMITH, President of Prison Association, New York.

"I cannot help feeling that any memorial service will fall far short of recognizing all the beauty of Mr. Barrows' character, the sunny disposition and his light-hearted way of carrying heavy burdens of work and his unfailing gentleness and the thoughtfulness, the purity of his thoughts and life and his ideal husbandhood and fatherhood. Was ever a marriage more perfectly attuned and adjusted than yours! It has been itself a blessing to a world in which it was too conspicuous for its rarity. When I think of what Mr. Barrows did and was I can see that though the fruit fell early it was ripe and perfected. Without self-seeking there had come to him all that life has to offer which is worth while."

E. S. COOK, Washington, D. C.

"You know, I trust, how much he was to a host of us who honored and loved him. He was a very remarkable man, with as much true gold of faith and hope and love as we expect to find anywhere

in this world. It is only transmuted, but it is surely of the imperishable sort."

CHARLES F. DOLE, Boston.

"He was a man for whom I had a most sterling admiration and profound respect. He was always a most virile, helpful, grateful friend."

WILLIAM BURNET TUTHILL, New York.

"All sorts of emotional utterances rush to my lips and die there. Queries, remonstrances, bewailing, clamor in a mob for expression and then slink away at the thought of the quiet, splendid epic man who strode up and down the face of the earth a mighty doer of righteousness, possessing his own soul in the integrity of his purpose and the tranquillity of his self-abnegation. While my pen splutters over adjectives, the thought of his quiet smile and the humor of his protest disconcerts me and I revert to silence — the embarrassed silence of a foolish child before a mighty presence."

COLONEL CHARLES W. LARNED, West Point.

"I have been recalling our first meeting in Athens and the uplift his genial comradeship brought me when I was not a little cast down by the loneliness in which the departure of my whole family had left me. How good and brotherly he was to me then and always! And how vividly I recall that delightful Inselreise we took together under Dr.

Dörpfeld's conduct. He was the life of the company, equally at home with all the nations on board, — English, German, Russian, Greek, and how many more I cannot now recall. No man who came to Greece in my time brought more of the Hellenic spirit with him or more effectually reached the hearts of the Greeks or carried away a truer appreciation of Old Greece and new. His 'Isles and Shrines of Greece' is still one of the best books we have — a book, I believe, of permanent value not only for its facts, but for the personality stamped on every page.

"No man ever entered into my own life more vitally than he — and I shall miss him sorely. He gave himself to humanity with a complete devotion unequaled in my experience, and to me, and I doubt not to many another, he was more than a brother.

"Of all the men I ever knew no one ever came up to the standard of Samuel June Barrows in devotion to a friend. And how many others have personal reason to bear that testimony!"

Professor J. IRVING MANATT of Brown University (former consul in Athens).

"The exquisite beauty of his life in its sweetness, unselfishness, and gentleness was so perfect! In the world, but never for a moment of it, and absolutely 'unspotted' from it. People may be strong and able and intellectually great, and he was all

that, but so much greater in his wonderful loveliness of character!" HELEN HOPE WILLIAMS.

"I have gone over in thought all my past days with you and Mr. Barrows. That first little postal card that he wrote me with his own hand — how did it happen? — back in 1883, is still in my desk. I kept it in the first place because it was the acceptance of the first thing I ever offered to an editor for publication. Later I kept it because it marked the beginning of a friendship that has affected my whole life, — changed it, indeed, completely. Then I remember those days in Saratoga, when I first saw him face to face. . . . And then I remember his brief visits here in Cambridge, — the night he came to supper and I happened to have only bread and milk and he made it a feast, so that I was not in the least embarrassed, only delighted to have him with us. And I remember the time he came on horseback — one Fast Day — and saw the boys play baseball with an incredible score — and how he played jackstones with Brownie, and how he waved his hand to Endicott, sick with scarlet fever, as I held him up to the window, and brightened that lonely, shut-in day for me, as he brightened many another afterwards. And then, — and then, all those days at the office where the memories of you and him together begin to mingle and entwine till I cannot separate them."

EMMA ENDICOTT MAREAN, acting editor of the
Christian Register.

"Such abounding life and spirits, such unlimited activity, such utter forgetfulness of self for others' sake were his that he seemed endowed with perpetual youth and an earthly immortality. His services to ideal causes, to human brotherhood, to those in misery, temptation, disgrace, and suffering — can we ever sufficiently acknowledge and appreciate them! What a friend he was! What a delightful companion! How gifted! What an amazing versatility and range of experience!"

CHAS. W. WENDTE.

"What a multitude will thank God for his brave, true, tender, helpful life!"

A. F. P., Cambridge, Mass.

"Many a great cause will miss the help of this fine and cultivated writer. His knowledge was so wide and accurate, his judgment so well balanced, his purity of motive so entire, that we shall look in vain for one who can fill any one of the many positions of influence and usefulness which he adorned."

CHARLES RICHMOND HENDERSON, Chicago University.

"What he did for humanity was much, but much more was his own humanity, a noble type of the large humanity that is to abound in the fulness of time."

JAMES M. WHITON, New York.

"Only those who have come into close personal relations with him and known and loved him can duly appreciate the many-sidedness of his interests and activity, the versatility of his gifts and acquirements, his attractive personality, his constant kindness and good will, and that genial play of humor and lighter mood along with his more earnest and serious thought, which made fellowship with him a charm and delight."

F. L. HOSMER.

"I shall always enjoy thinking of him, his friendliness and cheer and humor, his wonderful industry, but most of all his fatherly kindness. I think of him as a father who loved all the children in the world. And your companionship together has set an ideal of true comradeship and devotion."

CONSTANCE MILLS HERRESHOFF, New York.

"How considerate and generous he always was!"

W. M. SALTER, Cambridge, Mass.

"How much there is to rejoice over and be thankful for, looking back over his noble, beautiful, triumphantly successful, and happily rounded life! What a splendid record he leaves behind him. . . . Well was he named June, the brightest month in the year, his spirit was so bright and sunny, sweet and loving. It was happiness and inspiration to know him."

P. H., Boston.

"One of the noblest, the most unselfish, the

most forbearing and the most sympathetic man with all the suffering of humanity."

General LAZELLE (a friend for thirty-eight years).

"It was a sweet, helpful life, blamelessly lived, peacefully ended. Perhaps almost happily ended for him, in the full fruition of his powers."

G. T. J., Boston.

"His lifelong, earnest work and great, loving spirit, so wonderfully self-denying and self-forgetful, will always keep him living in the hearts of his hosts of friends and of his countrymen who needed his help."

ALBERT K. SMILEY, Lake Mohonk.

"He was to me one of the most interesting men I have ever known. His experience was so wide, his judgments of life were so profound, his personality was so rich and many-sided, his touch with affairs so vital and vitalizing, his judgment so cool, and his heart so big and tender; such men are the true nobility. He seemed a part of the permanent beneficent forces of our time."

President EDWARD DWIGHT EATON, Beloit.

"To know Uncle June was to love him, and we shall always keep, as a very precious memory, the recollection of his last visit to us. I wonder if you noticed him when he knelt beside our little baby boy and seemed to brood over him. I felt that

Uncle June was giving a silent benediction over our baby.”
H. D. A., Boston.

“I was one of the thousands blessed in knowing Mr. Barrows. I felt the power of a great soul, and the memory is sacred to me.”

MAUD SKINNER, Bryn Mawr.

“A committee of Girls’ Latin School graduates had undertaken to raise a sum sufficient to found a scholarship in memory of a dear young teacher whose death occurred in December. Several talented graduates offered to give an entertainment to help us, — among them Mr. Barrows’ daughter, Mrs. Mussey. Thus, on April third, an appreciative audience gathered in Chickering Hall and welcomed Mr. Barrows and his daughter. Mr. Barrows read passages from the Greek poets in explanation of the beautiful Greek dances given by Mrs. Mussey, and he also made introductory remarks in his own delightful fashion. At the intermission he spoke earnestly in behalf of the Latin School and the sound education which is not always appreciated in this day of new things.

“Thus we saw Mr. Barrows as the enthusiastic interpreter of Greek art and poetry and as the public-spirited American of to-day, ever ready to be the champion of a just cause, however unpopular. He gave a dignity and a meaning to the occasion which it could not otherwise have had. . . .

The fact of his death so soon after made the occasion in a high sense a memorable one and made us feel that we are bound to consecrate ourselves afresh to the task to which had been almost the last effort of this noble and great-hearted friend."

CAROLINE B. SHAW, Chairman of Committee.

"I have always thought of Mr. Barrows as one possessing eternal youth — indeed I know he had that. I have been wondering whether the New York home was the counterpart of the old Dorchester home in its pleasant Sunday evening gatherings; whether Mr. Barrows was still eager about things musical and things Hellenic; whether, in short, there were other young people finding in him the delightful companion that some of us Latin School girls used to find in our 'chum-father.'"

E. B., Strathcona.

"We shall never cease to be thankful that we had the beautiful days in camp with him and learned to realize every day more his indomitable energy, earth-wide interest in human betterment, big heart, boyish enthusiasm, scholarly mind, and, with all his success in important enterprises all over the world, his sweet, self-effacing simplicity of soul. It has been a great privilege to know him and a great inspiration."

E. D. R., New York.

"I want you to know how truly the hearts of your camp boys are going out to you. What an

inspiration to a life of helpfulness Uncle June was to us all we are only now beginning to appreciate as we face the problems of maturer years. Yet I think, in a child's way I then did realize and respond to the charm that so fine a manly nature has for boys. But I could not then appreciate as I do now the beautiful relationship that existed between you — of mutual helpfulness, sympathy, and such devotion to the very finest things, and always doing so much together."

PHILIP P. CHASE, Boston.

"I always looked on Uncle June as a being different from the rest of mankind. He was of a finer mold than the rest of us. Although he had countless friends, his heart was so big that you felt there was room for you also. Every time I met Uncle June I took away something with me. I know I am a better man for having known him."

S. T., Boston.

"I think I have never known any one whose presence had so much the effect of a fresh breeze and sunshine, and it brought the same strength and cheer that they do."

C. T., Washington, D.C.

"What a blessed man he was! — sunny, strong, helpful to all he touched. There is after all something glorious and uplifting in a curtain-fall when

the play is at its height and the player at the top of his powers and his honors."

ZILPHA D. SMITH, Boston.

"I feel as if our loss was beyond repair, for in him we Armenians have lost one of our dearest friends and supporters, but we are deeply grateful for the privilege we have had in sharing his friendship and counsel all these past years."

M. H. GULESIAN, Boston.

"I shall never forget his kindness to me. He was so patient and helpful. When I assumed the office of State Commissioner of Charities and Correction, I was very ill-informed as to what my duties would be and but dimly realized the great responsibility that would rest upon me. I knew nothing about penal affairs except in the most general way, and it was because I knew so little that I appealed to him for advice and help. Like an angel of good he came to Guthrie and spent several days there. . . . He addressed our legislature and made a fine impression, and his address, replete with practical suggestions the result of experience, was especially valuable to me."

KATE BARNARD, Oklahoma.

"He carried the griefs of humanity, but he carried them joyously, for he was never anything but a happy, enthusiastic, beautiful ray of sunshine."

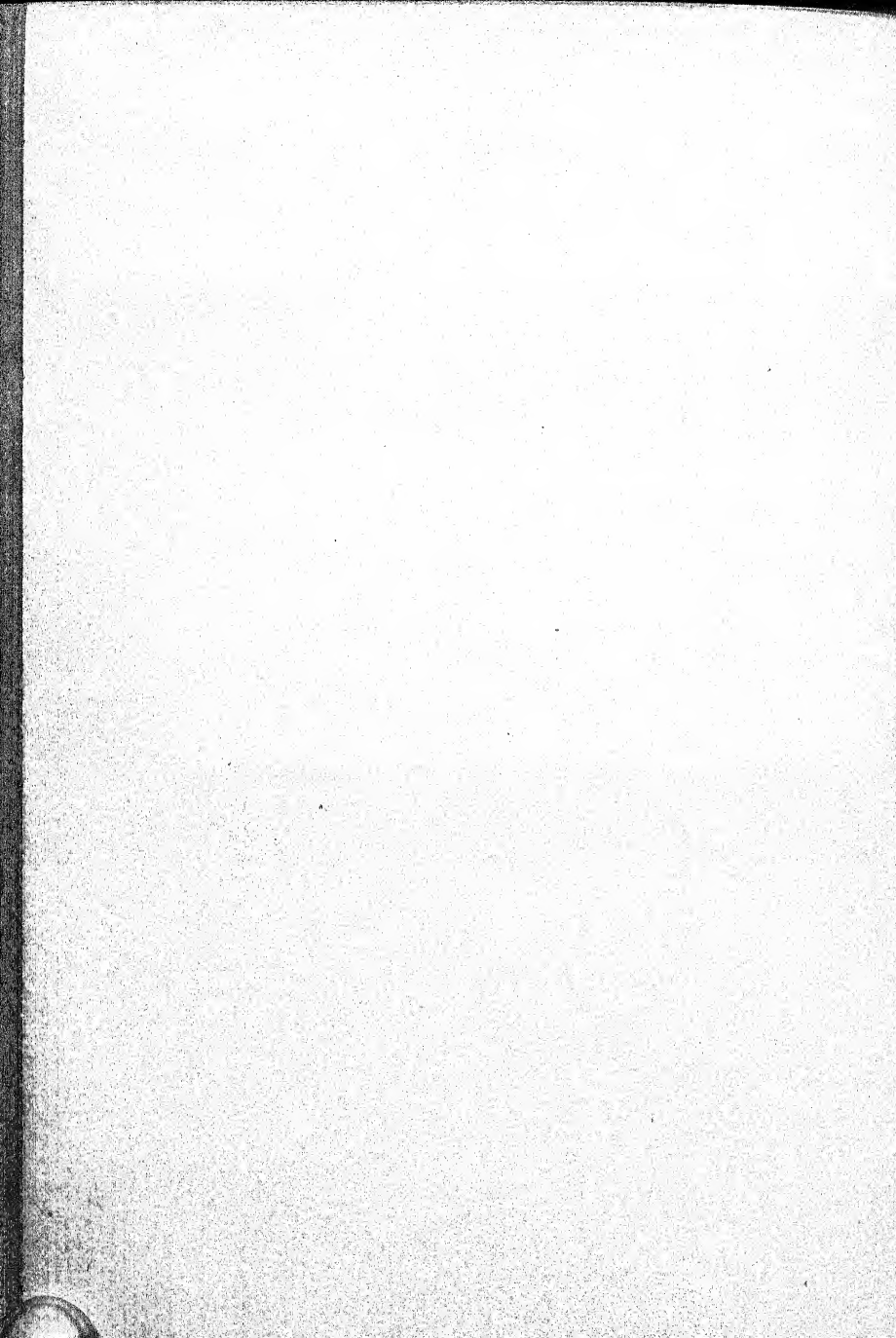
E. P., Washington, D.C.

"I often, often read the lines from Phædo and think how blessedly his influence remains in the world, like the sunshine still upon the hills. I wonder if you know how ever present he is in my heart? Surely he has blessed a thousand lives as he did mine. How much sunshine he brought to me, and still brings, even though I do not see him any more."

A. Q. C., Boston.

"His life was full of love, of work, and of success. I should wish a life like his for myself."

DR. B. FREUDENTHAL, Frankfort-on-Main,
Germany.



HYMNS AND VERSES

The following hymns and verses were written
at different times by Mr. Barrows.

THE WIRELESS MESSAGE

Electric pulses through the viewless air
Pitched to some distant tone,
With ardent zeal their voiceless message bear
Through the ethereal zone,
And at some tuned, receptive point remote,
They find their kindred note.

Self-poised on high the towers of the soul
Some distant message wait.
Magnetic pulses speed from pole to pole,
Swift to affiliate:
But thou, my soul, to gain this wished-for boon,
Must keep thyself in tune.

Love flashes in the open, shoreless sky,
Pathway of God and man,
The burning question and the swift reply.
Shall I the message scan
And shall I find as these swift pulses dart
Some message for my heart?

THE SURVEY.

SPRING'S MINISTRY

Bright ray whose welcome, vernal beam,
Unlocks the silent, frozen stream,
Unfolds the verdant, leafy bower,
And brings the yearning bud to flower :
Thy ministry of light and cheer
Comes to us from another sphere.

O ray of love whose genial art
Unlocks the frigid, ice-bound heart,
Unfolds our budding hope to flower
And brings within the vernal hour :
Some other life has touched our own,
No longer moves our life alone.

Upon our pathway, near or far
Has beamed by night some guiding star ;
Dispelling darkness from our way
Some human face has brought the day :
As world in world attraction finds
So heart to heart affection binds.

Some higher life has stirred our own,
Soft zephyrs from another zone ;
Some other heart has made to roll
The tidal billows of the soul :
Thy hand, O God ! with thanks we see
In all this angel ministry.

LIGHT, HEAT, POWER, TONE

O joyous Light ! within whose gleaming wave
Is bathed the earth, the boundless sky, the sea,
From blackest night when in thy flood we lave
Our sight is cleansed with thine own purity :
So may our souls from cheerless night be free
Baptized within thy Holy Mystery.

Eternal Fire ! Enkindled by thy glow
The flaming suns diffuse their genial rays,
In seamless robes enswathing life below,
The burning bush illumines our vernal days :
O ! may our hearts, freed from all wintry gloom,
Revive, expand, in fragrant, joyous bloom.

Almighty Power ! The Universal Soul !
Thy impulse moves all things above, below ;
Majestic worlds within their pathways roll ;
From out Thy Heart div.ne affections flow :
O ! may our lives submissive to thy will
Their orbits keep, their ministries fulfill.

Eternal Word, Light, Heat, and mystic Power !
The thrill of God wakes miracles of tone !
Celestial themes of music bud and flower
And angel song rings out from every zone :
O ! may our hearts tuned to Thy Heart above
Their songs exhale in symphonies of love.

LET THY LOVE REIGN

With gladsome smile the beauteous earth
Repeats the mystery of birth;
And happy songsters skyward raise
Their joyous overture of praise.

In humbler tones we chant our lay:
And grateful greet the vernal day,
Anew our souls shall bloom and sing
The anthem of the heart's new spring.

We live not in ourselves alone:
Thy Love, O Lord, beats in our own.
Within our hearts let thy Love reign
Till in that Love we're born again.

TO A QUIET FRIEND

Not the wild plaudits of the fickle crowd
Be yours ; palm branches strewn, hosannas loud.
The leaves but fade, the voices die away,
The crowd's uncertain as an April day.
The flattering smile becomes a somber frown,
The waving palm turns to a thorny crown.

But when thy trial comes all else is dross
Save that true friendship which shall bear thy cross.
An angel heart shall soothe thy agony,
And watch with thee in dark Gethsemane.
O wordless peace, divine and hallowed rest !
On Love is pillowed now thy aching breast.

THE WOMAN'S JOURNAL.

DE SENECTUTE

What matter if the dial shows
How many years have come and sped,
If in the heart the fire yet glows
That lighted up the days that fled?

Revere the ashes in the urn,
But light the torch of hope again,
And let the gentle fancies burn
That kindle cheer and banish pain.

A thousand genial memories gleam
Along the highways of the past,
And golden friendships brightly beam
Through clouds that flitting shadows cast.

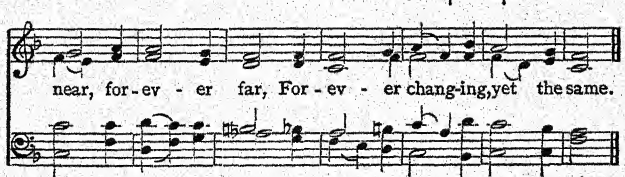
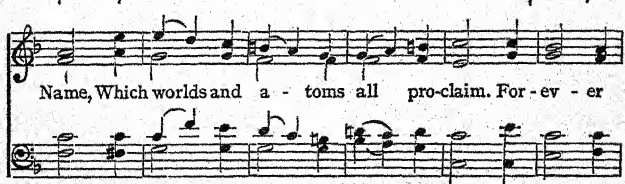
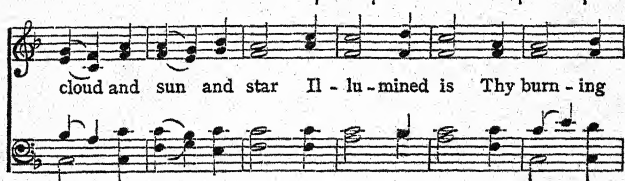
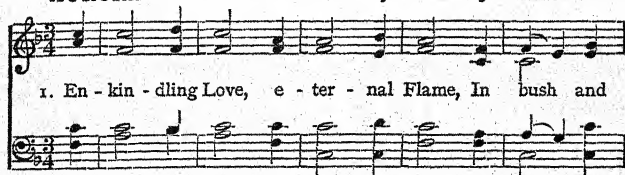
'Tis true: the best is yet to be;
The last for which the first was made,
When hope lights up futurity
And love is in the balance laid.

THE INDEPENDENT.

A Springtide Hymn

AURORA

Words and Music by SAMUEL J. BARROWS



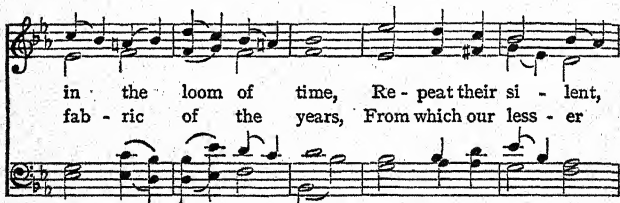
- 2 In bud and blossom, child and seer,
 In dewdrop, ocean, hero, saint;
 Thy goodness, beauty, love appear;
 Thy smile how sweet, Thy hand how dear!
 Within our hearts, however faint,
 We own Thy law, Thy word revere.
- 3 In throbbing heart or blazing sun
 Thy life and law are everywhere;
 May truth and right their courses run,
 May love's great victory be won;
 Be this our hope, be this our prayer,
 "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done."

ἔτος ἦλθε περιπλομένων ἐνιαυτῶν. *Odyssey I, 16*

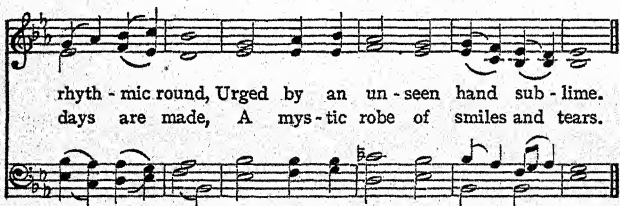
MAVILLA Words and Music by SAMUEL J. BARROWS



1. The cir-cling worlds thro' space pro-found, Swift shut-tles
2. With strands of va-ried light and shade They weave the



in the loom of time, Re-peat their si-lent,
fab-ric of the years, From which our less-er



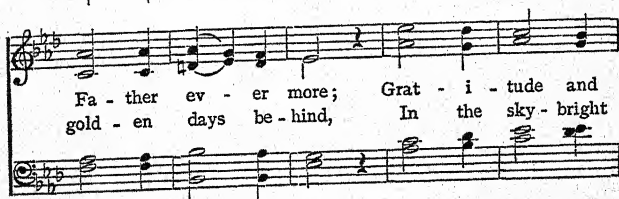
rhyth-mic round, Urged by an un-seen hand sub-lime.
days are made, A mys-tic robe of smiles and tears.

- 3 Upon this web of time and place
We work the pattern of our lives;
How short the thread, how small the space,
And what of all our work survives!
- 4 Yet life is more than years and days,
Whose numbered minutes soon depart;
For love's benign, unmeasured ways
The truest dial is the heart.
- 5 Affection's flame lit from above
Cannot be stifled in the sod;
The sacred ministries of love
Are echoes from the heart of God.

A Thanksgiving Hymn

BURNET

Words and Music by SAMUEL J. BARROWS



- 3 For the friendships that engirt us,
For affection's sacred flame,
For Thy law which doth convert us,
We would magnify Thy name.
- 4 Thanks we give for home and nation,
For the blood that made us free,
Seeking still the consummation
Of our perfect liberty.
- 5 For the altar fires glowing
With religion's holy light;
For the spirit breezes blowing;
For the faith transcending sight;
- 6 For the storm, the sun, the rainbow,
Verdant pastures, pleasant ways,—
For Thy mercies' constant inflow
Hear our orisons of praise.

SWEET SIXTEEN

(Read at a birthday party to one of the editors¹ of the *Jabberwock*)

'Tis a very ancient custom —
Who'll say when it begun? —
For the earth to make a journey
Around the central sun.

It's also been the habit
For humanity to ride
Upon this astronomic coach,
(It's rather hot *inside*).

'Tis a dictum of tradition,
To doubt it would be bold,
That every time we make a trip
We grow a twelvemonth old.

By strictly chemic tests 'tis found,
There's evidence replete,
The girl who makes her sixteen trips
Is *super-extra* sweet.

'Tis strange; I often wonder why:
In passing, let me say
That in the case of boys the rule
Works just the other way.

Explain it? Well, some people say
It dates back to his birth:
A boy is made of lemon-juice
Mixed up with lots of earth.

¹ His daughter.

Excuse this short digression.
It strikes me very queer
That, by the aid of Father Time,
You've made your sixteenth year.

You've reached another cross-road;
You've turned another page;
You've won, by living long enough,
Respect that's due to *age*.

I trust it is not premature
To say it in my way,
I hope you'll drain the cup of life
And mellow as you gray.

Then unleash the tethered music,
Unbind the rhythmic dance,
For it is not unbecoming
That sweet sixteen should prance.

Old earth has set the fashion
Of waltzing through the years;
So set your soul in motion
To the music of the spheres.

God bless this piece of sugar-cane,
When sweet sixteen she passes:
The best confection that I know
Is made of bonnie 'lasses.

And should the price of honey rise
From lack of bees and hives,
Your store will not grow any less
By sweetening other lives.

So long as on this coach you ride
Be sure you pay your fare;
And, if you have a chance, indeed,
Some other's baggage bear.

And when, with many circles more
Of journeys round the sun,
You find, as every mortal finds,
Your life on earth is done,

God grant his benediction
Upon the course you've run,
And may you read within his smile
That life is just begun.

ATHENE

(Read at the Girls' Latin School, June 28, 1892, and respectfully dedicated to the class of '92.)

The rosy-fingered, smiling Morn,
Born of the slow revolving years,
In saffron robes of light new worn,
The harbinger of day appears.
So in the larger world of thought
We trace the Orient's kindling ray,
And in its mystic radiance wrought
The presage of our larger day.

In Homer's grand yet simple speech
We hear the loud resounding sea,
The clash of armor, battle screech,
The mourning of Andromache;
In Virgil's polished pages find
The mirror of the older theme,
And lofty problems of the mind
In Plato's leafy academe.

On sheer Olympus' snow-capped height
Immortal gods hold awful sway,
But share with men their sacred might,
And guide them on their earthly way.
Thrice brilliant in the throng divine
The Zeus-born, bright-eyed daughter's seen:
Grace, beauty, wisdom, power, combine
To clothe with majesty her mien.

In solemn council of the gods
Her lips their prudent message breathe,
And Father Zeus, not Homer, nods
When bitter words escape her teeth.

The fearful ægis in her hand,
Or brandishing her bronze-tipped spear,
Unseen she leads the Grecian band :
The Trojan heroes quail with fear.

Swift falling like a meteor,
She flies her battle hosts to aid,
Or like a breath of summer air
She moves to wake the Grecian maid.
Achilles' royal haughty head
Now glows as with a blazing fire.
Telemachus she lights to bed
Or saves anew his wandering sire.

Ambrosial food with tender hand
She comes the fainting Greek to bring,
And sleeplessly on sea and land
Protects Odysseus, high-born king.
The sad Penelope she stills,
And soothes the faithful eyes that weep ;
Unwonted beauty to her wills,
Then gives the restful boon of sleep.

The peaceful arts her wisdom show ;
She guides the chisel, plies the loom,
On Phidias sheds her royal glow
And makes her sacred flower bloom.
The pipe's soft strains her lips release,
All art and science own her fame,
And maids wreath the olive crowns of peace
In Athens, city of her name.

The brazen helmet is laid by,
No more her spear, Athene wields,

Nor holds the tasseled ægis high,
Till war its awful harvest yields.
Yet still the peaceful olive grows,
And still sweet music fills the air,
And, where the mind its fruitage shows,
Athene's spirit still is there.

Here in this intellectual fane
Our daughters worship at her shrine,
And from the vintage of the brain
Libations pour of sparkling wine.
While still the needle deft they ply
And weave the peplos to her name,
With vigilant and patient eye
They fan again the mental flame.

New altars to her cult they rear,
Hewn from the quarries of the mind;
Panathenaic festal cheer
With solemn service is combined.
Thanks, Homer, for the lesson taught, —
That not by brute force, but by soul,
The noblest deeds of life are wrought, —
Our maidens, too, shall reach the goal.

And ye on whom Athene sheds
The grace that charms, and yet makes free,
The fillet bands upon your heads
Shall consecrate your liberty.
To bear the burning torch of truth,
May this your holy mission be;
To bide the days of storm and ruth,
As faithful as Penelope.

To feed the faint, the weary rouse,
To guide into a godlike rest,
To cheer the soul of child or spouse,
May this your ministry be blessed.
Then, as with pen of living fire
You write your name on Time's fresh page,
Some Homer with another lyre
Shall sing the new heroic age.

THE PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL

(Lines by a grateful patient) ¹

Here the lame, the halt, the feeble
On this rugged road of strife
Come to seek Bethesda's waters
And renew their lease of life;
And a corps of modern angels,
From Miss Maxwell's training-school,
Bend their wings to move the waters
Of this Presbyterian pool.

St. Peter was a fisherman,
But he somehow learned to heal;
He learned to put men on their feet
Who at his feet did kneel.
'Tis not a strange coincidence
That we have a *Fisher* here
Who has learned the art of healing,
And whose fellows him revere.

Just so all the way from Eden
To the precincts of our day
Have Eve's daughters like their mother
Driven human pain away;
They have watched beside the suffering,
Soothed "the wrinkled brow of care,"
And fulfilled their holy office
With the unction of a prayer.

Now to faith they've added knowledge
Of the body's holy laws,

¹ Written during the first time he was a patient there.

Appendix

In the network of relations
Learned to trace effect to cause;
In the footsteps of the doctor,
Moving on their task divine,
The alabaster box they break
Or they pour in oil and wine.

May God bless you, faithful healers
In your ministry of love,
And direct your holy function
With his wisdom from above.
May the spirit of the Master,
He who healed in Galilee,
Bestow on you his plaudit
"You have done it unto Me."

PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL,
May 13, 1904.

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